Mar. 15, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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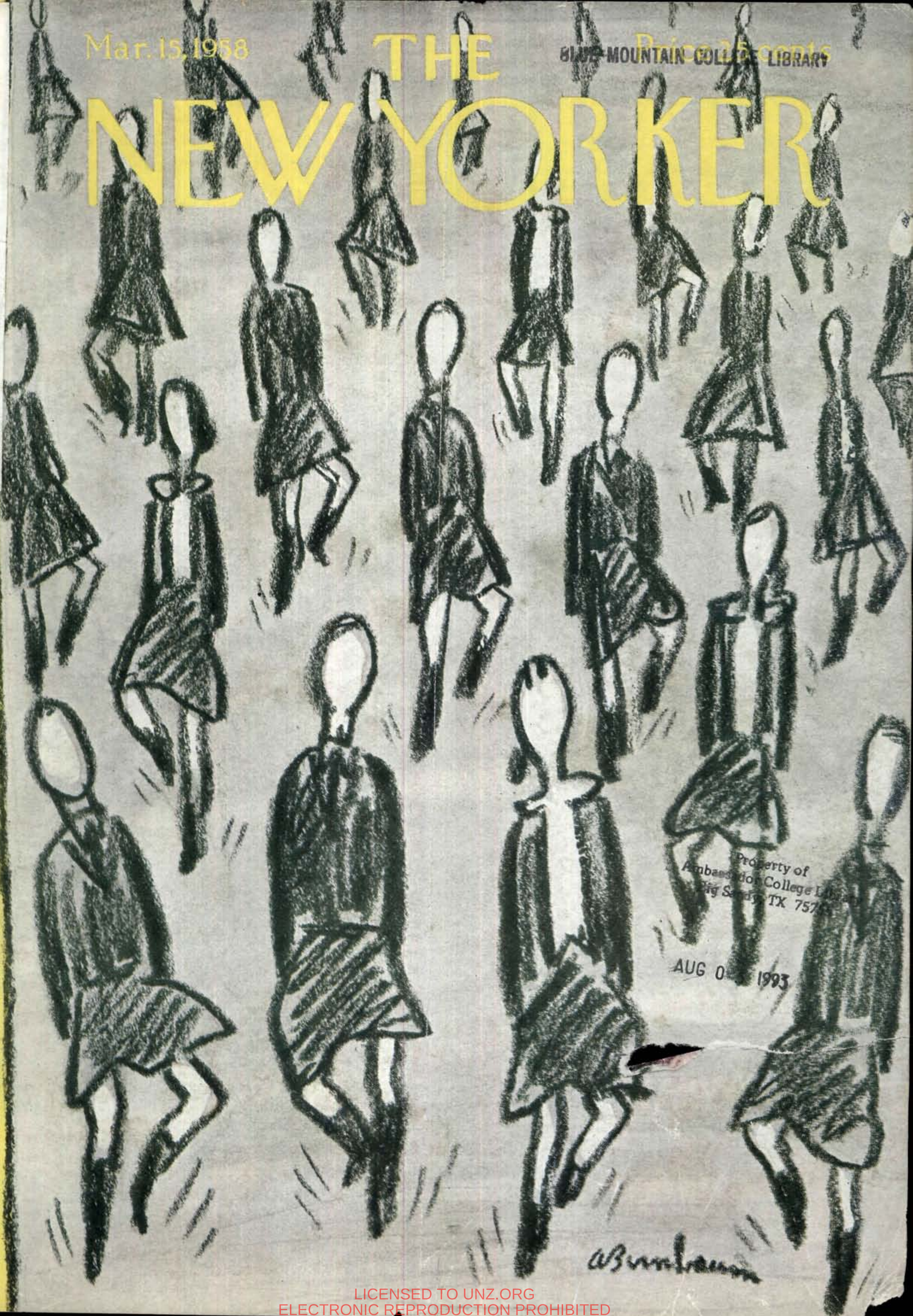

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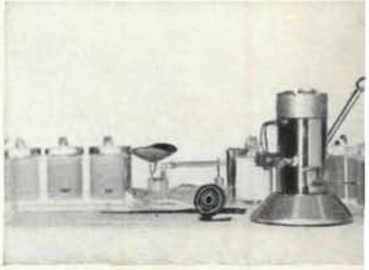

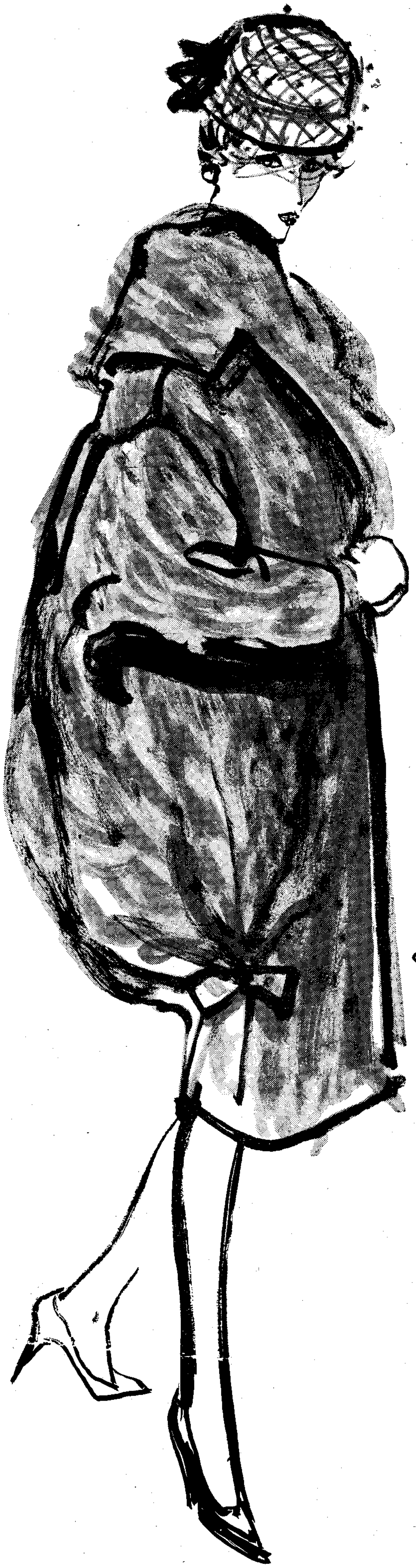

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—A study of the war between the generations, sombre but plausible and often entertaining. Good performances by June Walker, Chester Morris, Burt Brinckerhoff, Carol Lynley, and Warren Berlinger. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge may have tried to say a little too much in this play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties, but it is still one of the most effective contributions to the season. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the superlative cast; Elia Kazan directed; and Ben Edwards designed the set. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Entertainer—Laurence Olivier gives a memorable and wonderfully versatile performance as a seedy music-hall artist in John Osborne's somewhat vacant tragedy. The cast includes Brenda de Banzie, George Relph, Joan Plowright, and Richard Pasco. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fair Game—There isn't much substance to this comedy by Sam Locke, which deals with a parcel of amorous garment-district denizens in hot pursuit of an upright divorcee, but Sam Levene is marvellously funny as the leader of the pack. He has the help of Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world, and he is articulate enough to make it all quite stimulating. The talented cast is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Moves on Monday, March 17, to the Golden, 45th St., W., CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, expertly stripped down to its essentials. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are first-rate as the three most important characters in Ketti Frings' fine play, and Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, and Florence Sundstrom are very satisfactory in supplementary roles. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov, as the author, has provided himself with a lovely part as the star of this intermittently hilarious fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rope Dancers—Morton Wishengrad's play, having to do with a woman obsessed by guilt, is honest and intelligent, but things get awfully murky from time to time. Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, and Joan Blondell are convincing in leading roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt with enormous competence in Dore Schary's play about the period in which the late President was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. Mr. Bellamy is splendidly supported by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, Henry Jones, and Mary Welch. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 16.)

Time Remembered—This Anouilh comedy, about a fine collection of lunatics and lovers, is enchanting, and Helen Hayes is really superb in one of the leading roles. The cast also includes Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—William Gibson's accurately reported piece about a couple of lonely people in New York is impressive whether or not you can accept the likelihood of such a romance. Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft serve brilliantly as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—A revival of the Jean Anouilh comedy, with Melvyn Douglas, Betty Field, and Lili Darvas in a cast directed by Harold Clurman. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—A laugh-a-minute, or thereabouts, comedy by Norman Krasna, full of tricks, mechanical scenery, and first-rate comedians. The latter include Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Ray Walston, and Roland Winters. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—AUNTIE MAME: An adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. Greer Garson now is Auntie. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Eugene O'Neill's attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Lon Clark are members of the haunted family. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

MUSICALS

The Body Beautiful—If you are really fascinated by the prizefight racket, you may be entertained by this rather primitive musical, but the chances are against it. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the book, Jerry Bock composed the music, and Sheldon Harnick turned out the lyrics. With Mindy Carson, Jack Warden, Steve Forrest, Lonnie Sattin, and Barbara McNair. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Jamaica—Lena Horne does a stunning job on some very fetching Harold Arlen songs in this West Indian idyll, but she and her associates are somewhat handicapped by the porous plot. E. Y. Harburg wrote the lyrics and collaborated with Fred Saidy on the libretto, and the cast, directed by Robert Lewis, includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for the brassy delights of this musical, which has something to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. Also with Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—This rearrangement of the film called "The Captain's Paradise" may lack some of the humor of the original, but it is reasonably droll, largely because of the presence of Tony Randall in the central part. Al Morgan and José Ferrer handled the book; Jay Livingston and Ray Evans supplied the songs; and Mr. Ferrer directed. With Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—"Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. Arthur Laurents wrote the book, which seems a bit wanting in emotional content, and Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim did the music and lyrics, which have a high, wide, and handsome range. The direction and choreography, by Jerome Robbins, are exactly right. Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence lead a hard-working cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BELLS ARE RINGING: Judy Holliday

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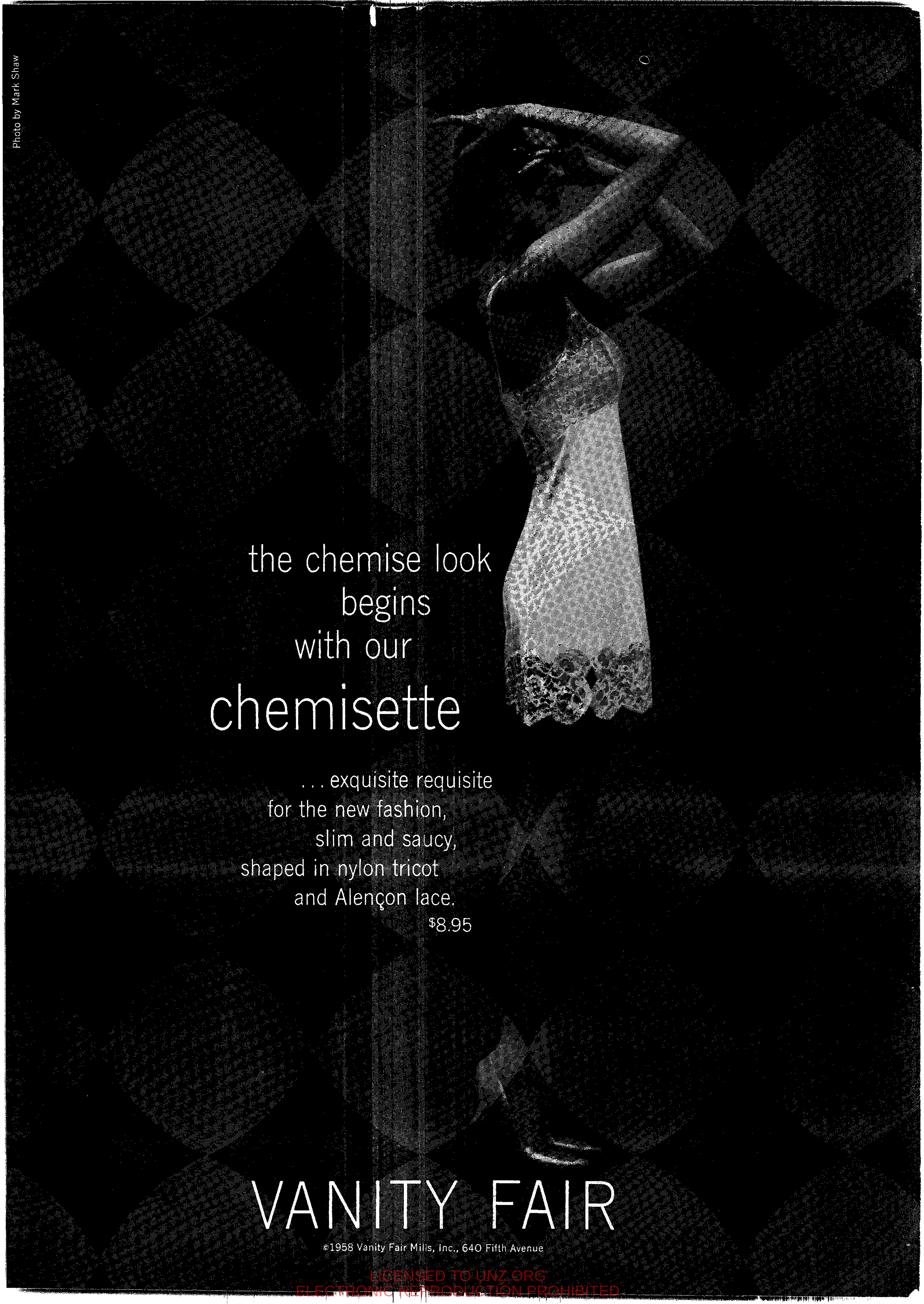

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Sydney Chaplin is on hand, too. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LI'L ABNER:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Wynne Miller head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes in a musical version of something or other by Shaw. The cast also includes Ronald Radd, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEW GIRL IN TOWN:** George Abbott's rearrangement of O'Neill's "Anna Christie." Bob Merrill did the songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter head the cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

INTERNATIONAL SOIRÉE—A revue starring the French chanteuse Patachou and also employing Hiram Sherman (narrator); Marcel Cornelis, a Belgian pantomimist; Caracolillo and Maria Rosa, a Spanish dance team; George LaFaye and Company, a troupe of life-sized puppets; and Jo Basile, accordionist. Presented by Arthur Lesser. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Mondays, at 9; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"Wonderful Town," with Nancy Walker, Jo Sullivan, and Peter Cookson, will play through Sunday, March 16. . . . ¶ "Oklahoma!," with Helen Gallagher, Herbert Banke, Lois O'Brien, and Gene Nelson, will be the last in a series of three musicals by the company. Preview Tuesday, March 18, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 19, and will run through Sunday, March 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursdays, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CARNEGIE HALL PLAYHOUSE—Ann Hillary and John Brachita in a revival of "Dark of the Moon," a play by Howard Richardson and William Berney. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Gerald Hiken. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Colleen Dewhurst, Jack Cannon, Arthur Malet, and George C. Scott in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend," staged by Gus Schirmer, Jr. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:45.)

GATE THEATRE—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a dramatization by Boris Tumarin (who also directed it) and Jack Sydow. With James Patterson and Eulalie Noble. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

GREENWICH MEWS THEATRE—Gorky's play "The Courageous One," adapted and directed by Miriam Goldina, and with Howland Chamberlin and Maurine Holbert in the cast. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-7183. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona" is the first of two productions to be presented by the Stratford Festival Company of Canada in its first appearance in this country. Opens Tuesday, March 18, and will run through Sunday, March 30. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

ROOFTOP THEATRE—Claude Dauphin and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

YORK PLAYHOUSE—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

IVA KITCHELL—Dance satirist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30.)

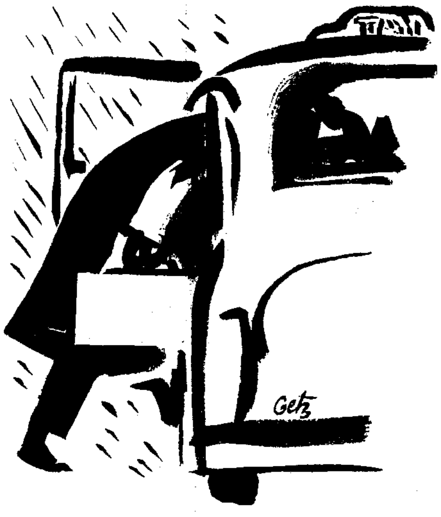
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—They haven't quite finished paving the floor with gold, but the end is in sight. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never pause for breath.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Live and let live is the idea back of the Cotillion Room, where even the brass section of Joseph Ricardel's small dance band is on its best behavior. Now and again, the surface is mildly ruffled by a drifting covey of violins and by the voice of Betty Benee, a blonde of the type often thought of as dizzying. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is generally Stanley Worth's.



PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Jane Morgan, an American-beauty rose in façade but sort of a Mrs. Miniver rose in song recital, has the floor. The engraved invitation to the dance issued by Ted Straeter's virtuoso orchestra and Mark Monte's energetic boys is good until around one in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, a show place for the outer woman and a restaurant to please the inner man, offers dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, which start at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then play dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill contains Guy Lombardo's orchestra, a very placid family get-together. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or even sitting in the lap of luxury, can be practiced in the Maisonette, where one can also prance all evening to the gossamer music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. During dinner and supper, Ginny Simms, a name that should stir the memories of popular-song buffs, comes back to us after a long absence. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for exercise.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—This is what has become of the Ambassador Hotel after a recent name-calling contest. The Embassy Club, happily intact, goes right on being one of the stately homes of Park Avenue. There's dinner music until ten and dancing after that. The after-that part is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Mondays.

STATLER HILTON, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Xavier Cugat's thriving band contains almost more maracas, gourds, and other Latin toys than he, as conductor, can shake a stick at, so the vast Café Rouge sometimes suggests a West Indian hurricane. The boys blow intermittently for both dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The artwork of the Parisian Tin Pan Alley is on display at dinner and supper in the Empire Room. The demonstrators are Varel and Bailly, two of the most active Alley cats, and their voices are backed by a glee club called Les Chanteurs de Paris. The thunder of Emil Coleman's orchestra and the Béla Babai gypsy band keeps the customers on the move in between. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, the eminent Cy Walter, now in charge of a trio, and a crew led by Jozsi Ribari plunk down genuine handmade New York dance music from eight until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a well-known promontory, presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A most coöperative apartment, with everything the urban heart requires for a fine evening at home—built-in bar, built-in kitchen, and polite piano, this last by Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper. Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425):

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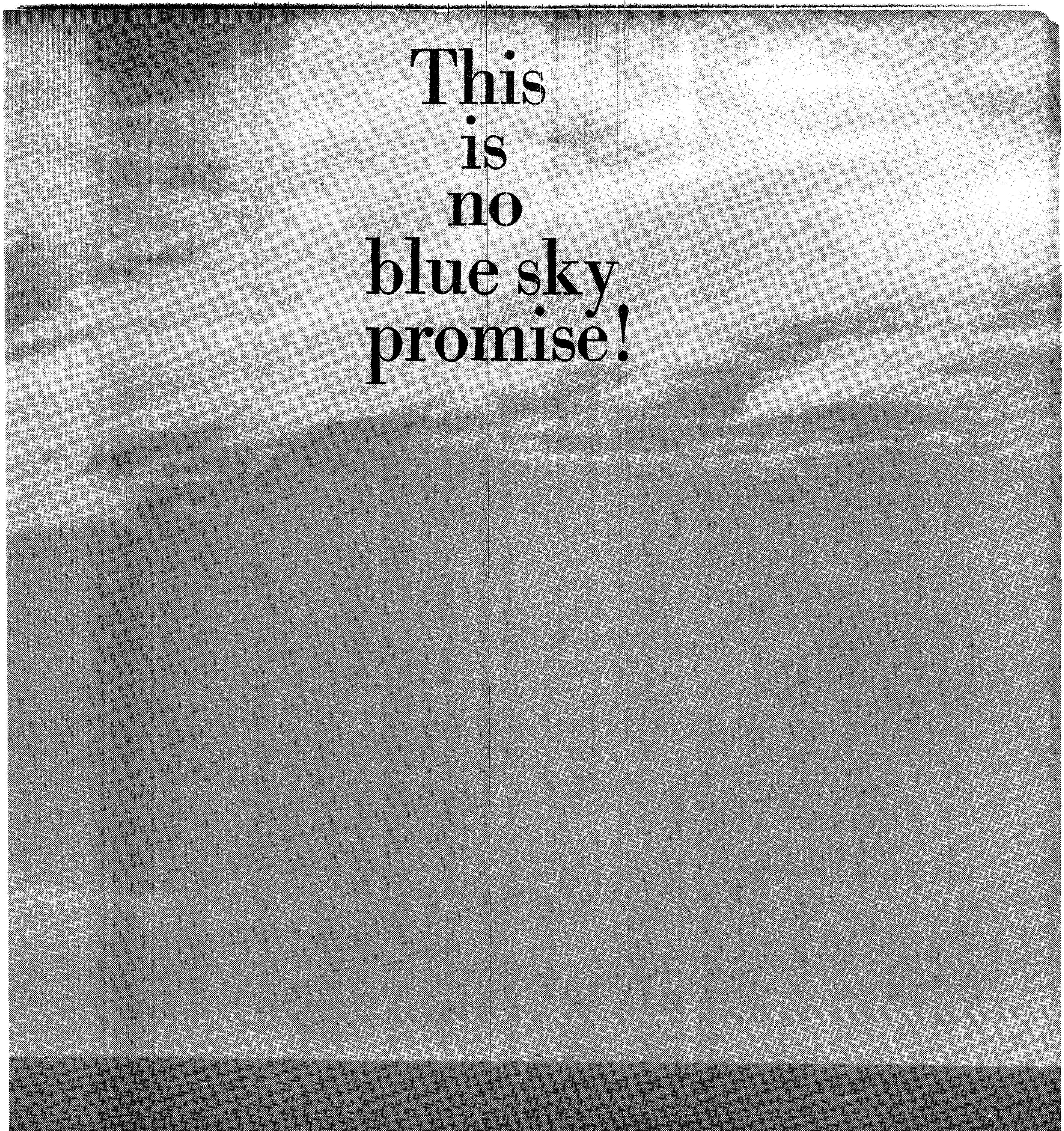
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Night owls feathering their nest with gags, gossip, and possibly a dash of gibberish. The professional part of the roundelay is Jack Banan's *sous-cloche* jazz piano, which is in the ancient-and-honorable groove. It starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' Louisiana houseparty involves a bar-and-grill, a great deal of piano (both solo flights and teamwork) by the innkeeper and Wayne Sanders, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the house guests, all of whom seem to have known one another since the cradle, and some of whom haven't been long out of it. The first chord is struck at six. Closed Mondays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, who is an expert on when to handle love with kid gloves and when to handle it with pistols at ten paces. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also alternates at the piano with Don Evans, a peer of his particular realm, during the evening. Miss Mercer arrives around ten; the music begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Johnny Mehegan, the prominent Juilliard pedagogue, and his complex piano études have the place of honor on the supper menu (ten o'clock until one-thirty or two). Lights out on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Eternal Rome, city of musicians, city of chefs. Among the *plats du jour* (or *nuit*) is Teo Fanidi's lilting choir of circumnavigating violinists, who go, go, go all evening, plus a vocalist or two after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): You could cut the decorum with a knife. A better plan is to just listen to the guitar recitals of Renato Rossini, who runs a warm, nostalgic gamut from A (for Albéniz) to Z. His hours are nine to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the most cheerful, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, which are principally singing and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The armor room of the Metropolitan Museum has nothing on the medieval array of tin plate here. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A venerable institution revived in a nice new colonnade. The music—chamber, piano, voice—is always quiet, but always, too, a typical Spanish blend of fire and sorrow. It begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cecil Young's trio, which celebrates in song and music the freehand ways of jazz, ends its run on Saturday, March 15. Stuart Hart and his songs of upper-crust life will go right on. The place will be closed Sunday, as usual, and on Monday, March 17, Alex Kallao's threesome, a run-of-the-mill group, moves in. The music hour begins at ten. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those wayside inns that exist only in postcard albums. Sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbalons, and other quaint Central European artifacts abound. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A fine part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. Off and on, there's rambling piano by George Feyer all the way from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands every evening but Sunday, from five to eleven, is giving it more lively touches than he used to. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Peter Walters fooling around at the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The first visit to this town of Shelley Berman, who, all alone by the telephone, talks himself into and (sometimes) out of one trauma after another, a hair-raising but hilarious experience. The other recent arrival is Evelyn Knight, owner of a voice that hints that spring cannot be far behind. The older inhabitants—Bobby Short and Phyllis Diller, California exemplars of (respectively) the genus night owl, hoot owl, piano man, and the genus girl ditherer—take their final bows on Wednesday, March 19. Next night, Dorothy Loudon, an East Coast ditherer, and George LaFaye's puppets, all of them little French hellions, will begin return engagements. The latter-day Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are the pulsing background. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays, from 2 to 4 A.M., Mr. Short does a repeat, and the Lyons trio really rolls. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A lot of chips fall where they may as Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold, the inmates of Julius Monk's third annual portmanteau revue, take forty whacks at the pomp and circumstance that is often considered to be civilization. The disrespectful words and music come from such clear thinkers as Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestra is the double piano of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Nine-thirty and twelve are the starting hours, and Sunday is the day of rest. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The annex of the Downstairs Room, which offers, amid some prankish décor, a steady diet of melodic line. Through Wednes*day, March 19, it will be new-school piano by* Francis Thorne, who has given up Wall Street and Yale for a higher calling, and romantic piano by Warren Vaughn. Next evening, Norman Paris will be putting his short-hair chamber-music trio (Justin Arndt and Frank Serchia are his lifelong sidemen) back into night life. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey meets Shakespeare, Irwin Corey gets Shakespeare—and right between the eyes. This exercise in exploding syntax goes on every night but Monday, and at 4:30 P.M. on Sundays, too. The music conceived by Charlie Mingus and his recently reorganized Jazz Workshop (four co-workers) is a study in modern sound effects. Sundays, there's a double take—a seminar at four-thirty, and another, at nine, this one including Langston Hughes, whose verse is now set to Mingus music. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): An ample slice of anarchy whenever the inmates really feel their oats. They are Sylvia Syms, dean of women (blues division); Phil Leeds, a wit advantageously located halfway between shyness and slyness; Jorie Remus, a *diseuse* who could drive any complaint depart-



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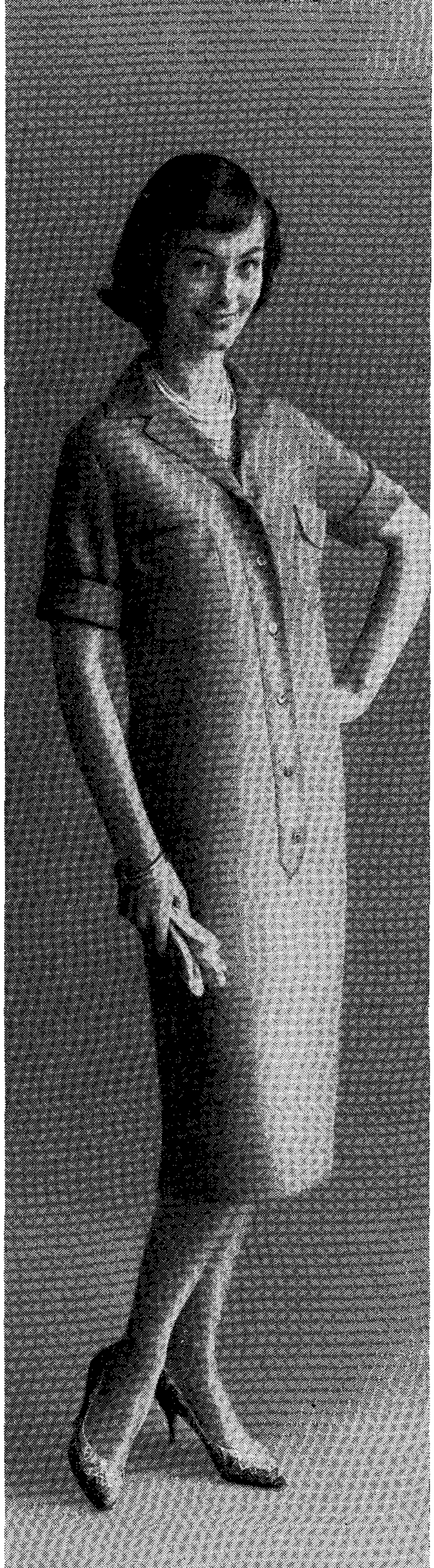

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ment out of its mind; the Three Flames, musicians specializing in all-out extroversion; and Jimmie Daniels, a declaimer of boulevardier ditties. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): As so often happens, the small bar is again a pedestal for Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, a pair of roustabout humorists. Evelyn Ward, who sings, is a newcomer. They lay off Sundays; she lays off Mondays. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. Sundays, old movies, too; Mondays, amateur talent, too. . . . **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (MU 6-0300): A little forum reserved for youngsters who really have something to say for themselves. The present speakers of the house are Milt Kamen, an idea man with a freewheeling gift for self-expression; Mike Nichols and Elaine May, two acorns from which mighty funny one-act plays grow; and Jo March, a girl with a few folk songs. Mickey Leonard's trio provides precisely the right backdrop. Both décor and demeanor are exemplary. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The hindquarters of the wholly improbable Midtown Café, and looking like nothing so much as a Chinese ice-cream parlor. In one corner, Janice Mars sings, in a straightforward manner that conceals a considerable skill and an errant spirit of *vive le sport*, big-city songs of delight and despair, and Baldwin Bergerson, at the piano, plays his own show tunes and an eclectic collection of others. No action Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin in a great big debate with Bud Freeman's trio on the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. Mr. Condon chips in once in a while with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Tuesdays, the squad plays a team of visiting firemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and others of the faith turning time back to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected, unbelievably noisy jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. On Mondays, the evening breeze is shot by house guests. The shop is shut Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The power of positive piano-playing is magnificently demonstrated by Bernard Peiffer, in whose active mind classicism and progressivism keep up a running fight. He heads a trio. Another is run by Tal Farlow, an eminent scientist in the field of electronics, with particular attention to the guitar. Eddie Costa plays piano and vibes for him. Both groups are exponents of the music of tomorrow. The Peiffers take Sundays off, and the Farlows are away on Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Devoted to those who are eager to fall under the swing and sway (if any) of the new music. The spellbinders are the Stan Getz quintet, an old friend, and Sam Donahue's orchestra, a complete stranger. Their farewell night is Wednesday, March 19. Next evening, Count Basie and his whirling dervishes arrive. Chief among them is Joe Williams, whose big, solid, honest voice is the imperishable spirit of the blues. Mondays are made loud by guest practitioners. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, a girl capable of expressing herself in up-to-the-minute patois, keeps the local piano at her beck and call, but she'll relax her hold on Sunday, March 16, when she and her trio bow out. Don Shirley's new group, now a trio, comes in on Tuesday, March 18. The rumpus starts at nine-thirty. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the winter quarters of Billy Maxted's hot potatoes. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Vic Dickenson, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Musicians dedicated to living in the past gather weekends to shout "Down with progress!" Among the familiar faces on Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, should be Wild Bill Davison, Jo Jones, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis, and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Not everyone comes here to stop talking and listen, so down front is the best (in fact, the only) vantage point. The trios of Johnny Costa and Bernie Nierow, both of which are potpourris rather than forerunners of what's new in music, are on the throne now. The Nierow mob will be replaced on Monday, March 17, by a quartet belonging to Peter Appleyard, the British vibes man. Sunday nights are dedicated to guest shots. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The on-with-the-new musicians who ebb and flow through these portals wait for no man, but it's roughly even money that Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers are keeping the place cool and that Bobby Scott's solo piano is filling in the chinks. The room is closed Tuesdays, but the players make up their homework by reporting at 5 P.M. Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A few nonconformists, headed by Lee Konitz, are in agreement on one point—that the farther out you get, the better. The Sunday hours are four to ten; other nights are later. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): For those who believe that there'll always be a Greenwich Village, this grogshop is the place to start. The soothsayers on the podium are Pepper Adams (one of *Down Beat's* recent knightings), Don Byrd, and three other guys named Bop. Mondays, when they take the evening off, poets and peasants recite their innermost thoughts against an instrumental backdrop. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): On Saturday, March 15, from eight to twelve, Russ Bowman and the Finger Lake Five Plus One, whose original source is the Hobart campus, will give the jazz of our forefathers that old college try. By one of those coincidences, they'll occupy the Bowman Room.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BEN-ZION—Water colors, gouaches, and etchings, including landscapes, still-lifes, and Biblical illustrations; through March 29. (Deitsch, 51 E. 73rd St.)

PETER BLUME—Two oil paintings, Italian in associations, along with a large number of drawings; through Saturday, March 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent canvases; through Saturday, March 22. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Water colors (1939-53); through April 12. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

JOSEPH GLASCO—Paintings and sculptures; through April 5. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY GROSS—Semiabstract oils; through Saturday, March 22. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Abstractions; through Saturday, March 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

HENRY KOERNER—Realist paintings and drawings, principally of upstate New York; through Saturday, March 15. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

KAETHE KOLLWITZ—A series of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs, supplemented by some rare drawings; through March 28. (New Art Center, 1193 Lexington Ave., at 81st St.)

LEE KRASNER—Very large abstract oils; through March 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN—Abstractions, chiefly based on nature themes, in a variety of mediums; through March 29. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Aristide Maillol—Thirty-nine bronzes (and one marble statue), including some that have seldom been seen here; through March 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Marino Marini—One of Italy's foremost artists, in a showing of sculptures and paintings; through March 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Matta—Abstract Surrealist paintings, livelier and more colorful than his last batch; through March 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Ernst Wilhelm Nay—The first major New York showing of paintings by a contemporary German abstractionist; through March 29. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Mario Negri—Figurative bronzes by an Italian sculptor. First one-man show in New York; through March 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe—Water colors, dated 1916-17 but remarkably up-to-date in manner; through Saturday, March 22. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Edouard Pignon—Semiabstract oils and water colors by a top-ranking school of Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through April 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Wildly inventive concoctions in paint, construction, and collage; through March 29. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Anton Refregier—Paintings by an artist with a keen eye for the contemporary scene; through Saturday, March 15. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Gérard Schneider—Oils by this French abstract painter; through March 29. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

Charles Schucker—Semiabstract oils; through April 5. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Edward John Stevens—A new series of his gouaches; through Saturday, March 15. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Tancredi—Non-objective oils and gouaches by an Italian painter of the Tachiste school. First one-man show in New York; through March 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Esteban Vicente—Recent collages; through March 29. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Sol Wilson—Landscapes, interiors, and seacoast subjects; through March 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-third annual exhibition, comprising over three-hundred paintings, sculptures, and prints, submitted by both members and non-members; through Sunday, March 16. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: New paintings and sculptures by such artists as Jonah Kinigstein, George L. K. Morris, and Jack Squier; through Saturday, March 22. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by Stephen Csoka, Winslow B. Eaves, Lily Ente, and others; through Friday, March 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: "The Performing Arts" is the theme of an exhibition of paintings selected by Leon Kroll, Sol Wilson, and George Picken; through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.: Works by Henry DiSpirito, Thomas Young, and Abe Satoru; through Friday, March 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Emil Nolde, and Wilhelm Lehmbruck are among the artists represented in a showing of German Expressionist paintings, prints, and sculptures; through Saturday, March 15. . . . HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Ten paintings by Georges Rouault, plus paintings and sculptures by six artists, including Marcel Gromaire and Alexander Archipenko; through Thursday, March 20.

Oriental Art—At the MI CHOU, 36 W. 56th St.: Paintings by twelve masters of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties; through Saturday, March 22. (Weekdays, 1 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and wood-block prints by thirty-five contemporary Korean artists, in an exhibition that coincides with the Korean show at the Metro-

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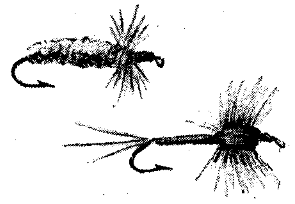

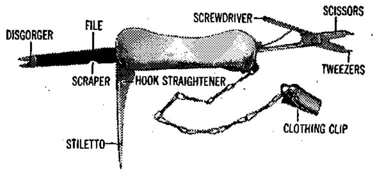

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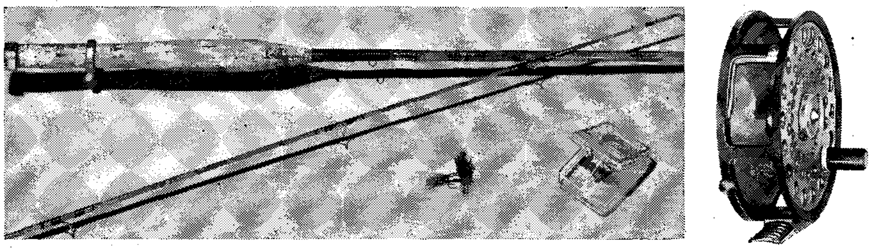

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

politan Museum; through Saturday, March 22.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Charles White; starting Monday, March 17. . . . FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Gerhard Marcks; starting Tuesday, March 18. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Monday, March 17. . . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: Dong Kingman; starting Tuesday, March 18. . . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Monday, March 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—"Masterpieces of Korean Art," an exhibition being presented under the auspices of the Korean government. Included are ceramics, sculptures, metalwork, stoneware, and paintings, ranging in date from the first or second century to the twentieth. Through April 3. (A good complement to the exhibition is the Korean show at World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.). . . ¶ A travelling exhibition of forty oil paintings, dating from 1916, by Sir Winston Churchill; through March 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Seventy Photographers Look at New York City," a showing made up of photographs from the eighteen-fifties to the present, taken by Mathew Brady, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, and others. Through April 27. (Weekdays, except Thursday and Friday, March 13-14, from 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Eduardo Paolozzi, Etienne-Martin, Michael Lekakis, and four other abstract sculptors are participants in a sculpture-and-drawing exhibit that is international in scope; through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About thirty oil paintings, including still-lifes and portraits, by Arthur Kaufmann; through March 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A showing of the work of Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933), including a Favrile glass window, Favrile bowls and plates, and vases, paintings, jewelry, and enamels, all on loan from museums and private collections; through April 6. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Ancient Peru," an exhibit of sculptures, textiles, and so on, including some rare and remarkable featherwork; through May 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-second annual of the American Abstract Artists, with paintings and sculptures by member and guest artists, among them Josef Albers, Ad Reinhardt, John von Wicht, and Ibram Lassaw; through March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Nature in Abstraction," composed of paintings and sculptures by Arthur Dove, Willem de Kooning, Leo Amino, and others; through Sunday, March 16. . . . ¶ A display of the work of the late Robert Edmond Jones, consisting of a hundred and thirty original stage and costume designs for plays, operas, ballets, musical comedies, and motion pictures; through April 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Risë Stevens, Mario Del Monaco, Martial Singher, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Margaret Harshaw, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: "Tosca," with Antonietta Stella, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Margaret Roggero, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Monday, March 17, at 8: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Rosalind Elias, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 18, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Marcella Pobbe, Heidi Krall, Jan Peerce, Mario Zanasi, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Martha Moedl, Ramon Vinay, Mack Harrell, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Blanche Thebom, Mario Del Monaco, Martial Singher, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Risë Stevens, Eleanor Steber, Laurel Hurley, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, George London, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi.

New York College of Music—The Opera Department of the New York College of Music will present the first performances in the United States of Benjamin Britten's opera "The Turn of the Screw," which has a libretto by Myfanwy Piper, based on the novel by Henry James. Siegfried Landau is the musical director and Albert Felmar the stage director. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday and Thursday, March 19-20, at 8:15.)

Juilliard School—The Juilliard Opera Theatre will offer a new production of Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," in an English translation by George and Phyllis Mead. Conducted by Frederic Waldman and staged by Frederic Cohen. For the benefit of the Juilliard Student Aid and Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, March 13, at 8:45, and Friday, March 14, at 2:30 (both with Glenn Gould, piano). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 15, at 8:45 (with Carl Sandburg, narrator). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Sunday, March 16, at 3 (with Glenn Gould, piano). . . . ¶ Ernest Ansermet conducting on Thursday, March 20, at 8:45, and Friday, March 21, at 2:30 (both with Myra Hess, piano); and Saturday, March 22, at 8:45 (with Laszlo Varga, cello).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 19, at 8:45, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola; and Saturday, March 22, at 2:30, with Nicole Henriot, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 21, at 8:30, with Nicole Henriot, piano.)

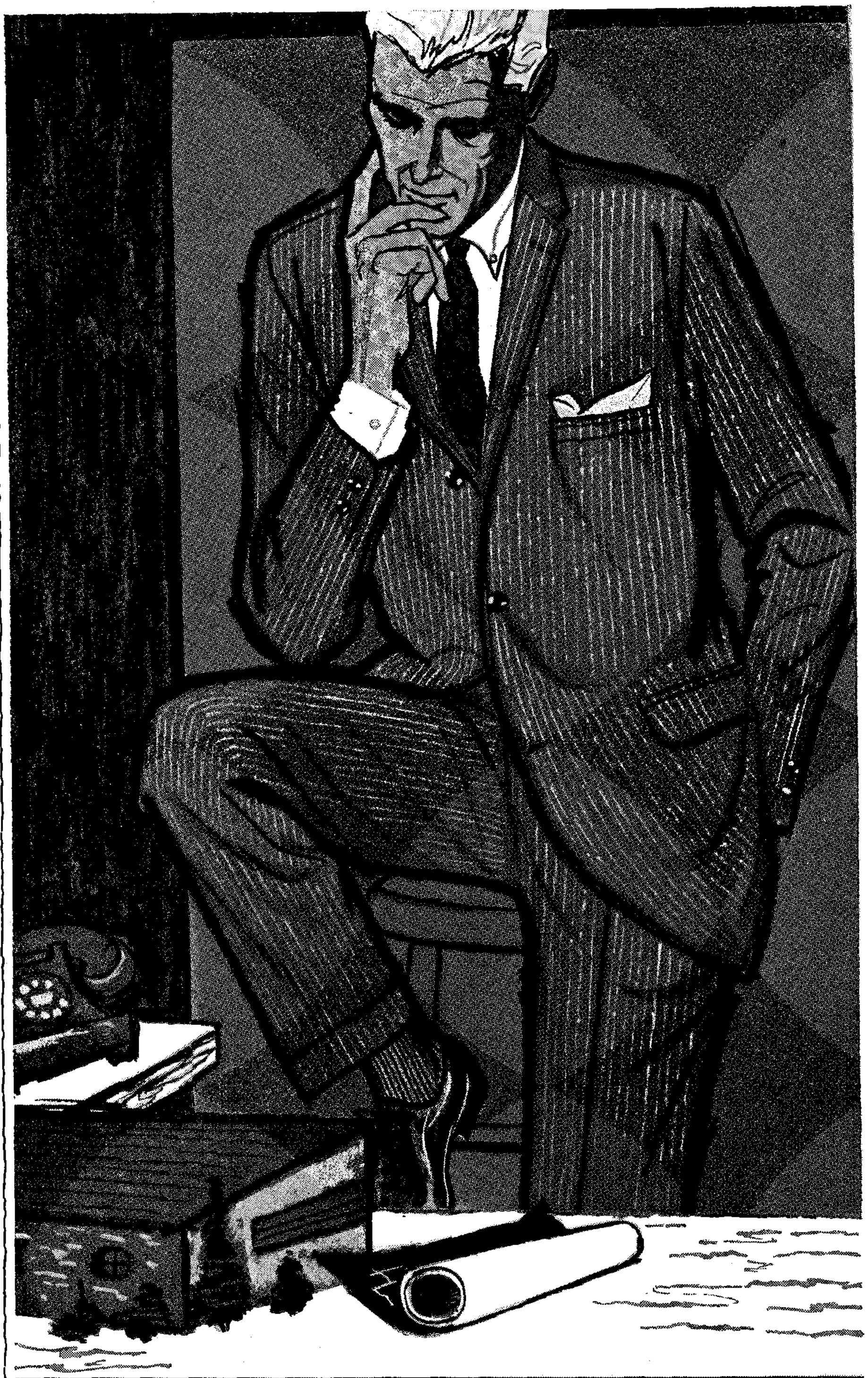
American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert, with Albert Katz, cello, and Adriana Dal Mare, soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, March 16, at 2.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting the last in a series of five concerts, with Mischa Elman, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 8:30.)

Sacred Vocal Music by Heinrich Schütz—Howard Boatwright directing the choir of St. Thomas's Church, New Haven, and an instrumental group from the Yale University School of Music, with Helen Boatwright, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

The St. John Passion—Thomas Dunn directing



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OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY SYMPHONIC CHOIR—Louis H. Diercks directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

KOECKERT QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

DAVID BEAN—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 14, at 8:30.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

SHOSHANA DAMARI—Israeli-Yemenite folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—With Walter Trampler, viola. The last in a series of five recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 15, at 8:40.)

JOSEPH SCHUSTER—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 20, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC ASSOCIATES—A program by the Phoenix Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 20, at 8:30.)

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Piano, in the second of two all-Chopin programs. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

ANGELICA MORALES VON SAUER—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The sixth concert in the series, this one by Maria Stader, soprano; Joseph Schuster, cello; and Margrit Weber, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays, 3 to 7.)

KROLL STRING QUARTET—With Artur Balsam, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of court and chapel music of the English Renaissance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 22, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 14: Yvon Durelle vs. Tony Anthony, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21: Isaac Logart vs. Virgil Akins, welterweights, 12 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

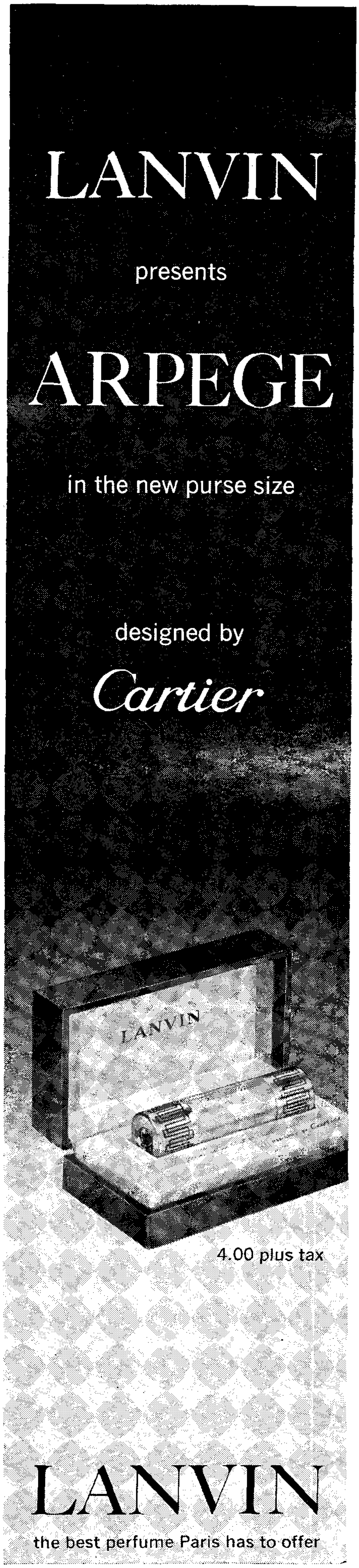
HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 16, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 29. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 15.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—The final children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society—



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Thomas Scherman directing "The Thirteen Clocks," a new children's opera based on the fairy tale by James Thurber. Mary Johnson composed the music and, along with Maritza and Norman Morgan, also wrote the book. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 15, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

PLAY—The Traveling Playhouse presenting "Robin Hood." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 15, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "Time and the Stars," has to do with man's concept of time and his attempts to mark its passage by the movements of celestial objects. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—"The Little Kidnappers," with Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, and a Walt Disney short. (Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St. GR 5-1660. Saturday, March 15, at 10:30.)... ¶ Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)... ¶ "Nanook of the North," a Robert Flaherty documentary of the life of an Eskimo family. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, March 15, at 11 and 1:30. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE—A hundred and twenty-five thousand Hibernians celebrating the Great Day. Starts at noon on Monday, March 17, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 96th Street.

INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW—And pruning shears, watering cans, and fertilizers to round things out. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Daily, 10 to 10; through Saturday, March 15.)

NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—Everything that's old, and lots of it. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 16, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 1:45: English and Chinese furniture, pewter, Georgian silver, paintings, decorative porcelains and mineral carvings, and Oriental rugs; from several collectors, among them Lady Hilda Liddell. ... ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Gauguin, Pissarro, Signac, and Rodin; the property of Mrs. Henry John Heinz II and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 15.

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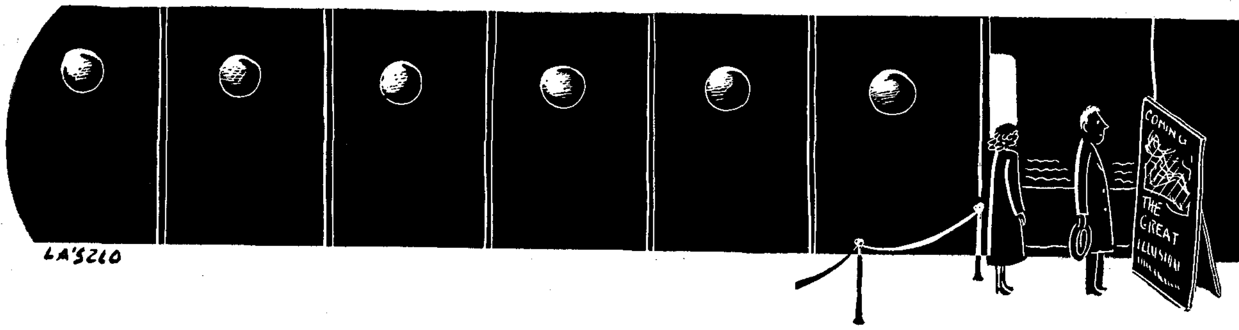
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th. CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Awakening—An Italian film, written by Cesare Zavattini and Mario Camerini, that displays Anna Magnani as a nun whose love of a small boy almost makes her forget her dedication to God. Employing all her versatility, Miss Magnani makes her nun marvellously emotional—humorous, rueful, energetic, compassionate, excitable, and reverent—and the others in the cast, which Mr. Camerini directed, are helpful companions in the endeavor. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which describes the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers brilliant photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gervaise—A mournful look at the way things were among the lower orders during the Second Empire. A French film, adapted from a novel by Emile Zola, in which Maria Schell gives a wonderfully persuasive performance, as do François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair, her assistants in the enterprise. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

It Happened in the Park—Five successful and deeply moving vignettes of life and love in the beautiful Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome. A film of charm, taste, humor, and sadness, with an outstanding cast that includes Giulia Rubino, Franca Valeri, Anna Maria Ferrero, and Vittorio De Sica. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 15.)

Sayonara—Maybe Puccini covered the American-boy-meets-Japanese-girl theme a bit better in his opera, but this film is entertaining enough. The current Madame Butterfly is played by Miiko Taka, and the Occidental she has a crush on by Marlon Brando, who has cultivated a hominy accent that is impenetrable every now and then. Directed by Joshua Logan. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through March 14. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through March 18. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting March 19, tentative.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Agatha Christie's first-rate play about a young man who is suspected of knocking off an elderly lady has been made into a movie by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. The young man's defense is taken over by a barrister portrayed by Charles Laughton, and while his interpretation of the role is not particularly crisp, he keeps the trial scenes going at a whale of a clip. Also with Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, John Williams, and Elsa Lanchester. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 18.)

The Great Man (1956)—Some of the unsavory aspects of the television industry. José Ferrer and Keenan Wynn. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 13.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590. Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, 7, and 9:45; Saturdays at 10, 1, 4, 7, and 10; and Sundays at 1, 4, 7, and 10.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 18.)

The Shrike (1955)—José Ferrer portraying a man driven close to madness by a domineering wife. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 13.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The Disney item. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Torero! (1957)—A Mexican film in which the toreador Luis Procuna reënacts his life. With an English commentary. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through March 15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through March 14: The Museum will be closed. . . . ¶ March 15, at 3: The final program in a series called "The First Sixty Years: A Retrospective of the Motion Pictures"—"A Fool There Was" (1914), with Theda Bara; an excerpt from "The Exploits of Elaine" (1914-15), with Pearl White; and an excerpt from "The Whirl of Life" (1914), with Vernon and Irene Castle. . . . ¶ March 16-19, showings at 3 and 5:30: The first in a series of films directed by Fred Zinnemann—"The Men" (1950), with Marlon Brando and Teresa Wright; and "Benjy" (1951), a documentary film, narrated by Henry Fonda. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through March 18: "Cowboy," Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon.
From March 19: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through March 18: Theatre closed.
From March 19, at 8:30: "South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Police Athletic League. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through March 19: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell, Claire Bloom.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Mark of the Hawk," Eartha Kitt, Sidney Poitier.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Theatre temporarily closed.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through March 19: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands; and "Satchmo the Great," a film on Louis Armstrong, with a commentary by Edward R. Murrow.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 18 (tentative): "How to Murder a Rich Uncle," Charles Coburn, Nigel Patrick; and "Full of Life," revival, Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.
From March 19 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 18: **SAYONARA.**
From March 19: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 18 (tentative): "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer; and "The Young Stranger," revival, James MacArthur, Kim Hunter.
From March 19 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through March 16: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.
March 17-18: "Trapeze," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis; and "Not as a Stranger," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum.
From March 19: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "Underwater Warrior," Dan Dailey.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Lovemaker" (in French), Betsy Blair.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 14: **SAYONARA.**
March 15-18: "Rodan!," Kenji Sawara; and "Battle Hell," Richard Todd, Akim Tamiroff.
From March 19: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
GERVAISE (in French).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 18 (tentative): "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer; and "The Young Stranger," revival, James MacArthur, Kim Hunter.
From March 19 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 17: "The Tender Trap," revival, Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds.
From March 18: "Designing Woman," revival, Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through March 16: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.
March 17-18: "Trapeze," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis; and "Not as a Stranger," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum.
From March 19: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "Underwater Warrior," Dan Dailey.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through March 15 (tentative): "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.
March 16-18 (tentative): "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.
From March 19 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 18 (tentative): "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
From March 19 (tentative): "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 14: **SAYONARA.**
March 15-18: "Rodan!," Kenji Sawara; and "Battle Hell," Richard Todd, Akim Tamiroff.
From March 19: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 16: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.
March 17-18: "Trapeze," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis; and "Not as a Stranger," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum.
From March 19: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "Underwater Warrior," Dan Dailey.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 15: **TORERO!**, revival; and "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.
March 16-18: "The Tarnished Angels," Rock Hudson, Robert Stack; and "Man in the Shadow," Jeff Chandler, Orson Welles.
From March 19: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 19 (tentative): "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer; and "The Young Stranger," revival, James MacArthur, Kim Hunter.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
GERVAISE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 16: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.
March 17-18: "Trapeze," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis; and "Not as a Stranger," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum.
From March 19: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "Underwater Warrior," Dan Dailey.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 15: **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French); and "Doctor at Sea," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot.
March 16-18: "The Barefoot Contessa," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner; and "Désirée," revival, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons.
From March 19: "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin; and "Unnatural," Hildegarde Neff, Erich von Stroheim.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through March 14: **SAYONARA.**
March 15-18: "Rodan!," Kenji Sawara; and "Battle Hell," Richard Todd, Akim Tamiroff.
From March 19: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
March 13: **THE SHRIKE**, revival; and **THE GREAT MAN**, revival.
March 14-15: "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven; and "The True Story of Lynn Stuart," Betsy Palmer.
March 16-17: "Edge of the City," revival, John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier; and "The Fastest Gun Alive," revival, Glenn Ford, Jeanne Crain.
March 18: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **HIGH SIERRA**, revival.
From March 19: "Dante's Inferno," revival, Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor; and "A Message to Garcia," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Wallace Beery.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
HENRY V, revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS, revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE AWAKENING (in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 18: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.
From March 19: "Trapeze," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis; and "Not as a Stranger," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 13: "The Beggar Student" (in German); and "Fric-Frac" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
From March 14: "The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through March 18: **SAYONARA.**
From March 19: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 18: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.
From March 19: "Trapeze," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis; and "Not as a Stranger," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through March 14: **SAYONARA.**
March 15-18: "Rodan!," Kenji Sawara; and "Battle Hell," Richard Todd, Akim Tamiroff.
From March 19: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through March 14: **SAYONARA.**
March 15-18: "Rodan!," Kenji Sawara; and "Battle Hell," Richard Todd, Akim Tamiroff.
From March 19: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.

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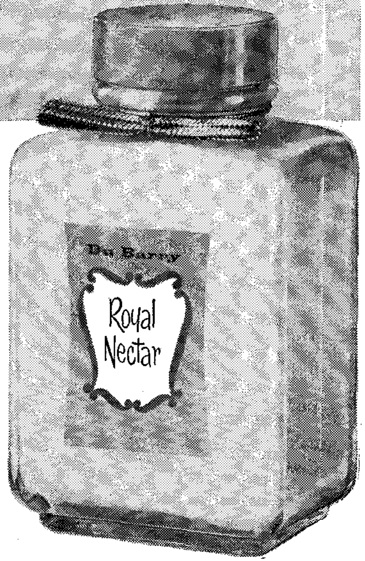

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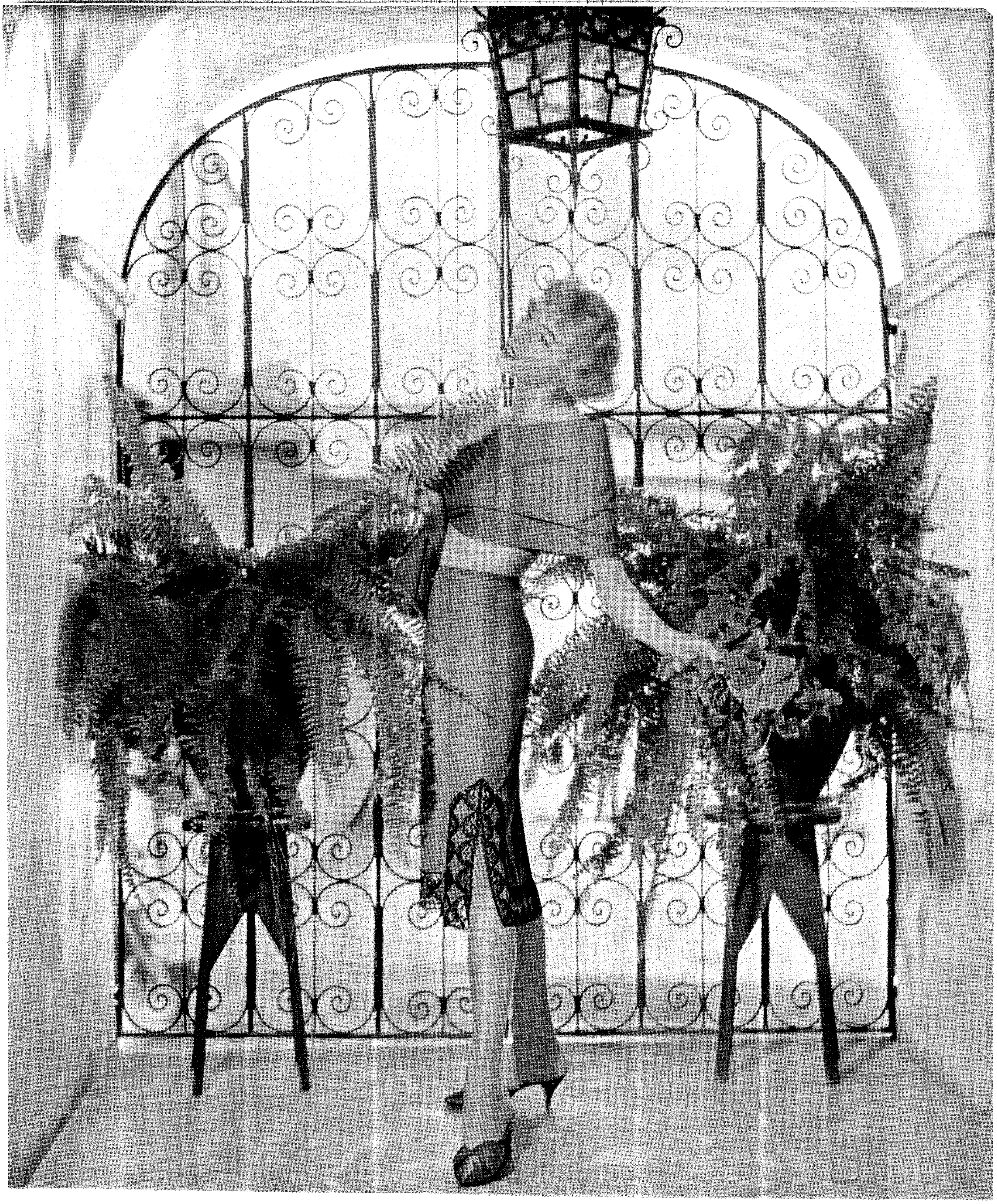

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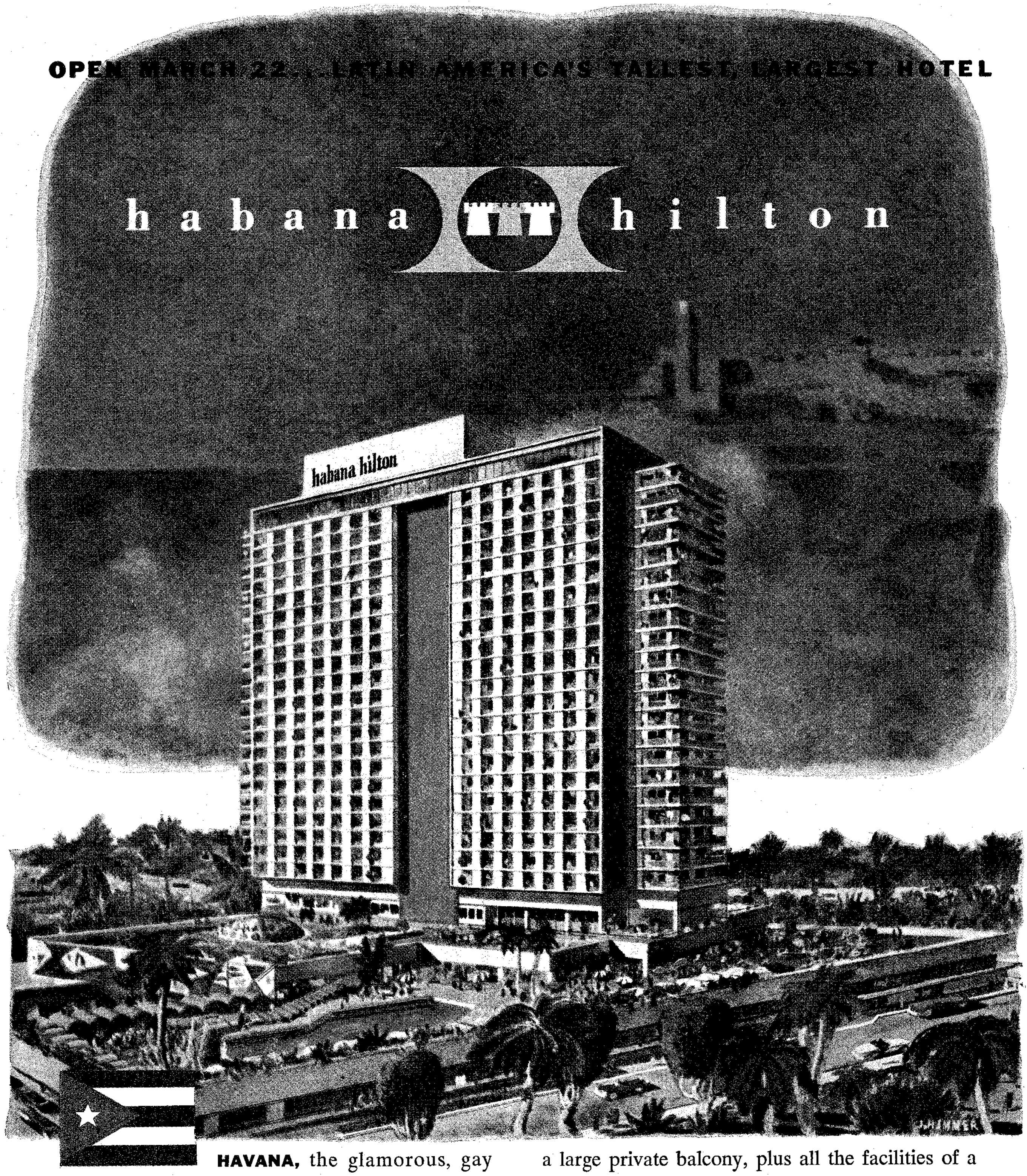

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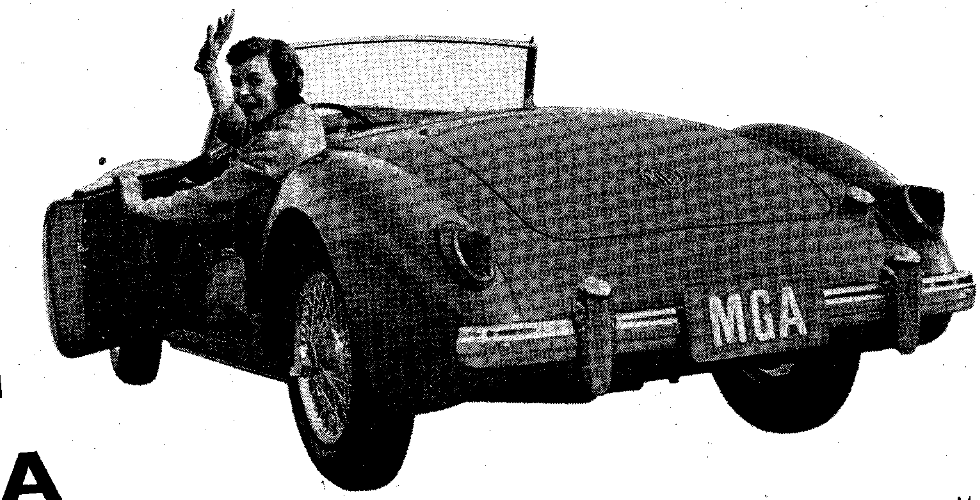

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Horse brasses were once seen swinging from every martingale and bridle. Today, they are collectors' items. What were they used for? Like cattle-brands, they told what farm or estate a horse *came from.*

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A label saying merely "Imported Fabric" doesn't tell. Rather too bad, isn't it? For there's something different about British Woollens. Just as there's something different about the moist British climate, British finishing and Britishers themselves in the spinning, fulling, weaving trades.

The difference is hard to describe... but worth knowing about when you're buying. If you're choosing a cloth you think is a Shetland, for instance, or a cheviot or covert or melton, ask "Does this come *from Britain?"*

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STERN DOUBLE BILL

Isaac Stern, who hails from San Francisco, made his Carnegie Hall debut on January 12, 1943—the first and only major violinist to have been entirely American-trained. Since then, happy box-office personnel have been proudly posting the SRO signs every time he picks up his 250-year-old Guarnerius violin. Equally at home in Baroque, Classical, Romantic and Modern works, Stern, who is of Russian origin, has a particular affinity for modern Russian music. His warm, succulent tone and ear-dazzling technique are just what is needed to bring to life such scores as the two Prokofiev concertos. His performances of them reveal him at his faultless best.

PROKOFIEV: Concerto No. 1 in D Major for Violin and Orchestra—Isaac Stern, violinist—The New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor; Concerto No. 2 in G Minor for Violin and Orchestra—The New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, conductor. ML 5243 $3.98

WALTZ PROS

Tchaikovsky and Strauss! You may wonder what kind of combination this is or what the poet of the Lonely Heart has in common with the Waltz King of the Vienna of Franz Josef. Just this—in three-quarter time these two men are the champs. Strauss is the unchallenged expert in the ballroom, while Tchaikovsky has fashioned a host of the most delicate and danceable ballet waltzes in the world. Intermingled, and sumptuously served up by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, their waltzes serve as a perfect foil for each other. Ormandy and his men evoke both the glitter and brilliance of old Vienna and the sylphlike grace of a Russian ballerina.

THE WONDERFUL WALTZES OF TCHAIKOVSKY AND STRAUSS. Waltz from Swan Lake Ballet, Emperor Waltz, Waltz from Serenade for Strings, Waltz from Sleeping Beauty Ballet, Blue Danube, Waltz of the Flowers, Roses from the South. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor. ML 5238 $3.98

19th-CENTURY PUBLICITY STUNT

Devotees of the piano music of Beethoven have been noticeably happier of late. The reason—a treasury of new recordings by Rudolf Serkin, whose Beethoven interpretations are undisputed cornerstones of recorded piano literature. His latest undertaking: a set of variations by Beethoven on a theme of Diabelli. In 1823, the story goes, an upstart composer-publisher named Diabelli went looking for a set of variations. Theme in hand, he approached Beethoven, Schubert, even the 11-year-old Franz Liszt. The venture smacked of a publicity stunt to promote the Diabelli publishing house. But the prettiness of the waltz tune apparently stuck in Beethoven's mind and tempted him. When he sat down to it, he turned out a grand total of thirty-three variations—more than Diabelli asked for or wanted. With reason they have been called the greatest set of variations ever created for the piano.

BEETHOVEN: Variations on a Theme by Diabelli—Rudolf Serkin, pianist. ML 5246 $3.98

BLUES-OPERA

The exciting new music by Harold Arlen is a suite of 17 selections, each drawn fro larger work, "Blues-Opera," whose world premiere is scheduled to represent Am can music at the World's Fa in Brussels this spring. A lo at the score shortly after th opera was completed so fire Andre Kostelanetz' admirat for its freshness and lyricis and authentically American vigor that he urged an orchestral suite be made fr it. Arlen was agreeable and together they selected the music for this suite. Thus, only do we have Mr. K. to t for an extremely engaging performance of this music with the New York Philharm but also for starting the bal rolling. And once again we evidence of Kostelanetz' enthusiasm for the outsta music of our time.

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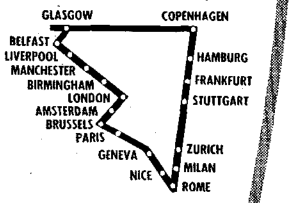
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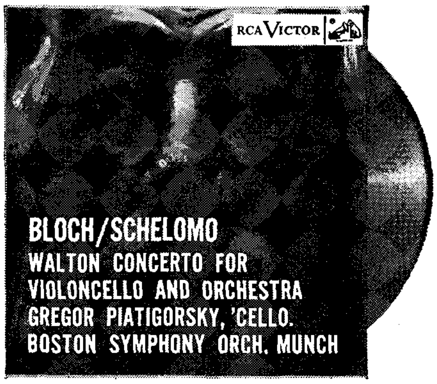
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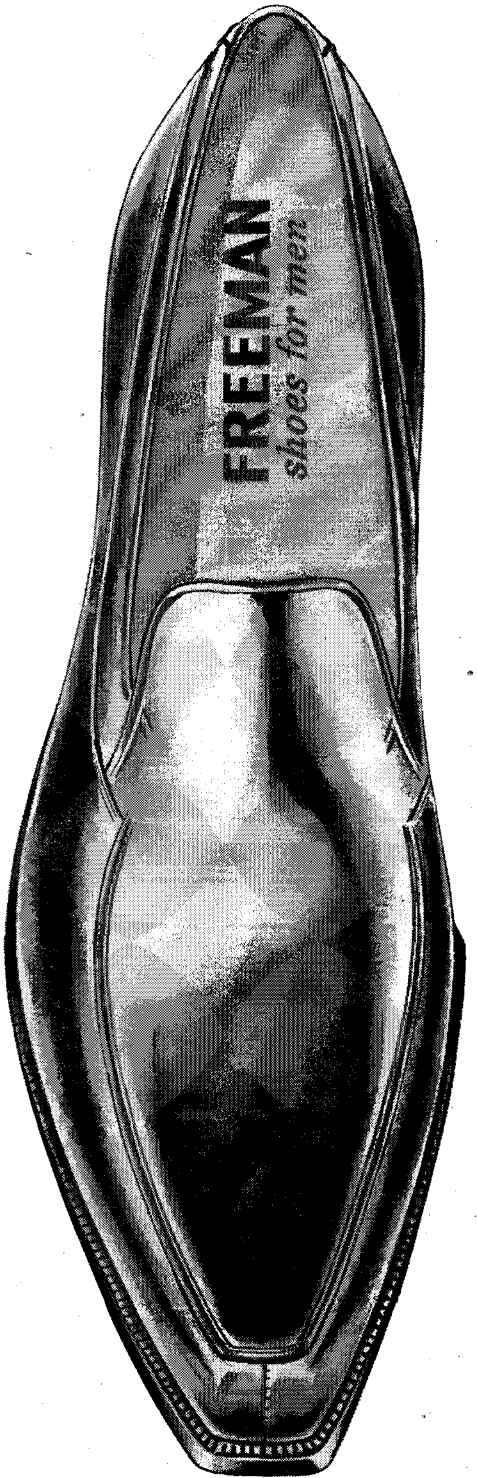

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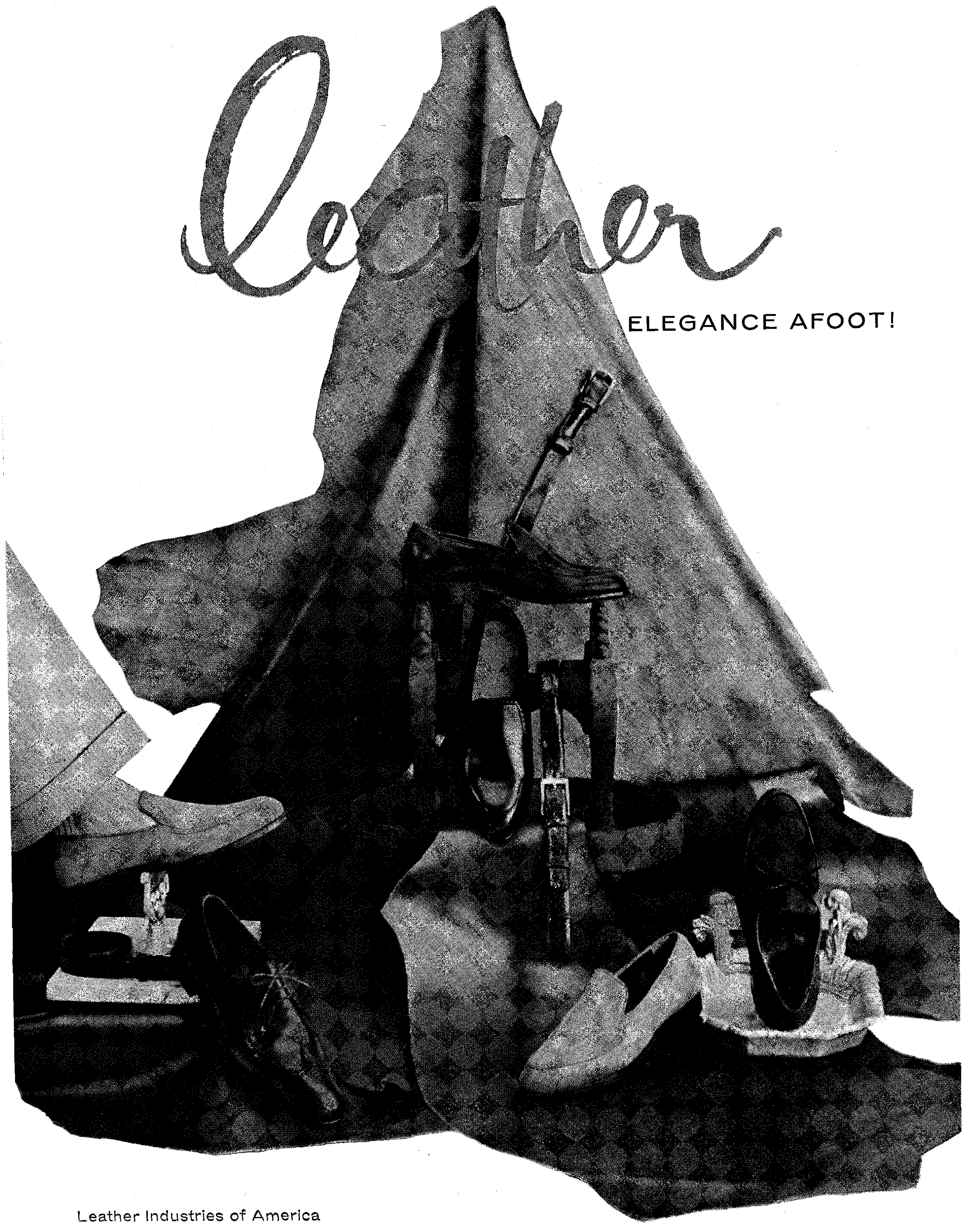
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Girl by a gate —in old San Juan

TIME STANDS STILL in this Puerto Rican patio. That weathered escutcheon bears the Royal Arms of Spain. You might have stepped back three centuries. In a sense, you have.

You start to wonder. Can this really be the Puerto Rico everybody is talking about? Is this the island where American industry is now expanding at the rate of three new plants a week? Is this truly the scene of a twentieth-century renaissance? Ask any proud Puerto Rican. He will surely answer—yes.

Within minutes from this patio, you will see the signs. Some are spectacular. The new hotels, the four-lane highways, the landscaped apartments. And some are down-to-earth. A tractor in a field, a village clinic, a shop that sells refrigerators. Note all these things. But, above all, *meet the people.*

Renaissance has a way of breeding remarkable men. Men of industry who can also love poetry. Men of courage who can also be tender. Men of vision who can also respect the past. Make a point of talking to these twentieth-century Puerto Ricans.

It won't be long before you appreciate the deeper significance of Puerto Rico's renaissance. You'll begin to understand why men like Pablo Casals and Juan Ramón Jiménez (the Nobel Prize poet) have gone there to live.

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◀ ***How to find this patio in old San Juan.*** *Ask for the City Hall. They call it the Ayuntamiento, in Spanish. Walk straight through this 17th Century building and there is your patio. Our photograph was taken by Elliott Erwitt.*

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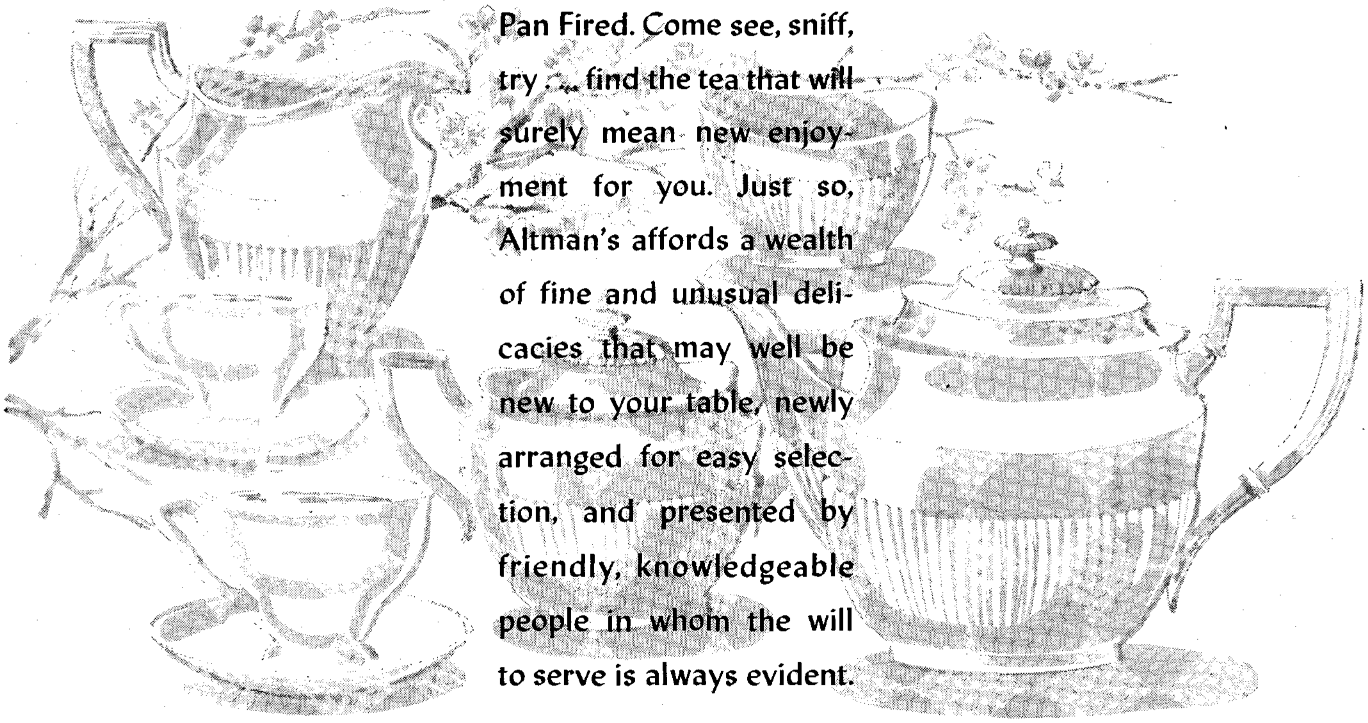
Tea . . . an everyday enjoyment but it makes *news* at Altman's where you'll find almost every type. Their far-away names suggest the marked yet subtle variations in their flavors: Darjeeling, Keemun, Lapsang Souchong, among nearly one hundred black teas, from rich, to spicy, to smoky; the delicate flower scent of tea mixed with jasmine blossoms; the green teas of Japan, light in color, fresh in flavor, Gunpowder, Basket Fired, Pan Fired. Come see, sniff, try . . . find the tea that will surely mean new enjoyment for you. Just so, Altman's affords a wealth of fine and unusual delicacies that may well be new to your table, newly arranged for easy selection, and presented by friendly, knowledgeable people in whom the will to serve is always evident.



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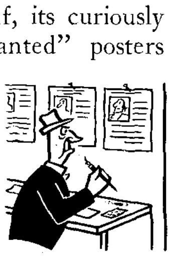
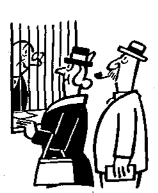
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Postmaster General Summerfield is that rare combination, a man of ideas and a man of action. No sooner did he conceive of red-white-and-blue mailboxes than they twinkled from every street corner. One minute he learned that dogs bite postmen; the next, he was hurling thunderbolts of excommunication at impenitent owners. Congress dared balk at budget time last spring; Summerfield declared Saturday a legal holiday. And, with a divine imperiousness, he stamped his own Christmas cards with four-cent stamps. In view of this dynamic record, we have no hope that he will be frustrated in his scheme to impose two billion dollars' worth of improvement upon post offices across the nation. We mourn, nevertheless. It used to be that in any town from Bangor to Fresno the heartsick stranger could find honesty, industry, piety, and free reading matter in two places: the post office and the public library. Since Andrew Carnegie couldn't be everywhere, in many hamlets the post office was the sole repository of our traditions. It rises before the imagination now: the village post office, with its quaint grilled windows, its ink-stained floors, its hideous orange writing shelf, its curiously nibbled blotters, its "wanted" posters for Dillinger and Aaron Burr, and its twin letter slots, dividing the world into two great halves, "Local" and "Out of Town." Framed by the window marked "Postal Savings" (another of Summerfield's victims, along with the nib pen), the postmaster himself is seen—his shirtsleeves secured by elastics, his glasses hung on the tip of his nose—alternately dispensing gossip and stamped envelopes. Beside him stands his wife, a pencil in her hair, weighing packages. Some are enormous; she forces a grin as she lifts them. Over by the wall, next to the radiator, the town idler lingers, pretending to fill out money-order blanks. Uncle Sam gesticulates from the bulletin board; a W.P.A. mural, executed with Assyrian dignity, fades above the transom. The laughter of the sorting clerks filters in from the back room. . . . The vision fades.

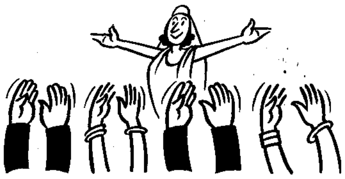


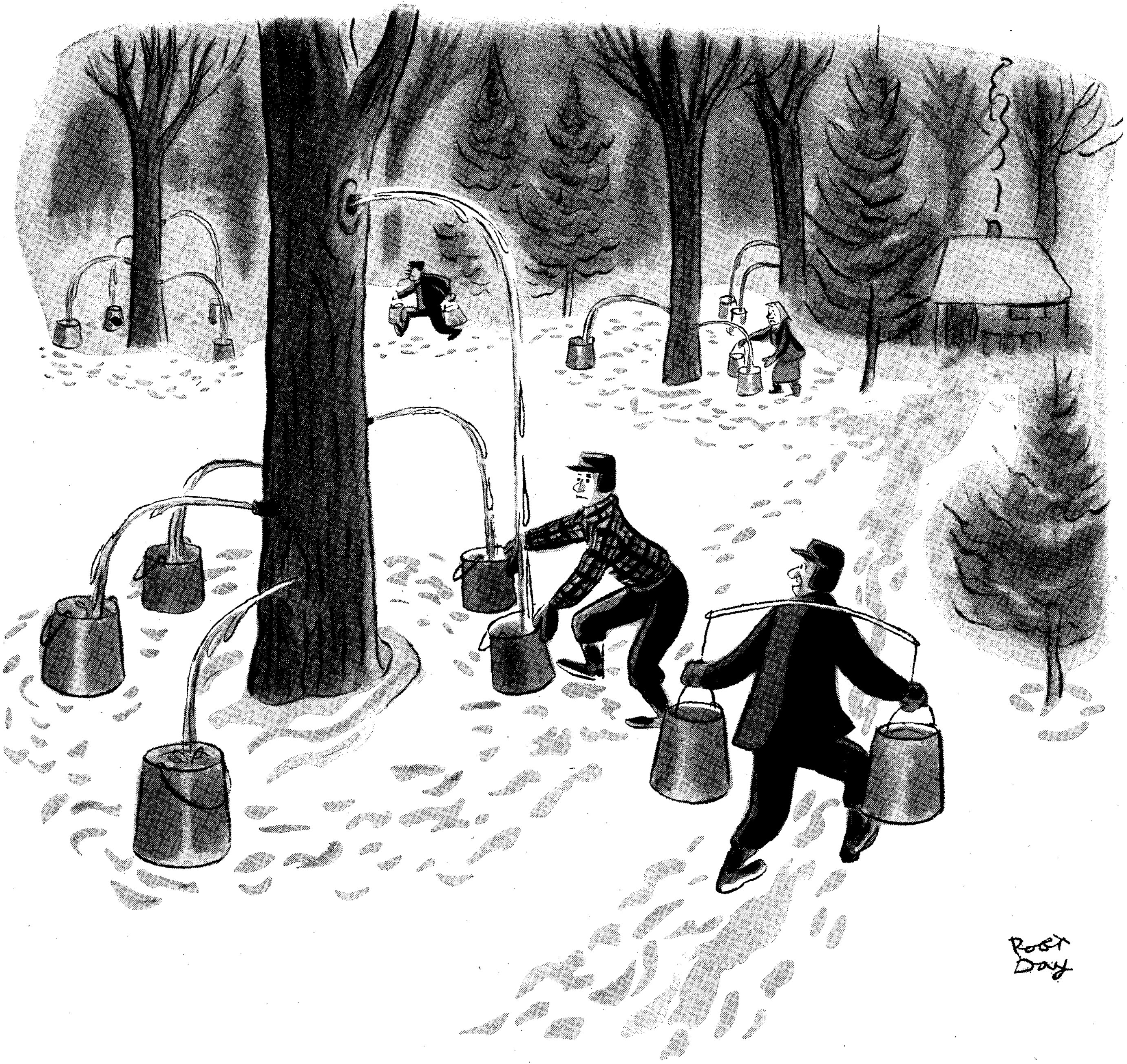


Instead, we see a cinder-block cube, painted indigo, scarlet, and ivory. Within, a loudspeaker murmurs cocktail music as shoppers promenade along clearly marked lanes, between pyramids of sanitarily wrapped Defense Bonds, postcards, stamps, and so on. A sign proclaims, "5¢ STAMP SPECIAL—1,000 FOR $49.98." Another importunes, "SEND A PACKAGE TO BRITAIN FOR JUST 20¢ DOWN." At the door sits a young man in white, hammering a cash register; $2,000,000,000.00 is the sum he has just rung up.

Maria Meneghini Callas's last appearance of the season at the Metropolitan occasioned affirmative and negative audience noises that went on long after the diva, as Tosca, made an accomplished leap from the battlements of the Castel' Sant' Angelo, to land, we hope, on a feather bed or a stagehand. It was the kind of row usually associated with an umpire's close decision on a base runner.

Miss Callas, we thought, was in fine, glossy voice and acted with great spirit. (The way she knifed Scarpia in the second act may have reflected her feeling toward the Romans who gave her such a bad time earlier in the season.) But when she came out for her first solo bow after that act, which includes the heroine's big aria as well as the extravasation, somebody booed. For her joint bow with Richard Tucker and George London, the Cavaradossi and Scarpia, there had been only applause. For Tucker's solo bow, applause. For London's, the same. Then, even before Miss Callas's appearance, boos, high above and to the left of the stage. They persisted amid the hand clapping, like a challenge to more protracted battle. The real contest came after the finale. The boos—enunciated, it seemed to us, with professional malignity—punctured the applause, which began as simply well bred. The applause lost its breeding as the pro-Callas majority got mad. The sound produced by human hands is inferior in volume to that produced by the larynx, so somebody shouted "Bravo!" Timidly, then with increasing resolution, others followed. An old gentleman in the first row of the grand tier hammered with his hearing aid upon the railing. He thus achieved a double purpose—making a noise and shutting out the noise the opposition made. Couples who should have been on their way to Long Island or Westchester remained to see Miss Callas through. A South American couple at our left, perhaps Callas fans from below the equator, where the opera season is our summer, hammered on our biceps as if they thought us a bongo. The soprano, smiling, took curtain call after curtain call. The intervals between curtains became longer and longer, but half the audience wouldn't go home, and the types who work the curtain must have collected overtime. The lower tiers made most of the noise, pro-Callasites massing in the front half of the orchestra to shout even after the management had dimmed the house lights. The gallery, which usually produces the best-orchestrated demonstrations, was this





"It seems to me that nature has been unusually abundant this year."

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time relatively apathetic, except for the booers, who could not have been more than a dozen. When they shut up, everybody went home, after a final, unconfused "Bravo!"

We came away happy and bruised, our musical education complete.

The Faithful

IF Theodore Roosevelt were still alive, he would be in his one-hundredth year, and if he had stopped by the other afternoon at 28 East Twentieth Street, his birthplace—now preserved as the Theodore Roosevelt House—he would have seen both some old friends and a new film about his life. The film, "Theodore Roosevelt—American," is a half-hour documentary, produced for release to both the armed forces and the public by the Department of Defense, with the coöperation of the Theodore Roosevelt Centennial Commission. The audience, of about a hundred invited guests, included Hermann Hagedorn, poet, biographer, director of the Commission, director emeritus of the House, and long the chief keeper of the Roosevelt flame; Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt, T. R.'s daughter-in-law; and Stanley Isaacs, an old political associate and now the lone Republican member of the City Council. Among the other Roosevelt admirers present were historians, like Allan Nevins; military officers, like Lieutenant General Blackshear M. Bryan, commander of the First Army; and us. Arriving shortly before the première screening, which took place in the spacious fourth-floor auditorium of the Victorian mansion, we were soon engaged in conversation with Hagedorn and General Bryan.

"Always had tremendous admiration for the man," said the General, a long-faced warrior with echoes of Louisiana in his voice. "He was the sort who knew what he wanted to do, and *did* it. One thing is sure." A steely glint came into the military eye. "He didn't rule by conference and committee."

Before we could mull over this remark, Mr. Hagedorn began explaining that the Commission had suggested the film to the Department of Defense, which produces training movies at the Army Pictorial Center studios in Long Island City, and that it had been approved on the ground that Roosevelt was such a great friend of the armed forces. "He believed that we had to negotiate from strength, as you know," said Hagedorn, a gentle-voiced but energetic man, whose preoccupation with T. R. began forty years ago, he told us, when he interviewed the ex-President for his "The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt." " 'Speak softly and carry a big stick.' Incidentally, that's an old South African saying. I've already seen the picture twice," he said. "It's in the form of cartoons, sketches, still photographs, and newsreels of Mr. Roosevelt, and I think the writer and director, Dan Klugherz, has done a fine job."

The start of the film was signalled, and a moment later we were watching T. R. clipping the nails of a caged Tammany tiger; pounding the table as head of the Police Board of New York City; roping an ornery four-legged locomotive, labelled R.R. Trust; going up in one of the first military airplanes; operating a crane in the partly dug Panama Canal; dispatching the Great White Fleet around the world; getting shot during the Bull Moose campaign; and, of course, forever wielding his big stick, flashing his splendid choppers, and manfully squinting through his steel-rimmed eyeglasses. At the conclusion of the film, which was certainly a hit with the preview audience, there was a cocktail party (we weren't sure T. R. would have approved of such effete goings on), and we had a chat with Mr. Klugherz, the documentary man.

"When Hagedorn first sat down with me," said Klugherz, a forty-two-year-old, black-haired, articulate fellow with echoes of New Utrecht High School in his voice, "he said he hoped that I'd get a little below the surface of T. R. He said it as if he were really fighting a desperate battle to make Roosevelt, during this centennial year, a man who did something besides cry 'Charge!' T. R. was so damned active that people who do a lot of hard thinking tend to write him off as a superficial personality. I always did, too, but the more time I spent with him, the more I was drawn by his *depth*."

Klugherz went on to say that he had spent some three months just doing research, and that, after scrutinizing thousands of old cartoons, engravings, photographs, and newspaper sketches in libraries and museums up and down the East Coast, he had decided to emphasize them, rather than the surprising amount of movie footage available. "For one thing," he explained, "there wasn't anything from T. R.'s early years on film, and, for another, when we ran the old sixteen-frames-a-second silent reels at our modern twenty-four-frames-a-second speed, he hopped around even *more* than the cartoon symbol he became."

An aide stepped up and led us over to meet a slim, well-tailored man named Carleton Putnam, who looked like a corporation board member and turned out to be just that—a member of the board of Delta Air Lines. More pertinently, he proved to be T. R.'s latest biographer—author of a projected four-volume work, the first volume of which has just been published by Scribner. "I started working on it when I was *chairman* of a board—Chicago & Southern Air Lines—ten years ago," said Mr. Putnam. "I had got a taste of authorship when I wrote a book dealing with aviation, and when I started casting about for another subject, I discovered that there was a serious gap in American biography. Despite Hagedorn's fine works, there was no Douglas Southall Freeman type of treatment-in-depth of Roosevelt. Four years ago, I began devoting myself to him full time."

Putnam led us over to meet his wife, a blond young woman with a serene smile, and Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt, who—petite and merry-eyed, in a modish tweed suit and fur-trimmed hat—was perched lightly on the apron of the auditorium's stage. She told us that her own recollections of the late President went back before her marriage, when she, a Bostonian, used to visit the Roosevelt home, Sagamore Hill, in Oyster Bay, as a house guest of the younger members of the family. "What I remember most clearly from those visits is how charming Mr. Roosevelt was with his grandchildren," she said. "Whenever he'd tell stories about them, and he was *always* telling stories about them, his voice would simply crack with delight." Mrs. Roosevelt explained that her husband, a New York investment broker, tries to avoid affairs memorializing his father. "Too much emotion involved," she said.

Spotting Stanley Isaacs nearby in the crowd, we excused ourself and made our way over for a few words with him about T. R. Mr. Isaacs, an ageless seventy-five, was unrestrained in his enthusiasm for the great man. "He was my boyhood hero, and I'm proud of it," he said. "I'm looked on as a maverick in politics, and I got that quality from him. My father, who was once a judge, worked with him and Jacob Riis to clean up conditions on the lower East Side. I first met him in 1898, and in 1912 I went over to the Progressive Party—the Bull Moose Party—and became a district leader for it. He broke many a young person in to politics—men of the stripe of Henry L. Stimson and Learned Hand."

We asked Isaacs what T. R. might have thought of the film.

"Why," said the Councilman, hoisting a glass, "he would have said 'Bully!' "

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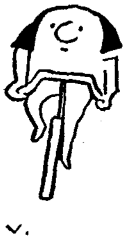
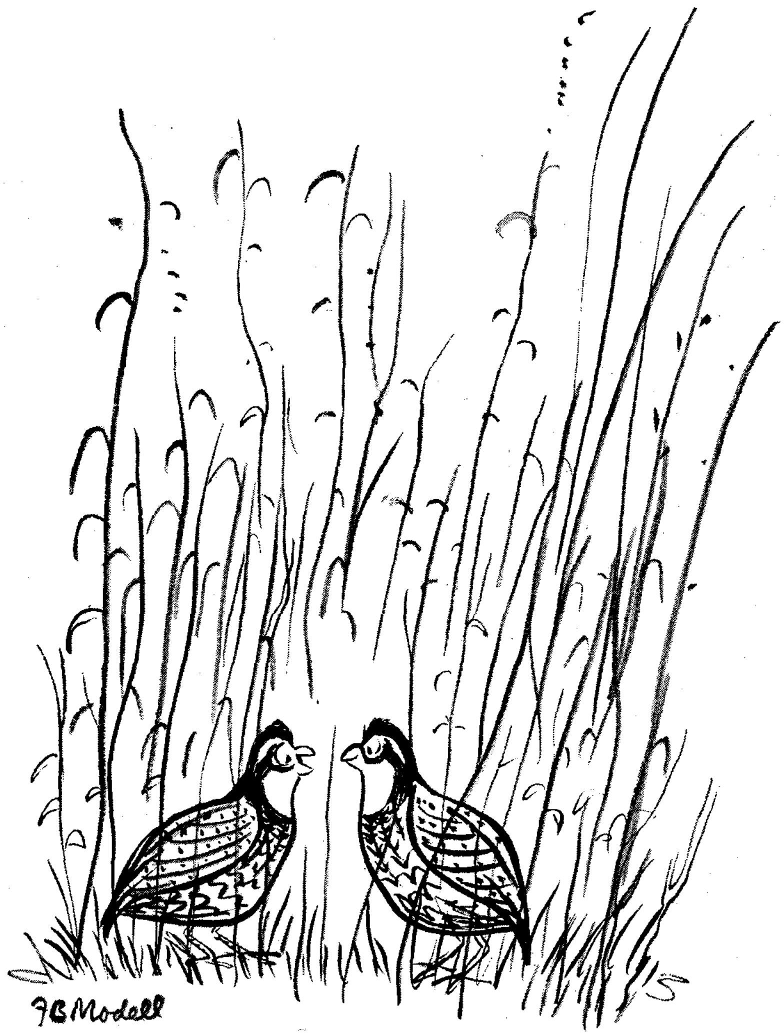
LINGUISTIC INTELLIGENCE: Outside a restaurant in Nice is a sign that says, "ENGLISH REALLY SPOKEN."

Our Own Baedeker

CONGRESS is again debating the question of whether to let Alaska become a state. If it does become one, it will be by far the biggest, with an area nearly a fifth the size of the present continental United States and more than twice the size of Texas; it will also be by far the least densely populated, with approximately one person to every four square miles. (Right now, the least densely populated state is Nevada, which has one and a half persons to the square mile.) As a territory, Alaska has a governor, appointed by the President; a locally elected bicameral legislature; and a delegate to the House of Representatives, who has floor privileges but no vote. In a referendum held in 1946, Alaskans voted overwhelmingly in favor of statehood, but plenty of monkey wrenches have been tossed into the state-making machinery since, not only by politicians of both parties but by the two chief industries of Alaska—salmon canning and mining—which appear to feel that free enterprise would be a bit less free and a lot more expensive under state government.



The name "Alaska" is said to be derived from an Eskimo word meaning "peninsula." To Alaskans—otherwise known as sourdoughs, in reference to the sour dough that pioneers in the territory used to carry in their knapsacks to make bread—the rest of the world, including the United States, is known as Outside. The first Outsiders to see Alaska were probably the Spanish, poking about in the seventeenth century, but they didn't bother to press a claim. In 1728, Vitus Bering, a Dane employed by Russia, passed through the strait that separates Siberia and Alaska. Thirteen years later, he returned and officially discovered the mainland, which thereupon became known as Russian America. The Emperor Paul of Russia granted the territory to a company that had been formed to promote trade, agriculture, and the Greek Orthodox faith, and though agriculture and the faith languished, a lively trade in the superb furs of the country sprang up among Russian, Canadian, and United States trappers and traders. Along about 1860, Russia's fortunes were at low ebb, and, being fearful that England might simply annex the territory, she invited us to purchase it. Seven years later, thanks mostly to the efforts of William H. Seward, we bought it—for $7,200,000, or less than two cents an acre.



"Guess who took a pot shot at yours truly over at George Humphrey's place the other day."

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Alaska was like most bargains—once we had it, we weren't quite sure what to do with it. Following the big gold strikes of the eighteen-eighties and nineties, however, a shaky form of territorial government was established. In 1906, Alaska received permission to send its voteless delegate to Congress, and six years later it was granted a legislature. Women were given the vote in Alaska seven years before they got it here. Fifty years ago, the population was 64,356; today it's only 128,643, including 14,089 Indians and 15,882 Eskimos. The two largest cities are Anchorage and Fairbanks. Fairbanks was named for Charles W. Fairbanks, the vice-President of the United States from 1905 to 1909. Consisting of all that part of the North American continent west of the hundred-and-forty-first meridian, Alaska has magnificent mountains—Mount McKinley, which is 20,300 feet high, is the loftiest peak on the continent—and abundant minerals, including gold, copper, silver, platinum, and tungsten. One of the greatest volcanic eruptions of modern times took place in June, 1912, when the top of Mount Katmai, in northwestern Alaska, blew off—all ten cubic miles of it. President Wilson turned what was left into a national monument.

The lowest temperature ever recorded in Alaska was seventy-eight degrees below zero; the highest, ninety-nine above. Southeastern Alaska averages twelve feet of rain a year, and the mosquitoes in summer are numerous, clamorous, and enormous. The territory boasts the world's largest trout and the world's largest carnivorous animal—the Kodiak brown bear, which stands as high as eleven and a half feet and weighs up to sixteen hundred pounds. Alaska is richly bedecked with sable, ermine, wolverine, mink, land otter, beaver, muskrat, seal, gray wolf, white fox, blue fox, black fox, and silver fox. It's a pretty good place to grow potatoes, and its official flower is the blue forget-me-not.

Perplexed

WE'VE been told about Stephen, aged six, who questioned his mother closely the other day on a matter that had been bothering him. "Why is it," he asked her, "that when Daddy takes me out, we always ride in taxis, but when you take me, we ride in buses?" Pause. "Are you poor?"

No Fatalities

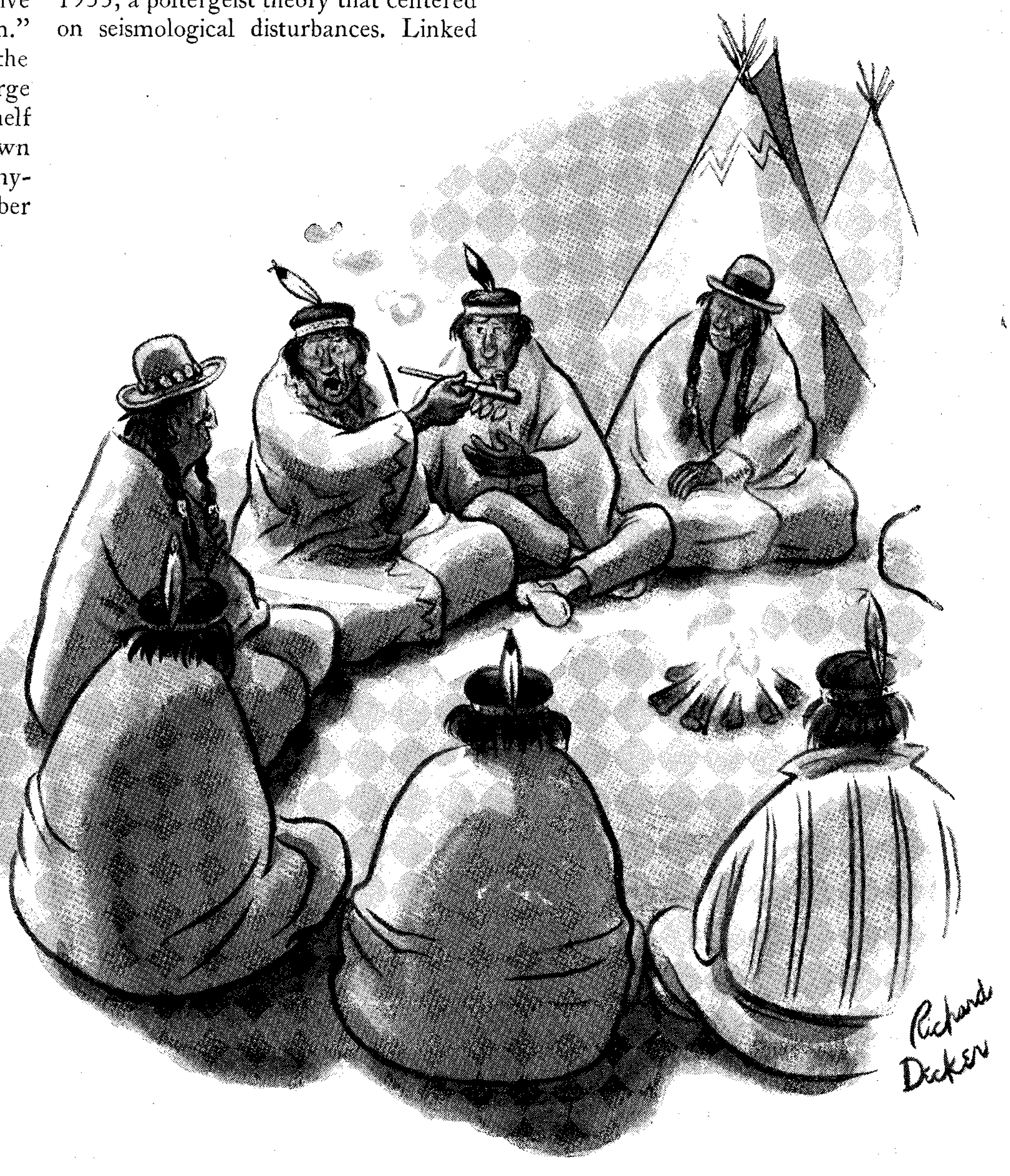
AFTER reading a succession of newspaper stories about the unruly behavior of inanimate objects at the James M. Herrmann house, out in Seaford, Long Island—sugar bowls flying off tables, bottle tops popping, bookcases turning upside down, record-players sailing through the air, ink bottles spilled, and other impish and/or maddening manifestations generally associated with poltergeists—we dropped by the offices of the American Society for Psychical Research, at 880 Fifth Avenue, for a chat with Mrs. Laura Abbott Dale, a member of the Society's research committee. Mrs. Dale, a pleasantly austere young woman with a glance that could penetrate a medium's cabinet, greeted us cordially, and told us, right off, that the Society has no corporate opinions about anything, that it has no particular set of beliefs, that it was founded in 1885 by William James and others, that it has a membership of around nine hundred, and that it is engaged in investigations of telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, and other paranormal mental phenomena. "We are also interested in telekinesis and, of course, poltergeists," she said. And this brought us to the Case of the Herrmann House.

"I'm not really saying anything," said Mrs. Dale. "I have not been out to the house. I have no first-hand information. I am not terribly impressed, as yet. I will not go so far as to say run-of-the-mill poltergeist phenomena, because I naturally will not commit myself about poltergeists *as* poltergeists. There is an aspect of this case that interests me; namely, the popping of bottle caps. Never before heard of poltergeists' popping bottle caps. It does not require advanced human skill to pop a bottle cap, to set it to go off at a certain time. An intelligent adolescent child could set off a bottle cap. The Herrmanns have a boy of twelve and a girl of thirteen. The sugar bowl that flew from the dinette table, with Detective Tozzi, of the Nassau County police, in the next room, and the boy, Jimmy, at the far end of the table—well, that's a phenomenon, all right. I am not immensely impressed—I hasten to add that I know nothing, really—by the boy's globe of the world suddenly whizzing from his bedroom and landing at the feet of Detective Tozzi. I gather that Detective Tozzi was extremely impressed. I would be more impressed had the globe whizzed from a point near Detective Tozzi and landed in the boy's room."

Mrs. Dale peered warily around the room, looking especially hard at a large cardboard box perched on a bookshelf above and behind her. "It comes down to this," she said. "We don't know anything. Last summer, an unusual number of poltergeist incidents were reported. A fine summer for poltergeists—or, rather, for unmotivated spontaneous manifestations, apparently without human intervention. Poltergeist phenomena are quite different from mediumistic phenomena. The medium often seems to be imitating the poltergeist. He or she names a time and a place, and invites people to come around and watch the show. The poltergeist brings no equipment. It doesn't say, 'Come at three and watch the fun.' It's a force, *if* it's a force. Many people think that people report poltergeists to see their names in the papers, or to get on television, but poltergeist phenomena as manifested in primitive cultures have something deeper behind them than an urge for publicity. Poltergeist phenomena are relatively gentle where human beings are concerned. Scratches occasionally, yes, but no fatalities. Samuel Wesley—the father of John—was once pushed into a desk by a poltergeist when he dared it to come out and fight like a man. But that's rare, rare. There *was* rather a rash of poltergeists last summer, and one, out in Hartville, Missouri, had some quite interesting phenomena. The family visited by it was a submarginal one—very slim chance for anybody in the house to pull little tricks, like black thread attached to a reel, and so on. One day, the family and children left the house and went to a store, and things began to pop. Wares fell off counters, objects whizzed through the store. I don't take that too seriously, but I feel one might ponder the twelve-inch lantern that had been firmly placed on a chair, back at the house, and that fell over. One might ponder the cake of soap that fell—plunk!—from a very sturdy table. One might ponder the heavy pail of water, out on the porch, that tipped over suddenly and poured water into the house. *Very* interesting. G. W. Lambert, president of the Society for Psychical Research in England evolved, in a paper published in June, 1955, a poltergeist theory that centered on seismological disturbances. Linked them with heavy rains, floods, and so on. I don't think anybody takes the theory too seriously, but I always feel it's healthy to try and explain these phenomena by normal means. You know," she said, glancing again at the box above her, "I could have that box tumble suddenly to the floor—plunk! Could have prepared it beforehand by balancing it ever so delicately on a small piece of dry ice. Dry ice leaves no puddle, and when the dry ice melted, the box would come down. Poltergeist?"

Spick-and-Span

MEANDERING through the African Hall of the Museum of Natural History one morning last week, we heard a loud whirring sound. Tracing it to its source, we came upon an attendant vacuuming behind the leathery ear of an elephant. "If you don't keep after these fellows all the time," he told us, "they get as dirty as kids."



"I didn't inhale. I want to keep the door open for future negotiations."

TWO OLD TALES ABOUT WOMEN

(FOUND IN A RATTAN TEA CADDY C. 1913)

I

ONCE upon a time, there was an old maid who was the laughingstock of the hamlet she was born, raised, and died in. All she ever did was write letters. Other old maids taught school or took courses in typing and shorthand, put up twenty-seven quart jars of tomatoes, crocheted table mats, carried baskets to the poor, conducted a Saturday Morning Bible Class, devoted their lives to caring for invalid fathers, or joined in the general warfare of all women against disorder and dirt. But this old maid wrote letters, fifteen or twenty a day, over a period of many years, and not one of them, so far as the postmaster knew (and he was certainly in a position to know), was ever answered. She wrote to all her relatives, naturally, and no doubt her nieces and nephews would have answered the letters she sent them if once in a while a check had been enclosed, but this was not the case. The letters piled up on mantelpieces, on hall tables, and were not only unanswered but unread.

The bulk of the old maid's correspondence was directed to strangers—to the farmer whose cow had just given birth to a two-headed calf, to the leading actress of the day, to the most popular bishop, the head of an anti-missionary society, or a great scientist whose name was a household word, though his mathematical formulae were not widely understood. Sometimes the letters were addressed to shady characters as well—to the heartbreakingly handsome young housebreaker, to the model boy on trial for larceny and rape, to the blond young woman suing for a huge share in an old man's estate, to anybody, as a matter of fact, whose name, picture, and address appeared in the evening paper.

The editors of all the newspapers in the capital and in the chief provincial cities were supplied with long letters for their contributors' columns, and even though these letters, all in the same small indefatigable hand, were signed by various pseudonyms ("A Constant Reader," "An Observer," "One Who Hopes to See Justice Done") there were always far too many of them for the available space, and they accumulated, gathering dust on copy hooks and in the cubbyholes of the editors' roll-top desks. And at three minutes before noon each day the old maid hurried into the post office, her fingers stained with ink, her apron covered with ink blots, her hair untidy, her mind at peace as she thrust her morning's output through the wicket to be weighed, stamped, and disposed of in local and out-of-town bins. The people of the hamlet often gathered to count the fruit of her labor, and when there was an outsider present, they would make a circular sign with their forefinger, pointing at their temple. The stranger would grasp the significance of this gesture, nod, and smile. But it was always done behind the old maid's back, and not meant unkindly.

In time, the area covered by her letters increased until it took in all six continents (if you count Australia as a continent) and required such considerable daily sums for postage that the old maid was never able to afford new curtains or a new dress, and it was feared she might even be going without proper food. As proof of the contrary, it was sometimes pointed out that the addresses were rising rapidly in the social scale, and included countesses, dukes, then a grand duke, a lord chief justice (who would certainly not let a poor woman starve that he knew anything about), a lady-in-waiting, a court astrologer, a dowager queen (at this point the villagers were sure there would be trouble, that the police would come and take the poor silly thing away and lock her up), and eventually a king and an emperor.

The letters went on being mailed steadily and in quantity, and then one day the old maid did not appear just before noon, or after lunch; and that evening the postmaster kept open an hour after closing time, and finally sent a boy to find out what was keeping her. Death was. The boy knocked politely and, receiving no answer, pushed open the door of her cottage and saw her lying on a couch with her eyes closed, the nap she had lain down to having proved to be a longer sleep than she had anticipated. On her desk by the front window were the final letters, thirty-eight in all, in their envelopes, addressed, sealed, and ready for mailing. The boy gathered them up, tiptoed out of the room, closed the door softly, and found the letters in his coat pockets the next day.

THE funeral was brief and modest. The nephews and nieces came and carried off the furniture, which was not worth much, the best pieces having been sold to provide postage for the letters that lay on their hall tables and gathered dust on their mantelpieces. Only the postmaster, passing the old maid's empty cottage with the "For Sale" sign on the door, felt that all had not been done for her that should have been done. Though she had never received any answers to the letters she spent her life writing, it was quite possible, he decided, that the people she wrote to would care about her, at least to the extent of wondering why the letters had stopped coming. So he took it upon himself to write a brief note to each of them, explaining that the village correspondent had passed on. Fortunately he was a methodical man and had kept a record of the names and addresses of everyone she wrote to, as a kind of curiosity and also to prove that an out-of-the-way part can be an important cog in the great machine. After he had reached the last name on the list and sealed the last envelope, an idea occurred to him. He steamed open the thousands of envelopes that lay in piles all over the post office, and to each of the thousands of notes he added a post-

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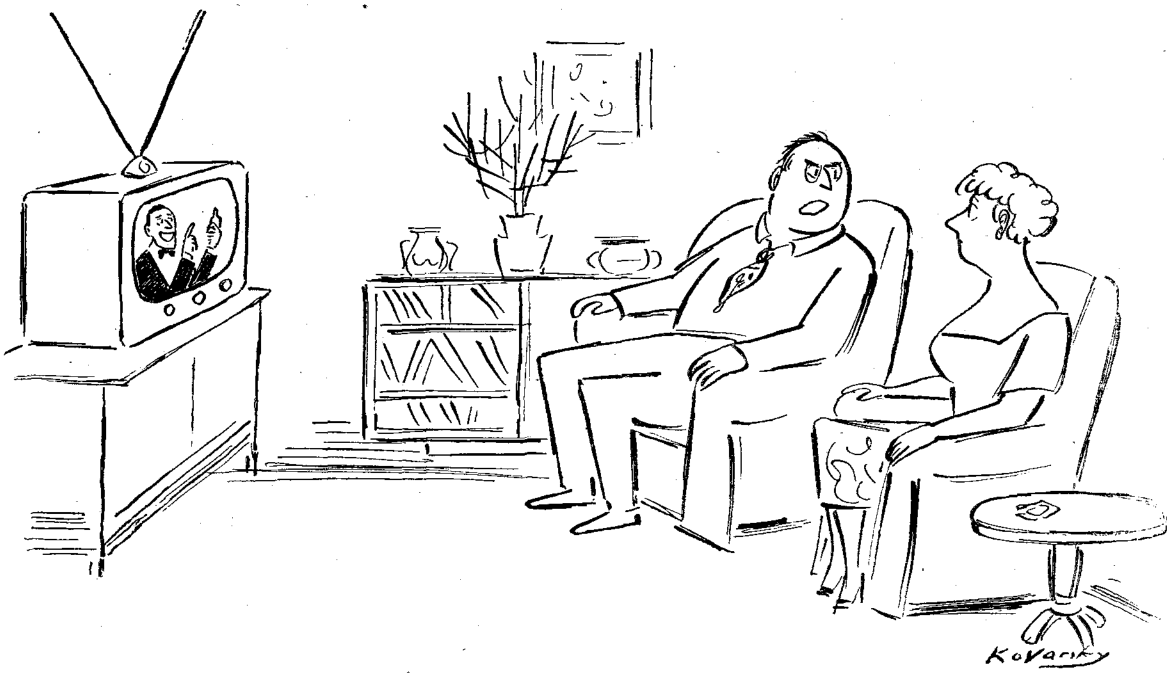
La Preparadora
PREPARAMOS SU INCOME TAX
Coca Cola



"Any time they want to start flashing commercials I'm not conscious of, it's all right with me."

script, explaining that on such-and-such a day there would be a memorial service in honor of their friend.

He did not expect a living soul to attend, and he had difficulty persuading the assistant curate to prepare a short tribute for the occasion. But when the day came, the roads were blocked for miles around with all manner of carriages, many of them bearing coats of arms. Also farm wagons, delivery wagons, a dogcart, a gypsy wagon, and a hansom cab long out of use. Ten special trains had to be accommodated on the single siding. The village street was crammed with people who had come to the memorial service, and, the old maid's cottage being very cramped and small, the meeting was held out-of-doors. The curate's assistant, finding himself in the presence of a great multitude that included the highest dignitaries of state, aged members of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, the crowned heads of Europe and Asia, had stagefright and could not give his prepared speech, but there were many who did speak that day, extempore, from their place in the throng. The greatest living scientist, whose name was a household word, spoke of the old maid's letters—of what an inspiration they were to him, how intelligent and helpful her comment was, and how she had believed, long before the rest of the world, in his mathematical diagram of the five dimensions (length, breadth, thickness, time, and love). The greatest living poet praised her literary style (which was news to the village) and read a rather long poem in *terza rima*, the prologue to his unfinished epic, which he was dedicating to the old maid. The dowager queen said, with tears in her eyes, "So long as I heard from her, I knew I was remembered. Her letters gave me the courage to go on opening bazaars." The king said, "Through her letters I knew what my people were thinking, and that they were loyal to me. I always meant to write to her and never got around to it, more's the pity!" The emperor said, "Acting on her advice, I put off waging two very expensive wars. Every letter she wrote me is preserved in the Imperial Archives, bound in green vellum, for the use and admiration of a grateful posterity."

When the service was concluded, the criminal element, such as were on parole at the moment—second-story men, blackmailers, arsonists, dope peddlers, etc.—proceeded to the cemetery in a body and placed on the old maid's grave a floral tribute in the shape of a white quill pen made entirely of wired sweet peas. Attached to it was a florist's ribbon with the words "Yours very affy," in a raised silver-and-gold facsimile of her now famous handwriting.

II

THERE was a shepherd's wife in Bohemia who was greatly saddened when, after twelve years of being married, she still had no children. Her husband was a quiet man, large and slow-moving and dependable, and she loved him with all her heart, but he had no gift for speech, perhaps from spending so much time with animals, and instead of the prattle of childish voices that she so longed to hear, the woman was forced to be content with the ticking of the clock and the sound of the teakettle on the crane, the singing of wet wood on the hearth. Sometimes her husband was gone for days at a time, and then the sound of her own footsteps grew unbearably loud, and she thought that if only her husband would come home, so she could hear his heavy sigh when he sat down and warmed himself before the fire, and the dog's tail thumping, she wouldn't ask for more—not even the children that had been denied her.

For every deprivation there is always some gift, and the shepherd's wife was famous throughout the village for her ability to make things grow. The windows of her cottage were full of flowering plants all winter long, and when other women had trouble with their house plants—the leaves turning yellow and dropping off and no new green coming, or red spider, or white fly, or mealy bug, or aphids—when their favorite plants were, in fact, almost ready to be thrown on the compost heap, they would bring them to the shepherd's wife and say "Can you do anything with this? It used to have masses of blooms and now look at it!" and the shepherd's wife would make a place for the sick plant on the window sill on the south side of the kitchen, where the sun poured in all day long through the thick, round glass. A month later she would wrap the plant up carefully against the cold and deliver it to its owner, in full leaf, with new buds forming all over it.

"What ever do you do to make things grow?" the other women asked her. "Do you water them very often, or just every other day, or what is your secret?"

"To make plants grow," the shepherd's wife always said, "you have to look at them every day. If you forget about them or neglect them, they die."

The other women, whose households

were blessed with children, never remembered this advice or quite believed in it, and there was even a rumor (for it was a very small place, and no one living there escaped the breath of slander) that the shepherd's wife was a witch.

Actually, there was more to it than she could ever quite bring herself to tell them. After all, they had their little Josephs and Johns and Mary Catherines, and she had only her Christmas cactus, her climbing geraniums, her white rosebush in its big tub, and her pink oleander. So she kept her secret, which was that she not only looked at every plant every day but also talked to them, the way some lonely people talk to animals or to themselves.

"Now," she would say, standing in front of the Christmas cactus, when the shepherd was out of the house and there was nobody around to hear her, "I know you're slow by nature, but so is my husband, and he has his happy moments and you should have yours. All you need to do is grow a little." Then she would pass on to the pink oleander. "What is *this*?" she would exclaim. "Why are your leaves dry and stiff this morning? Too much sun? Very well, behind the curtain you go until you are feeling better." Then, to the white rosebush: "Just because those great geraniums are almost touching the ceiling and crowding everything else out, you needn't think I don't know you are here. Besides, if you will notice, the geranium has a very ordinary scent. . . ." So she talked to the plants, as if they were children, and, like children, they grew and grew and blossomed over and over again all winter long.

DRAWING OF A LITTLE GIRL BY A LITTLE BOY

Suddenly there on the paper air,
all élan, like a Victory-figured prow
blown into view on the brow of a wave,
she balances, arms straight out like a snowman's,
no hands, no feet, no neck, but a head
quite ample, and cheeks very strawberry red.

Everything's new in his child's-eye view,
unmuffled by cliché or clue,
like the first school day and the red letter A,
strange alpha of every readable APPLE,
or the number 1 with its invitation
to follow on ad infinitum.

And when She appears, formed on a rib
of fancy (the fledgling female seen
in the portrait), the figure of Beatrice lightly
enters his sky; he feels her starry
breath, and is stirred; and greenly, within,
the first little bean leaf of love unfurls.

Beauty goes straight to the eye, Plotinus
says, with its ray of joy; one can see it,
caught in the act, in any rapt look
at a face or a place, and without a book
a heart can discover the give-and-take
that's the art of love, as this artist does:

he decks his Julia with delights,
giving things he thinks she likes—a gown
of Primavera green, a rose
for her hat, which matches her sash, and braids
like Rapunzel's, a perfect pair, made of rarest
twenty-four-carat crayon hair.

She looks gay, as if come to the gate of a garden
lit by unlimited sun, where she
is to meet, in the unstained air, someone
who shares her candor—its crescent smile,
and the wells of surprise brimmed in those a-
symmetric but, oh, harmonious eyes.

—Dorothy Donnelly

• •

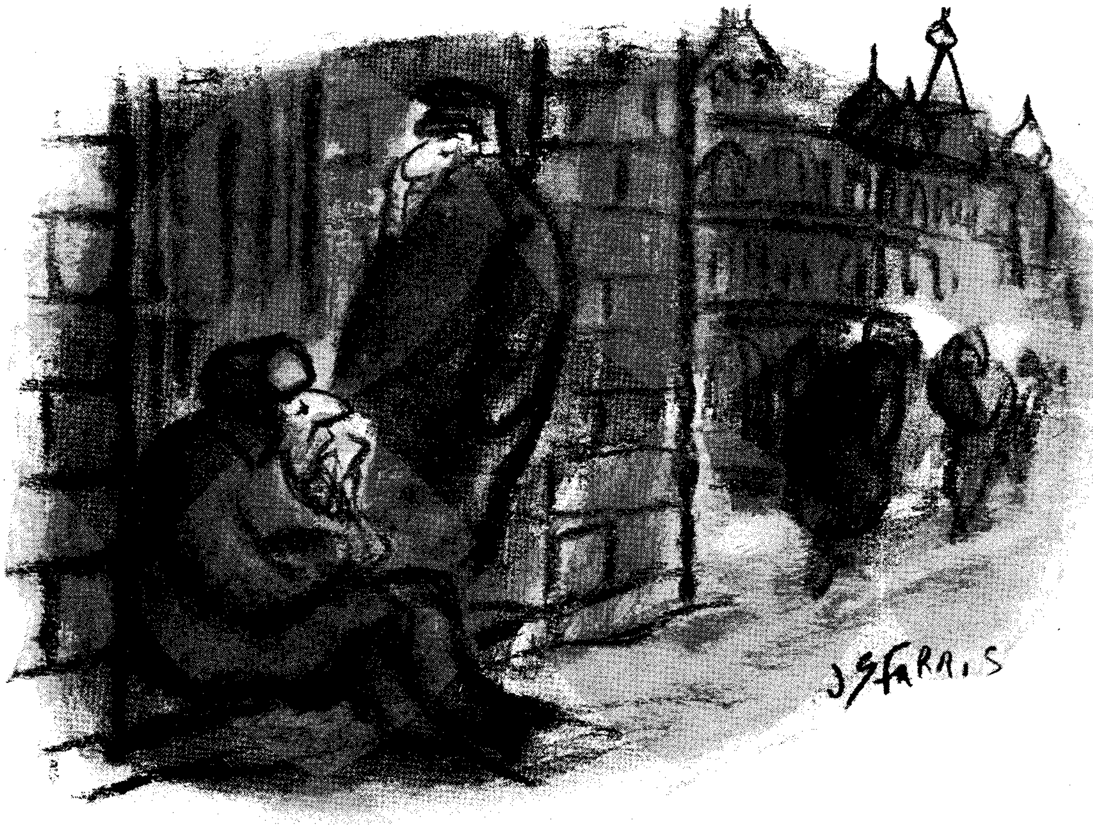
ONE day, the old midwife who always took care of the birth of children in the village came to the shepherd's wife and, drawing her to the chimney corner where the kettle was boiling for tea, said "It's time somebody told you—you are with child."

At first the woman wouldn't believe it, although the midwife had never been known to make a mistake in these matters, and when she did believe that it was true, she was still not happy. "I've waited too long," she told herself. "If children had come when I was younger, it would have been very different. Now I don't know what will happen to me. I may die. And if nothing dreadful happens to me, something will certainly happen to my Christmas cactus, my climbing geraniums, my rosebush, and my pink oleander as soon as I take to my bed and cannot look at them and talk to them the way they are used to."

She didn't confide these fears to her husband, not wanting to spoil his happiness, but he knew her moods, and when he saw that in spite of the blessing that had come to them she was still heavy-hearted, he stayed home with her more, and arranged with the other shepherds to mind his flocks for him. Wherever she went about the cottage, scrubbing and cleaning and putting things in order, he watched her, hoping to find out what was on her mind.

Having him around the house so much made her nervous, and when the plants began to drop their leaves and turn yellow because she couldn't bring herself to talk to them in front of anybody, she saw the fulfillment of her worst fears. She became pale, her shoulders drooped, she never spoke of the future, never discussed with her husband what they might name the child, or even whether it was going to be a boy or a girl. It was as if the child inside her were somebody else's plant that she could care for with her body but must not become attached to.

When her time came, the shepherd ran through the snowy night to the poor hovel that was all the midwife had for a roof over her head, and brought her



"I feel sorry for the Americans. We're way ahead of them, and look how miserable we *are."*

hobbling back across the ice and snow. He put the kettle on the crane and built up a roaring fire and tried to stop his ears against the sounds that came from the bedroom—sounds that made his heart stop with terror. He felt a desperate need to talk to someone, but the midwife was too busy, coming and going with her hot cloths and her basins of boiling water, and she would not listen to him. At last he turned to the plants and told them his fears. Immediately before his eyes the limp leaves began to straighten, the stems to turn green. He went on talking to them without perceiving that anything unnatural had happened. His wife's secret was safe. He was a man, and so it didn't interest him.

In the terrible course of time, while the shepherd sat with his head in his hands and cursed the day he was born, the moans in the next room became screams and cries, and then suddenly there were two cries instead of one. A little while later, the midwife appeared with a baby, the smallest that had ever been seen in the village. She unwrapped the soft woollen scarves it was wrapped in, and showed it to the shepherd, who sprang up with such pride in his heart and such happiness in his face that the newborn babe responded and began to wave its arms feebly.

"You have a daughter," the old midwife said.

"From God," the shepherd said.

"A very small, meachin, puny daughter," the old midwife said scornfully.

"She will be the most beautiful and proud woman that ever lived," the shepherd said. "She will be as beautiful and proud as the forests of Bohemia."

When the old midwife left him to care for the mother and child, he turned again to the plants on the window sill, and when the sun came up and lighted their leaves, he was still telling them about his newborn daughter.

DAY after day the plants grew, but the baby did not, and the mother remained feverish and pale on her bed and did not love her child. When the shepherd knelt beside her and asked how she was feeling, she turned her face to the wall and thought, I shall never get up out of this bed.

She didn't dare ask about the plants—if they had died one by one, and if he had thrown them out—but one day, after the midwife had gone to assist at the birth of another child, and the man had left the house for a few minutes to see about his sheep, the woman got up out of bed, intending to get back in again as soon as she had satisfied her curiosity. She tottered into the kitchen expecting to see the dry stalks of all her beloved plants, or maybe nothing at all, and what met her eyes was a green bower of blossoms such as she, who was famous throughout the village for her ability to make things grow, had never managed to have. The scent of the flowers was heavy in the low-ceilinged room, and as she stood there, looking at her Christmas cactus, her climbing geraniums, her white rosebush, and her pink oleander, the tight center of her heart opened, petal by petal.

She ran into the bedroom, where the child fretted, and brought it, cradle and all, into the room where the flowers were. "This is my very own daughter," she said. "She's very small, and she cries all the time, but some of you were sickly, too, at first, and dropped your leaves, and showed every sign of not flourishing, and now look at you. Dearest heart," she said, pulling back the woollen cover until she could see the shadowy silken skin at the baby's throat. "Now you must grow. You must stop fretting. You must sleep," she said, unbuttoning her dress and helping the tiny pale mouth to find her breast. "You must grow tall and proud and beautiful, like the forests of Bohemia."

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

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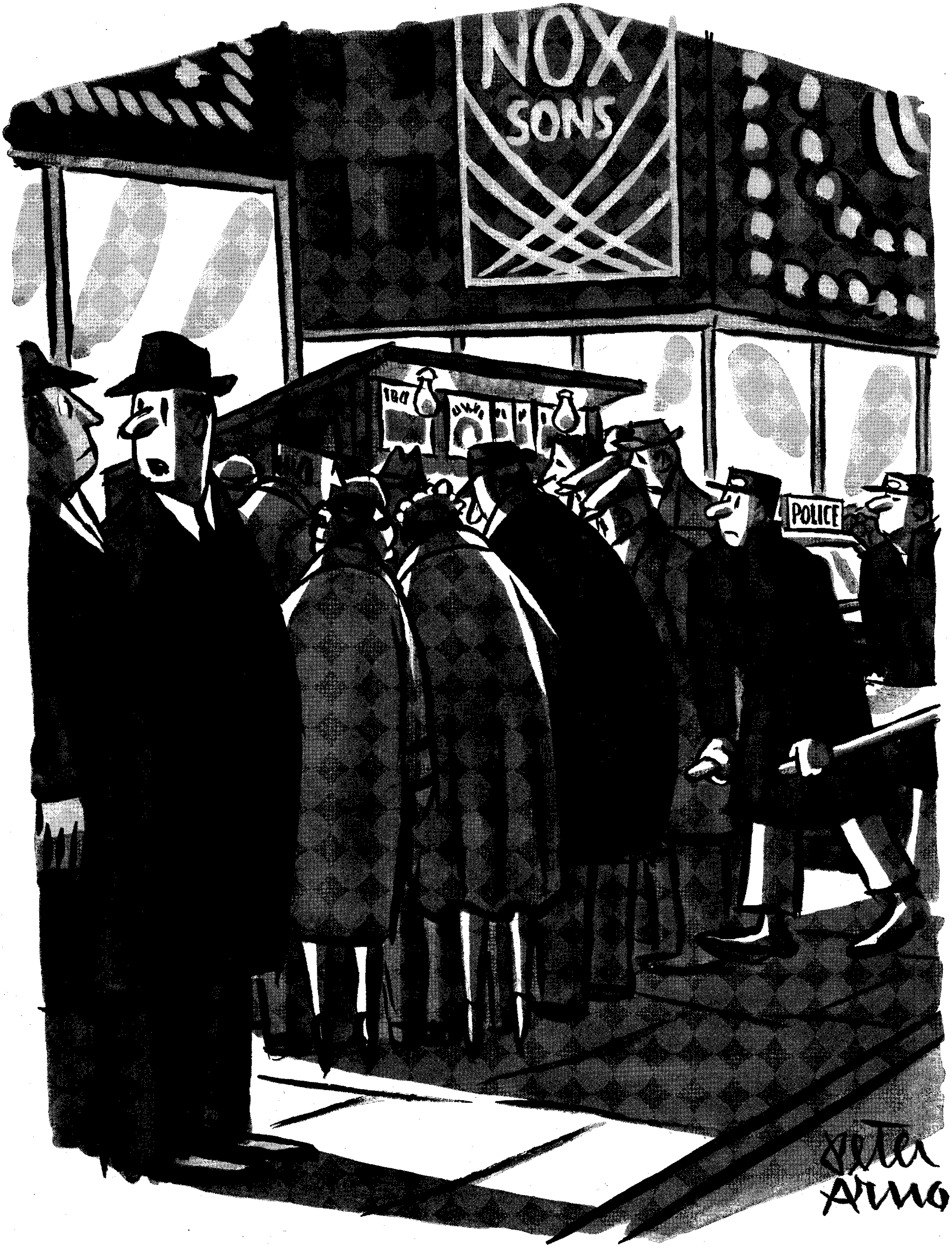
NOTICE TO GUESTS

We are constantly in contact with the highway patrols. Since we have your car tag number we can contact you anytime en route, should you leave any of your properties in the room. We use this same media to recover our property when necessary.

VISITORS: Our policy prohibits visitors of the opposite sex in our rooms except when proper arrangements have been made with the manager. Without exception the management will make infractions of this regulation as embarrassing as possible for all parties involved.—*Room card in a motel in Mississippi.*

Proper arrangements, eh? What would *they* be?


NOX
SONS
POLICE
Peter Arno

"*Poor guy. His stack of 'Lifes' caved in on him.*"

THE RENEGADE

THEY had finished their supper and were now sitting one each side of the fire in their comfortable, overlarge armchairs. The standard lamp with the parchment shade was placed just behind Mrs. Ratchett's right shoulder, casting a brilliant, precise light on her knitting; her husband's Anglepoise did the same for his volume of Lancelot Hogben, which was supported on an adjustable lectern, so that the effort of reading was reduced to the movement of his small blue eyes darting from side to side under the overhanging cliffs of eyebrows. Between the two brilliances there was darkness; the room enclosed them, its low ceiling and thick curtains and beige walls invisible. The fire, since Mrs. Ratchett was economical and it was nearly nine o'clock, had stopped flaming. The dying coals were topped by a damp log that hissed and crumbled on its underside into gray ash. The hissing of the log, the nibbling of steel knitting needles sounded as though they were competing against a lifelong silence.

The Ratchetts were both in their middle fifties. He read, as she knitted, for occupation, but without the same tangible result. Her thoughts, as she lifted her arms and pulled more wool off the ball, were livelier, wider in their scope. His, as his eyes darted from row to row of print, were concentrated on the throbbing wound of loneliness and boredom situated somewhere in the region of his larynx. It was a constriction, a gathering of the walls of his throat into a severe pain that stretched up on either side of his head, through the intricate passages of his ears, into the caves of his mind. So, exploring it, he imagined. Poisoned with loneliness. Dying of loneliness. He was, he knew, at his last gasp.

However, this agony was no longer new to him. He had lived with it for years. His eyes beetled across the pages, his small feet were planted squarely on the beige rug in order that the short legs might support the weight of his stomach. His stubby forefinger and thumb held the page ready for turning, conscious that in the future this, at least, would be necessary. His pipe hung loosely from his mouth. When he slept, as he did from time to time, his pipe fell onto his chest and woke him up. His pullover was patterned with small darns in varying shades of gray.

"They took Mr. Dodge to hospital," his wife said suddenly, heaving wool.

His eyes stopped, shot upward. "Who?"

"Jack Dodge. They think it's gallstones." The needles raced in and out. She kept her elbows pressed to her sides, although there was plenty of room in the chair for two women of her size.

"I can't see him tomorrow," her husband said angrily.

"It wouldn't take long, dear."

"It would take the whole morning."

"The buses are so awkward for Mrs. Dodge. You could take her in to the hospital."

She was pleading with him, in a brisk voice, never stopping her knitting. He knew this and it sickened him. It was not that she cared about the Dodges any more than he did, but she cared desperately what they thought of him. She longed to have people say how good the Vicar is, how kind; to throw open the vicarage for orgies of calf's-foot jelly and whist; to trot about with little baskets; to feel that he glowed like a human benediction over her clinics and Mothers' Union meetings and jumble sales. Was he born for this? The question obsessed him, particularly toward the end of the week, when Sunday's sermon was not yet released. Friday evenings are always difficult, Mrs. Ratchett would have liked to say, as though fondly excusing him. But there was no one to say it to, and in any case it would have been another lie. All evenings are difficult, he wanted to shout, and Friday is the worst! Was there no truth in the world?

"I suppose," he said, "the Dodges are more important than my sermon? You don't care about the agonies I go through, I perfectly realize that."

She did not answer, implying that of course the Dodges were more important than his sermon. He did not know any words bad enough to express how he felt. He was alone in a desert of futility. He would have plunged his head into his hands, shouting "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?," if he hadn't known that afterward, while he waited behind his rigid fingers, he would hear nothing but the tapping of knitting needles. Was there no outrage or excess he could commit that would prove to her, prove to her—what? Exhausted, he slumped behind his book again.

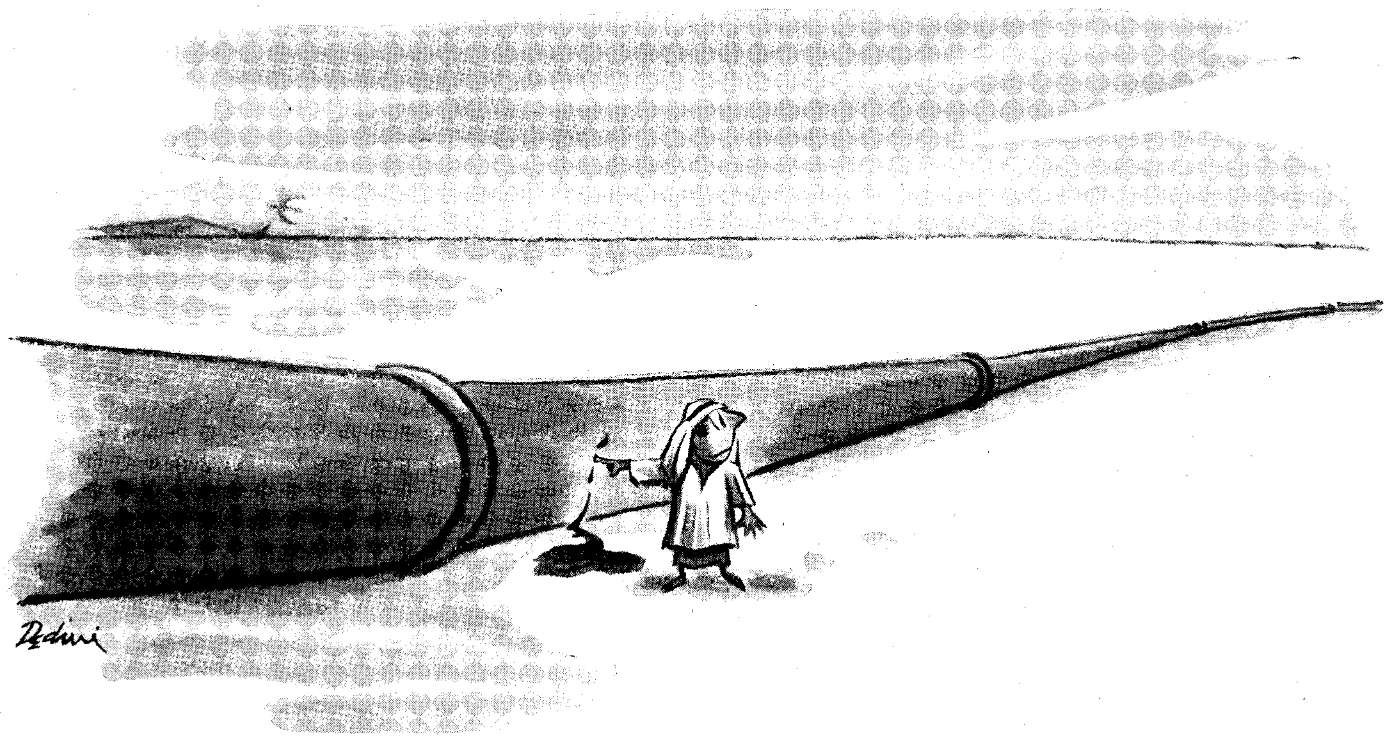
"Pat used to play with the little Dodge girl," his wife said quietly.

He grunted. It was unlike Helen to be so remorseless. Acceptance of defeat was part of her philosophy. It is no use kicking against the pricks, she would say gently. It is no use, Brian, beating your head against a brick wall. So what was she up to, nagging him like this? With difficulty, heaving himself backward, he inserted his finger and thumb in his pocket and pulled out a gold watch. Nearly time for the news. He pushed the lectern away and lumbered to his feet, a short, very heavy man with a large head stuck well down and forward on his shoulders, so that even his slow, almost motionless walk—the feet moved, but the big body remained obstinately static, like a weight inched forward on tiny casters—seemed like a slow charge.

"Pat was very fond of her," his wife said, with what seemed to him a kind of recklessness.

"Pat loves everyone. She's generous, she's got a warm heart. Pat is like me—she's in love with the whole world!" This statement was delivered with genuine passion. It finished the business of the Dodges, reduced Helen to her usual indrawn silence, her face gathered tightly around a vanished mouth. The radio blared out with news of a depression approaching from Iceland. The rounded, indifferent tones of the announcer goaded Ratchett into a moment's madness. "Fools!" he shouted. But he did not, as he had intended, turn the radio off. He simply turned it down and went back to his chair. His wife was threading a number of stitches onto a large safety pin. He closed his eyes, and immediately looked twenty years older.

While the news worked steadily through from the international situation to the football scores, both the Ratchetts, in their different ways, thought about their daughter. Patricia was thirteen and at a boarding school for the daughters of clergy, fifteen miles away. They shared this starting point for their thoughts, but Ratchett left it long before his wife, and was transformed by emotion while she was still wondering whether the matron really saw to it that the children changed their underclothes. Pat and I, Ratchett thought. My only friend. My little sweetheart. He didn't exactly miss her, but he thought how he would write one of his letters telling her how he missed her. You and I are just the same, he would say. We belong together. Don't take any notice of those boneheaded fools who try to lick you into shape. Be free, my darling, free and proud as a beautiful bird. What are we going to do about her, his wife



thought. Perhaps they will manage to control her, but, oh dear, those terrible tantrums, and so untidy with it. Her normally bewildered expression became more pronounced. She struggled with her knitting through a sudden fog of tears. Everything passes, she insisted, fumbling for help. Her husband had destroyed her faith in God in the process of destroying his own. She was thrown back on proverbs burned into wood and hung on her bedroom wall: So many Gods, so many creeds, so many paths that wind and wind, while just the art of being kind is all the sad world needs. Thinking of Patricia could always induce in her great unhappiness, guilt, a knowledge of failure. She suspected that kindness was not what Pat needed at all, but a firm hand. She loved her with deep, inarticulate devotion. She would do anything for her, but, apart from continually supplying her with warm knickers and treacle toffee, there never seemed much she could do. She felt dreadfully tired, and at last stabbed the needles into the ball of wool, furled the knitting around it like a flag, tucked it into her embroidered knitting bag, and sat back with her hands clasped, her eyes closed, shrunken to the size of a child.

DIRECTLY, with no apparent hesitation, the little girl marched to the center of the crossroads, where two policemen, their oilskin capes shining under a street lamp, were standing together in slovenly attitudes, just about to go off duty. The cinema was closed, the streets were empty. Because of the street lights, there seemed to be less fog in town than there had been in the country. She had already walked two miles. She was still too excited to feel tired, but she was damp with fog, her straight hair clamped to her head, her nose wet. Her steel-rimmed glasses gave her a strange, rakish appearance.

She reached the policemen and said, "Excuse me. Could you tell me the way to Blicksley?"

They were very tall, and their domed helmets leaned toward her under the light. They saw a small, square child, coatless, in a blue shirt, a serge skirt, and thick, wrinkled stockings. They seemed to ponder her reluctantly.

"Blicksley?" one of them asked. She nodded. They turned to each other, creaking in their oilskins. "That's on the Derby road."

"About thirteen miles," the other one said slowly.

"Thank you." She looked between them, up a narrow street that became, as it wound higher, obliterated in fog. "Is that it?"

They turned, looked at the street, nodded.

"Thank you," she said again. "Good night."

"Just a minute." The younger of the two policemen looked at her unwillingly. "Anything wrong, Miss?"

"Nothing at all," she said carelessly, moving off.

"You're not walking to Blicksley at this time of night?"

"Oh, no." She grinned quickly, edging away from them. "My uncle lives on the Blicksley road, that's all. My bicycle broke down. That's why I'm walking."

"What's your name?"

"Ann Barry." This was true. Her name was Patricia Ann Barry Ratchett.

"You know a Barry on the Blicksley road?" the young one asked the other one uncomfortably.

"My uncle's name isn't Barry. It's Dodge. Thank you very much. Good night." She ran across the road and didn't stop running until she was halfway up the street. Then, out of breath, her heart jumping, she looked over her shoulder. The crossroads was empty. The fog streamed down the hill, and beyond a tall bridge she could see the last of the street lamps.

AFTER ten minutes of the "Pastoral" Symphony, relayed at full volume, Mrs. Ratchett opened her eyes, pulled herself to her feet, and prepared to go to bed. This involved going into the bitterly cold kitchen and fixing a cup of cocoa for her husband, a hot-water bottle for herself. She returned to the sitting room with the bottle burning her arm and the cocoa slopping over into the saucer. Ominously, the radio had been turned off and he was sitting with his head in his hands. She put the cocoa down as quietly as possible and tried to tiptoe away. There were many times in her daily life when, out of pure will power, she almost achieved invisibility.

"How long do you think I can carry on like this?" he groaned. He had timed her creep to the door exactly.

She took a deep breath. "We all have to carry on to the end, don't we?" she said brightly, stretching out her hand to the doorknob.

"If it weren't for you and Pat, I should throw up the whole thing tomorrow," he said.

She had heard this countless times before. She said at random, "When you have set your hand to the plow . . ." and seized the doorknob.

"I must get away," he shouted softly, pummelling his large forehead with his fists.

"There's the Rotary Conference in April. You always enjoy that," she lied desperately.

"Pah!" The explosion shot him out of his chair, landed him standing in front of the dead fire with his face shaking. "My God, Helen, why have you got so little imagination?"

"I'm sorry," she said, sounding humble, turning the doorknob very slightly.

"I have made up my mind. Tomorrow I am going to write to the Nature Colony at Eastbourne. I shall book a chalet for myself and Patricia. After Easter, naturally." As he said this, he decided on it. The constriction in his throat vanished. He challenged her, his blazing little eyes ferreting her out in the darkness.

"The Nature Colony?" she asked faintly. "But aren't they all"—she almost whispered the word—"*nude*?"

"Naked," he said triumphantly.

Her face had flushed deeply, not from modesty but from unhappiness. She clung to the door, a lifetime of effort crumbling under her feet. "But what shall we tell the parish? What will people say?"

"Ha!" Without moving, he seemed to pounce on her, drag her back into the room again. His voice, which could fill a large church without effort, was at its most resonant; his eyes whirled and crackled like small Catherine wheels. "What will people say?" he echoed. "What will people say? Do you imagine I care? Does Patricia care? Don't you glory in the thought of that child running and playing in the free air, her body golden in the sunlight, untrammelled, liberated? Have you no feeling, none at all, for the simple things of life, the great, glorious freedom . . ."

He went on and on. At the picture of Patricia running about naked—the child had a weak chest—Mrs. Ratchett had begun to feel sick. She stood, growing smaller and smaller, clutching her hot-water bottle and telling herself "Everything passes, everything passes." Finally, hearing nothing but his loud breathing, she looked up.

"I don't know what they will think at St. Mary's," she said timidly.

"St. Mary's! A crowd of frustrated spinsters! Do you think Patricia cares about them?"

"You sent her there, dear. It's her sixth school, you know. I do think you should consider—"

"I consider the truth," he said. The outburst over, he felt the nagging constriction again, the desire to yawn. Looking down at his great stomach, he suddenly visualized it naked, exposed. "You'd better go to bed," he said bleakly. "Nothing will ever make you understand."

She bowed, assenting, and began to creep out of the room.

"Whoever changed the altar cloth," he said peevishly, "put the frontal on inside out."

She heard him but did not answer. As she closed the door and started slowly up the stairs to her room at the back of the house, she found herself wondering, What does it matter if the frontal is inside out, what does it matter?

"ACTUALLY," Patricia said, "I've run away." She held her mug of coffee in both hands, letting the steam melt the end of her nose.

"From home?" the lorry driver asked mildly. He had picked her up on the loneliest stretch of the moor, crying bitterly and half frozen. He was about eighteen and his lorry shook with a terrible tinny palsy. At first she had been overwhelmed with gratitude, but now she was glad to be out of it for a while. The narrow café, really no more than a shed, was warm, everything clouded with steam. Even the Pepsi-Cola advertisements were corrugated with damp, and the ham sandwiches tasted like wet flannel.

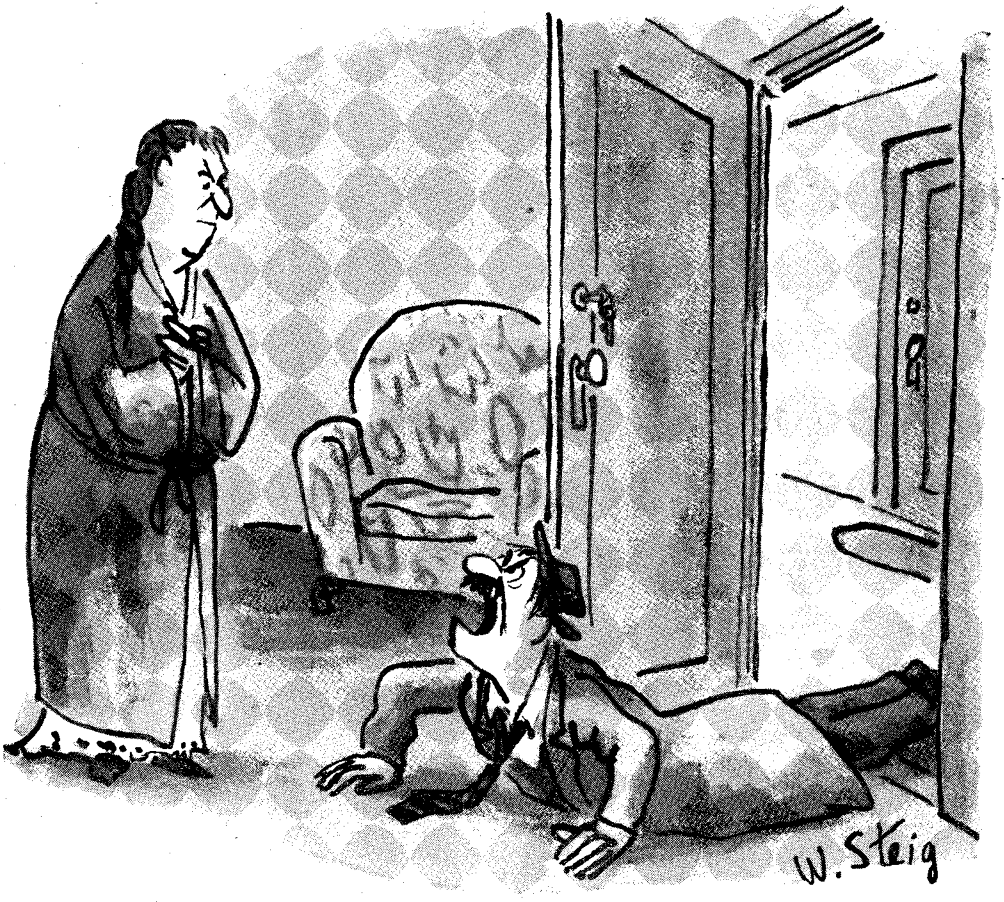
"Of course not," she said. "From school."

"Uh-huh." He gulped his coffee, eying the tired woman knitting behind the tea urn. "And what's your mum and dad going to say to that?"

"Oh, they won't say anything. At least, Mummy might. But Daddy won't. He's the one who counts."

He nodded absently. As far as he understood, this was how it should be. He was too young to take kids seriously, particularly kids like this one. The woman looked at him and yawned enormously. Poor old bag, he thought, and let his mouth fall open, the cigarette stuck to his lower lip.

"You don't have to worry," the child said. "I mean, as far as Daddy's con-



"I didn't come home to be lectured and criticized!"

cerned, you're doing absolutely the right thing. He'd be awfully grateful to you for giving me a lift. I mean, you know, he won't be angry or anything."

"Who is your dad, anyway?" he asked. From the way she talked, he might be the Chief Constable or God or something.

"He's the Vicar of Blicksley," she said proudly. Then, dismayed by his blank look, she added hurriedly, "But he's not a bit like a vicar. He doesn't even wear his dog collar except on Sundays. I bet he'll be glad to see me." The boy stared at her. "Look," she said eagerly, feeling he was unconvinced. "I've got a letter from him here."

The boy's eyes followed her movements as she dug in the pocket of her skirt and produced first a grubby handkerchief, then two gritty pieces of chewing gum, then a sheet of paper folded very small. "Shall I read it to you?" she asked eagerly. He shrugged.

" 'My darling Pat,' " she read, smoothing the paper and taking a great bite of sandwich. " 'How lovely to hear from you—' Oh, well, that part doesn't matter." She munched urgently, turning the paper over. "This is the bit. 'I understand you so well, my little bird. If there is ever anything I can do to help you, you know you have only to ask. It is my sole desire to see you soar above the pettiness, the crass stupidity of our so-called intelligent society. Bless you, my pet, and may no one ever clip your wings.' " She looked up, her dark eyes squinting wildly. "So you see, it's quite all right about me running away. You've *no* idea what St. Mary's is like. You just have no idea."

"Do they beat you?" he asked, with slight interest.

"No. I'd sooner they did. They just murder us by slow degrees."

Crouching with her little square hands grasping the mug, her bright eyes squinting over its rim, her hair now dry, and fine and wild as feathers, she made him uneasy.

"Come off it," he said. "You're imagining things."

"Oh, no, I'm not. D'you know, the term's only been going five weeks, and do you know how many conduct marks I've got? Four. If you get three in one term, they expel you. I got my fourth tonight. That's why I ran away. After all, I don't see what the difference is, do you?"

"Come on," he said. "Let's get going. I'd just like to see your dad's face when you get there, that's all."

She got up slowly. As she trailed out after him, the woman behind the tea urn smiled and said, "Good night, love." It was peculiar, but Patricia suddenly had the feeling that this was the place she should have stayed. It was good enough, so hot and bright and steamy—a place of her own, where her parents, her friends, her schoolteachers had never been.

She hesitated at the door. "Good night," she said. "Perhaps I'll come here again one day."

The woman looked at her stupidly. Like everyone else, she *didn't* understand.

Mr. Ratchett fixed the furnace and wound the grandfather clock. His eyes were dead, hooded at the end of a day in which nothing more could happen. He had done practically nothing since he got up at six o'clock that morning except eat and sleep, and yet he was tired out.

The thought of tomorrow, which he would spend at his desk, filled him with apprehension. No intelligent man, he would say, can be expected to think of a new sermon once a week. But he tried. Every week he tried, struggling to catch something, some blazing truth that had never been caught before, running, with that clumsy, blind, eager spirit of his, into every cul-de-sac, every morass and obstruction in the history of knowledge, pouncing on dead hopes and carrying them tenderly until, with horror, he felt them disintegrate in his arms. His text hardly mattered, and this week he had decided on an old one: Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of God. He had interpreted it in a dozen ways before, but this week it would be the conflict of innocence and authority, the emancipation of the spirit into a society ruled by love alone, a society in which the Church, marriage, politics, money were no longer necessary and everyone gambolled naked and unashamed in a balmy Elysium, a spiritual Eastbourne—Paradise. All this, as he carried his tea tray for the morning into his study, filled the electric kettle, tidily replaced Lancelot Hogben in the bookshelf, elated him. He was almost happy. He had at last forgotten Mrs. Dodge and her ridiculous difficulty with the buses. When the front doorbell rang, he swung around on his feet, abruptly reduced to terrible anger.

Fools, he thought. Fools! Why can't *they* leave me alone? Some old idiot dying, dead—what am I supposed to do about it? Impelled by fury, he charged down the hall into the entryway, unbolted the heavy door, and flung it open. The fog poured in as if through a sluice gate.

"Hullo," Patricia said, and stepped inside.

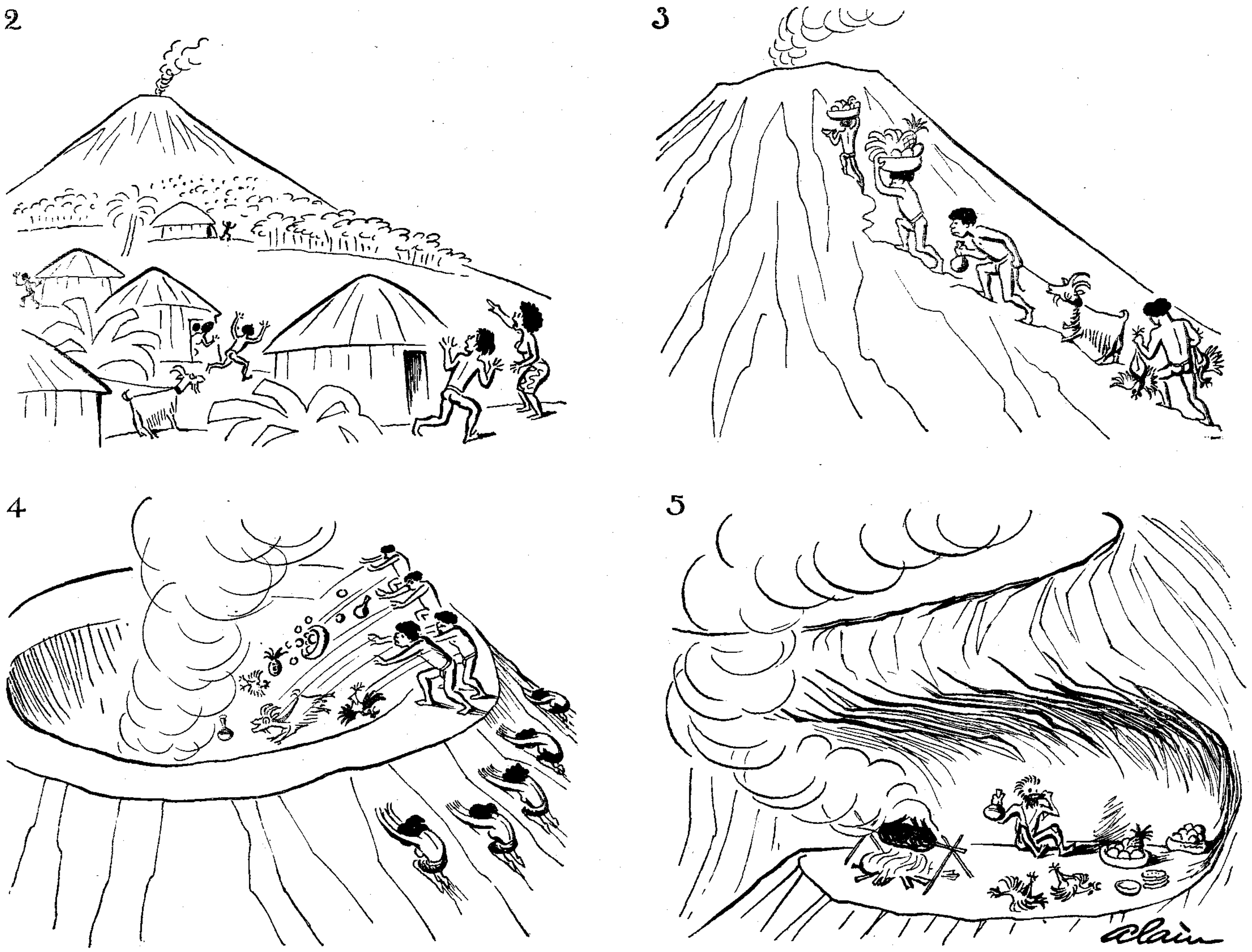
She had planned the whole thing. He would be surprised at first, of course. That was why, in spite of the fact that all she wanted to do was to run to him and fling her arms round his neck, she had to behave as though everything were perfectly normal. Afterward, when he had got over the shock, she could let herself go—the terror and the tiredness, the unfairness, the fact that she had wanted, really wanted, to be good, the dreadful things they had done to her. He would rock her on his knee and finally tuck her up in bed in her own warm room. After that, he would come down and ring up Miss Fairweather and probably—the picture had got a little confused here—challenge her to a duel. So, hardly looking at him, Patricia walked straight past him into the sitting room. It was a shock to find the lights switched off and the fire out. Before she had found the switch, he had come pelting after her. He suddenly looked quite small, much smaller and older than she remembered.

"Patricia!" he gobbled. "What—"

"I've run away," she said shakily. She wanted to cry.

"Be quiet, be quiet," he ordered. "Don't let your mother hear." He closed the sitting-room door and switched on the overhead light. He seemed to be out of breath. "Run away? Run away?"

She nodded and began to cry, her whole small, solid body shaking. The pale center light illuminated the room like a deserted stage, stripping it of all



its mystery and comfort. She noticed her mother's knitting bag hanging on the back of the chair, and the thought that her mother had been sitting here innocently knitting while she herself was making such a terrible journey started a new, uncontrollable wail of grief.

"*Will* you be quiet?" he demanded, beside himself. "If your mother should hear of this!"

Her mother would know before long anyway, Patricia thought. She didn't understand; she and her father always had a sort of conspiracy against her mother. Her mother was like everyone else. They were different. What was he so anxious about? The tears poured scalding hot down her cold cheeks. She groped for her handkerchief but could find only his letter, which she stuffed back into her pocket again.

"Hanky?" she sobbed desolately. He gave her one and she blew her nose. The noise made him wince.

"Now," he said. "You'd better sit down and tell me what on earth this is all about."

This was what she had thought he would say, but it sounded quite different. She sat down on her mother's footstool, and he sat on an upright chair at a slight distance, anxiously fumbling for a cigarette. His hand, as he flicked and flicked again at his lighter, was trembling.

"First, who knows about this?" he asked in a sharp stage whisper.

"Nobody," she stammered. "I mean, nobody except—"

"Except who?"

"Well, I got a lift on a lorry, the driver was awfully nice, he gave me some coffee at a place—"

"A place? What place? Not in Blicksley!"

"Oh, no. Miles away."

"Thank God for that. I hope you didn't tell him who you were, this driver?"

She nodded, her breath coming in little shivers.

"You told him you had run away from school?" he asked, with a kind of muted scream.

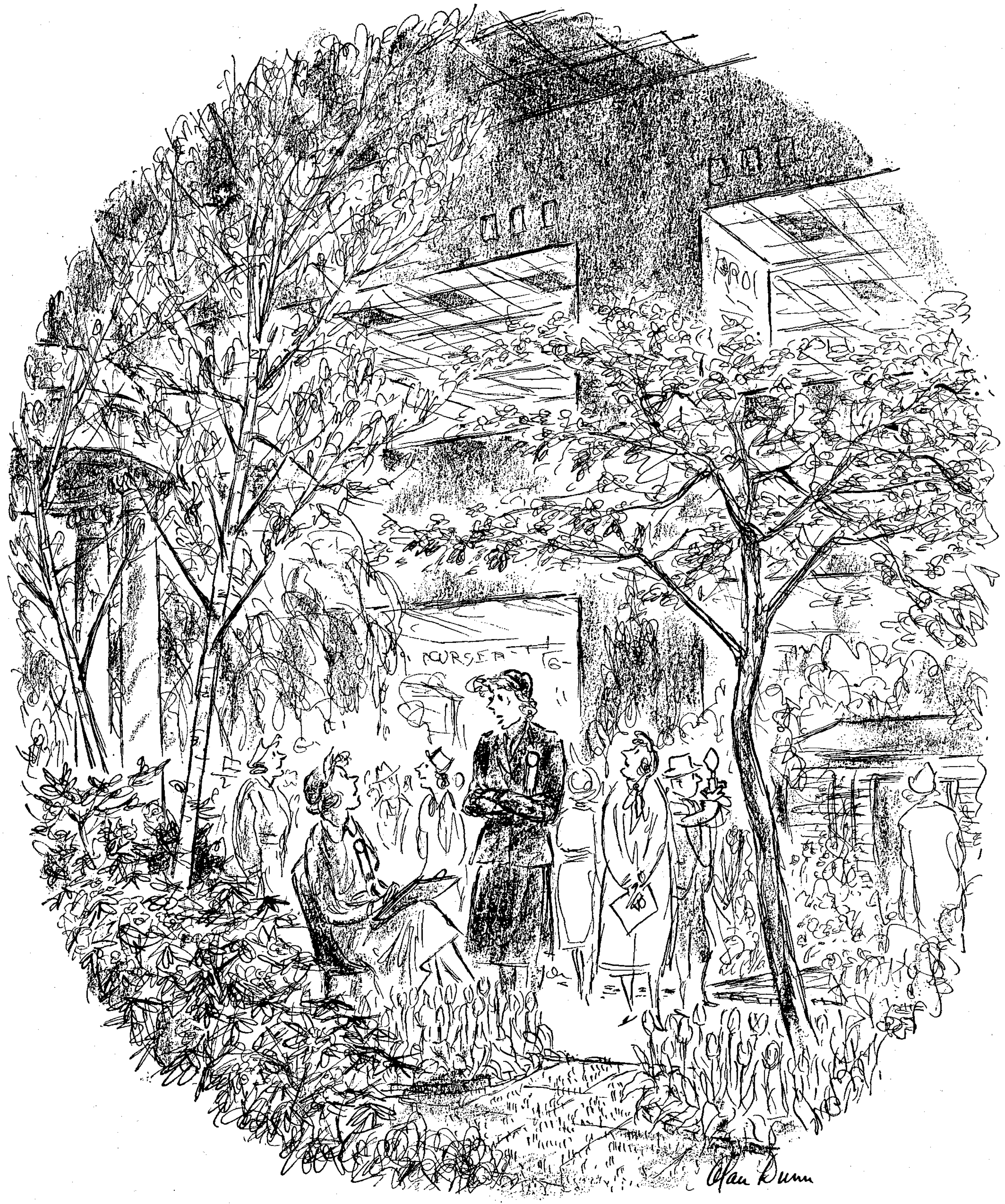
She nodded again.

He got up and began to pace about. At last, he sat down in his own armchair, and she could feel that some fierce struggle was finished, something had been overcome. She looked up at him, eyes and nose dumbly streaming. Awkwardly, with a curious feeling of distaste, he patted her shoulder.

"Well," he said, "you'd better tell me the whole story."

She began at the beginning, or what she thought was the beginning. She had gone back to school really meaning to be good. Then, one day, she had thrown her Latin grammar across the room just as Miss Bateman came through the door and it had hit Miss Bateman and broken her glasses, and after that she had been found talking to the gardener's boy, and after that she had lost her prayer book and they said she was lying, and then this evening she slid down the banister and they said she'd answered back, so she said, "Well, my father says you're all a lot of frustrated old spinsters, so I don't care, and why shouldn't I answer back if I want to?" And after that she had been sent to bed.

Her father had closed his eyes. The lids flickered, but the rest of his face, sagging as it did when he took his teeth out, was expressionless. She was bitterly



"Watch out for Exhibit 7-R. Poison ivy!"

• •

cold, and crouched nearer his legs for warmth.

"So then I thought I'd run away, because they'd be bound to expel me anyway. So I got dressed under the bedclothes and put on my dressing gown, and then when they'd put the lights out, I pretended I wanted to go to the lav. And I left my dressing gown in the lav and climbed out of the window and down the fire escape and . . ."

He opened his eyes. "But your dormitory is on the top floor. You might have been killed!"

"I suppose so," she said simply.

"Go on," he muttered. Vicar's Daughter Falls to Her Death. He felt his hands sweating.

"Well, that's all, really." It was by no means all, but she was so exhausted, so cold, that the rest of the story didn't seem to matter. Nothing mattered except the fact that she would soon be in bed; her mother would get up and bring her a hot-water bottle and hot milk, kiss her good night, tell her that they would talk about it tomorrow. Nothing had gone quite right, but tomorrow it would be different. Her teeth had begun chattering again. "Please," she whimpered. "Please can I go to bed now?"

"To bed?" His eyes were switched on again with sudden brilliance. "To bed? Good heavens, child, of course you can't go to bed!" He got up, carelessly pushing her away from him. "Come along," he said. "You'd better wear your mother's gardening coat. It's hanging in the hall."

"Why?" she breathed.

"Why?" As he turned on her, his whole face quivering, purple with suppressed outrage, she stepped back, her mouth dropping open as though she had already been struck. "Why! Do you realize what you have done? Did you think for one moment of your mother, of me, of my position in the parish? Do you realize that at this minute they may be scouring the countryside for you, that it may get into the papers? What do you think people will say? How am I supposed to talk to those boys and girls at the Youth Club when my own daughter—" The telephone rang and he rushed at it, controlling himself as he lifted the receiver, and saying in reassuring, well-modulated tones, "Blicksley 215?"

A shrill, distant cackle began. He cut it short with dignity. "Yes, Miss Fairweather, she is here with me now. I am bringing her back immediately. Naturally. I think I have made her see the gravity . . . I quite agree with you, of course. . . . In about half an hour, then. . . . I can't tell you how sorry I am. . . ." He put the receiver down gently. When Patricia looked up again, with as much difficulty as though her neck were broken, he was standing holding her mother's gardening coat open in front of him. Without a word, she went to him, turned her back so that he could heave it over her shoulders. She followed him out of the door, the hem of the coat trailing along the ground behind her.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

We are two countries girded for the war,
Whisking our scouts across the pricked frontier
To ravage in each other's fields, cut lines
Along the lacework of strategic nerves,
Loot stores; while, here and there,
In ambushes that trace a valley's curves,
Stark witness to the dangerous charge we bear,
A house ignites, a train's derailed, a bridge
Blows up sky-high, and water floods the mines.
Who first attacked? Who turned the other cheek?
Aggression perpetrated is as soon
Denied, and insult rubbed into the injury
By cunning agents trained in these affairs,
With whom it's touch-and-go, don't-tread-on-me,
I-dare-you-to, keep-off, and double-dare.
Tempers could sharpen knives, and do; we live
In states provocative
Where frowning headlines scare the coffee cream
And doomsday is the eighth day of the week.

Our exit through the slammed and final door
Is twenty times rehearsed, but when we face
The imminence of cataclysmic rupture,
A lesser pride goes down upon its knees.
Two countries separated by desire!—
Whose diplomats speed back and forth by plane,
Portmanteaus stuffed with fresh apologies
Outdated by events before they land.
Negotiations wear them out: they're driven mad
Between the protocols of tears and rapture.

Locked in our fated and contiguous selves,
These worlds that too much agitate each other,
Interdependencies from hip to head,
Twin principalities both slave and free,
We coexist, proclaiming "Peace!" together.
Tell me no lies! We are divided nations
With malcontents by thousands in our streets,
These thousands torn by inbred revolutions.
A triumph is demanded, not moral victories
Deduced from small advances, small retreats.
Are the gods of our fathers not still daemonic?
On the steps of the Capitol
The outraged lion of our years roars panic,
And we suffer the guilty cowardice of the will,
Gathering its bankrupt slogans up for flight,
Like gold from ruined treasuries.
And yet, and yet, although the murmur rises,
We are what we are, and only life surprises.

—STANLEY KUNITZ

• •

PATRICIA sat through the whole of the journey numb, bludgeoned with misery. Her father drove with the recklessness common to many clergymen, as though death were something to be met halfway. As they swerved over the crossroads where the two policemen had told her the way, he suddenly blurted out, "I don't want you to think I am angry with you, Patricia."

She said nothing.

"I am desperately hurt," he said. "But I am not angry."

She moved inside the coat, the feeble, pointless movement of something that has just been born.

"I realize that you were not quite yourself when you decided on this—this escapade," he said.

The prolonged silence made him uneasy. He gripped the wheel as though to wrench it out of the steering column. "You may have misunderstood," he said. "Not fully grasped the meaning—Perhaps I have been mistaken in talking to you as though you were . . ." His voice, usually so definite, trailed away. He picked it up again with an effort. "We all have to learn to toe the line," he said flatly.

They turned in at the drive gates, the headlights shining on wet laurel and privet.

"Can't you say something?" he yelled.

The car drew up in front of the enormous, gaunt building. Behind the glass door, waiting in a quilted dressing gown, her hair just snatched out of curlers, stood Miss Fairweather. She opened the door as Patricia climbed slowly up the steps. Patricia walked through the door and stood in the hall without moving, swamped in the brown overcoat of her small mother. Mr. Ratchett came in with a bustle. The door closed, and Patricia heard Miss Fairweather say, “Emily, will you put Patricia straight to bed? The guest room, as you know.”

Suddenly, like someone delivered to the firing squad and at last believing it, the child turned and threw herself on her father, pummelling his shoulders, clinging to his lapels so that she was lifted off her feet as he moved backward, trying to shake her off.

“Don’t let them!” she screamed. “Take me back with you, don’t leave me here, don’t leave me, please, please, please! Daddy, don’t let them!”

“Now, Patricia,” Miss Fairweather said. “Now, Patricia—”

“I won’t go!” she howled. “I won’t! I want Daddy, I want to go home!”

“Control yourself!” Mr. Ratchett shouted. “Control yourself!”

She slumped against him, shivering. He could have picked her up in one hand. He stood with his arms by his sides, petrified.

“If you’re a good girl, you shall see your father before he goes,” Miss Fairweather said briskly. “Now, go with Emily. Your father will come and see you.”

“Do you promise?”

Miss Fairweather’s lips tightened. “Of course.”

“Do you promise?” the child demanded, turning to her father.

He nodded stiffly.

“Cross your— cross your heart?”

“Yes, yes. Now do as you’re told and go to bed.”

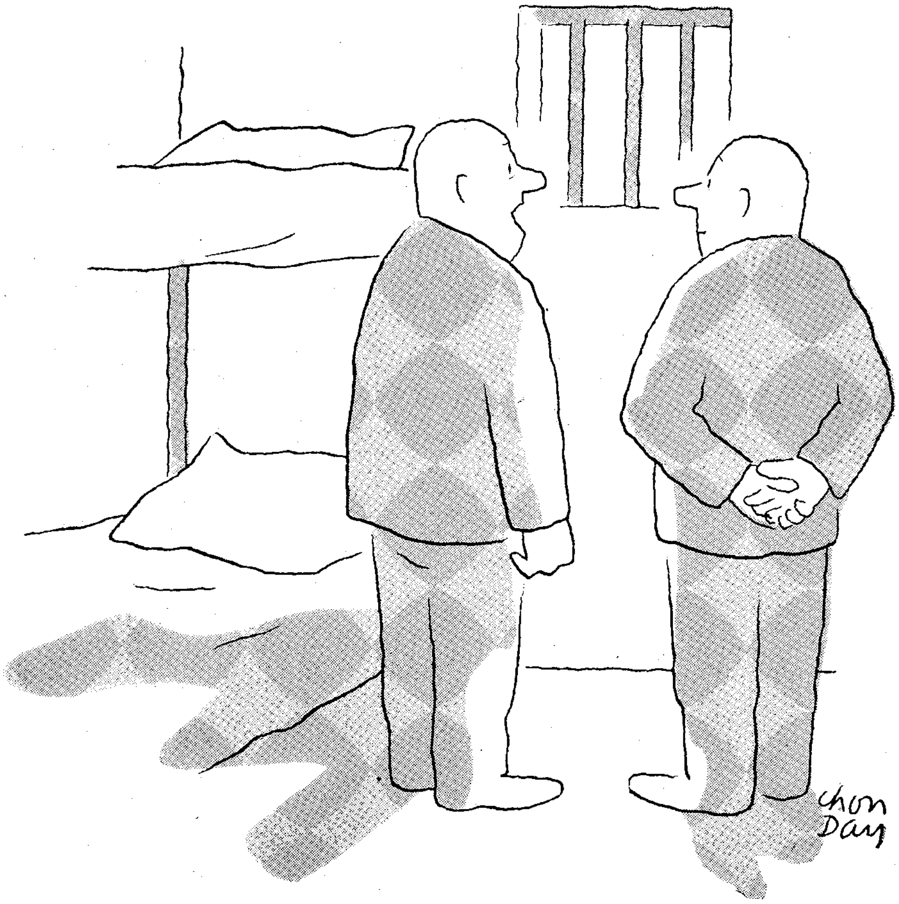
She allowed herself to be led up the front stairs, not even noticing this rare privilege, and along the interminable corridors to the cold, chintzy guest room overlooking the drive. Emily, one of the maids, undressed her without speaking, buttoned her into her pajamas, and watched her creep into bed.

“You’re a fine one,” she said. “What ever made you go and do a thing like that?”

“Don’t turn the light off. My father’s coming.”

“He can turn it on again when he comes.” Emily switched the light off and shut the door. Her footsteps slapped away up the corridor.

When he comes, Patricia thought, I’ll say I’m sorry. She was shuddering uncontrollably and curled up with her knees on her chest, her arms wrapped tightly round them, to keep herself still, to comfort herself.



“The first thing I’m going to do when I get out of here is buy me a brand-new ’68 Cadillac.”

“SO long as people don’t think that I encouraged the child in any way,” Mr. Ratchett said. “You must understand that I am as deeply disturbed by this as you are, Miss Fairweather.”

“I am sure,” Miss Fairweather said, “that people will realize that neither you nor the school are to blame. Patricia has a very strong will of her own. We have to curb it, Mr. Ratchett.”

She was edging him toward the front door. He had found their talk, among all those crucifixes and water colors, a tremendous strain, not helped by the fact that, even in her dressing gown, as a symbol of authority she terrified him.

“I quite agree,” he mumbled. “So right. There is just one more thing. I did say something about seeing her—”

“Patricia will be much better left to sleep,” Miss Fairweather said firmly. “Too much emotion can have far-reaching effects on girls of her age. We must think of Patricia as suffering from a slight illness, an indisposition, Mr. Ratchett. I assure you she is in good hands.”

“I’m very grateful to you,” he muttered. “Very grateful indeed.”

The door closed, the bolt shot across, the light snapped out. In the darkness, he hurried down the steps, bundled himself into the small car, slammed the door, and switched on the headlights. What a relief, he thought as he started up the engine. My God (it was almost a prayer), what a relief. The car shot around the gravel crescent, headed toward home. He looked back once, gripped with a moment’s uneasiness. The blur in an upstairs window might possibly have been a child, but the cry thrown out to him was soundless and hardly misted the glass. He drove on, vindicated. In some vaguely disquieting way, he no longer felt lonely. People would say he had done the right thing, and as for Patricia . . . “Everything passes,” he told himself, settling more comfortably into his seat. “Everything passes.”

—PENELOPE MORTIMER

•

SECOND: That said Philip Will was a devisee under the will of Betty Will, late of Rochester, New York, deceased, and that said Becky Will was a devisee under the will of Walter Will, late of Brighton, New York, who was a devisee under the will of said Betty Will.—*Ellsworth (Maine) American.*

Start again, please. We were will-gathering.

ANNALS OF SCIENCE

ADVENTURES OF A PACIFIST—I

ON the morning of September 3, 1864, the Swedish village of Heleneborg, which has since become a suburb of Stockholm, was rocked by a mysterious explosion. When the police investigated, they found that it had taken place in a little one-story building that served as the laboratory of Immanuel Nobel, an inventor who up to a few years before had been manufacturing land and sea mines for the Imperial Government of Russia, and his son Alfred, a sickly, morose man of thirty who had been doing some highly original work with a curious and dangerous substance called nitroglycerin. Neither Immanuel nor Alfred was hurt in the blast—both were shaken up a bit—but five people were killed, among them Emil Nobel, the youngest of Immanuel's four sons, who at the time was home on vacation from college, and who had, in the family tradition, been tinkering with nitroglycerin in the laboratory. When the police asked Immanuel and Alfred Nobel to describe exactly how the accident had come about, the two men produced a coolly worded, bristlingly technical memorandum that, in effect, put all the blame on Emil and none on nitroglycerin. The boy, they said, had simply bungled an experiment. Nitroglycerin, they insisted, was harmless if it was properly handled; indeed, with its unprecedented explosive force, it could prove to be of immense value to humanity.

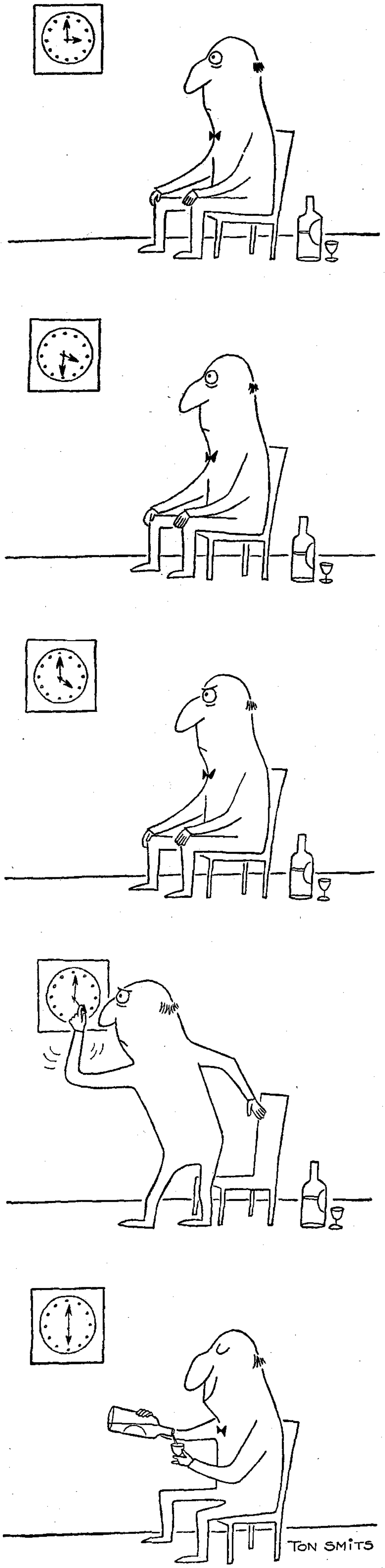
Before the Heleneborg disaster, nitroglycerin and Alfred Nobel had both had obscure, if eventful, histories; in the few years after it, they were to have a single history—even more eventful, and anything but obscure. As it turned out, the blast that killed Nobel's brother was the first of a series of spectacular explosions involving nitroglycerin, and these stimulated a worldwide debate, often conducted in an atmosphere of sheer panic, over the use of the new substance—a debate not unlike the one now being waged over the use of nuclear energy. Undaunted by the controversy, Nobel went on with his experiments, and eventually he not only tamed nitroglycerin but invented dynamite and several other potent explosives. His work brought about the greatest advances in the development of blasting agents that the world had ever seen, and it also, inevitably, led to a tremendous increase in the destructiveness of war. An idealist who loathed war and liked to think of himself as a benefactor of mankind, Nobel came to be widely regarded as a sinister figure—the archetypal "merchant of death." He had every right to a fairly clear conscience, for only a small portion of the ten-million-dollar fortune he accumulated was derived from the military application of his inventions, but gradually he became deeply disturbed over some of the implications of his lifework. Although he believed until his death, in 1896, that his type of scientific research was the sure road to a better world, he devoted more and more time in his last years to the problem of peace, and this growing concern was reflected in his will, in which he established, among other awards, the famous Nobel Peace Prize.

IN 1864, nitroglycerin was only seventeen years old. It was the most recent in a succession of explosives that men had been concocting since at least the fifth century B.C., when the armies of the Greek city-states were hurling something called "Greek fire" at each other. (Its main ingredients were tow, resin, pitch, and sulphur.) The world's first really great explosive was, of course, gunpowder, a mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, which seems to have been invented independently, between 800 and 1300 A.D., by the Greeks, the Chinese, the Hindus, the Arabs, the English, and the Germans. Early in the fourteenth century, a German monk named Berthold Schwarz, using gunpowder as the explosive force, constructed what was probably the world's first gun, but although firearms rapidly grew bigger, more complicated, and more menacing, nothing new in the way of explosives was devised for more than five hundred years. Then, late in 1845, Christian Friedrich Schönbein, a professor of chemistry at the University of Basel, invented guncotton. According to one story, he was boiling nitric acid and sulphuric acid in a flask on his wife's stove when the flask broke and he grabbed the nearest thing he could lay his hands on, his wife's cotton apron, to mop up the mess. Since neither nitric nor sulphuric acid is inflammable, he hung the apron in front of the fire to dry, and it instantly went up in flames. Schönbein intrepidly began to experiment with the cotton and acid mixture, and he soon discovered that the accident was no freak; the combination was highly inflammable. Immediately, in laboratories all over Europe, chemists started applying nitric acid or sulphuric acid, or both, to various organic substances—usually at the risk of life and limb—and scarcely a year after Schönbein's adventure with the apron, a thirty-five-year-old Italian named Ascanio Sobrero, working in Turin, hit upon the notion of combining the two acids with the colorless, syrupy liquid known as glycerin, which is an alcohol obtained from vegetable and animal fats. Early in 1847, he described his experiment in a speech before the Royal Academy of Science of Turin. He had dropped the glycerin slowly into a mixture of the acids, he said, and when the chemical reaction was complete, he was left with a heavy, oily liquid. Upon investigating the properties of the new substance, Sobrero had promptly given it the name pyroglycerin. As he reported to the Academy:

> It has the property of detonating very violently in certain circumstances. On one occasion a small amount of ether solution of pyroglycerin condensed in a glass bowl. . . . When the bowl was heated over a spirit lamp, an extremely violent explosion occurred, which shattered it into small fragments. On another occasion a drop was heated in a test-tube, and exploded with such violence that the glass splinters cut deep into my face and hands, and hurt other people who were standing some distance off in the room.

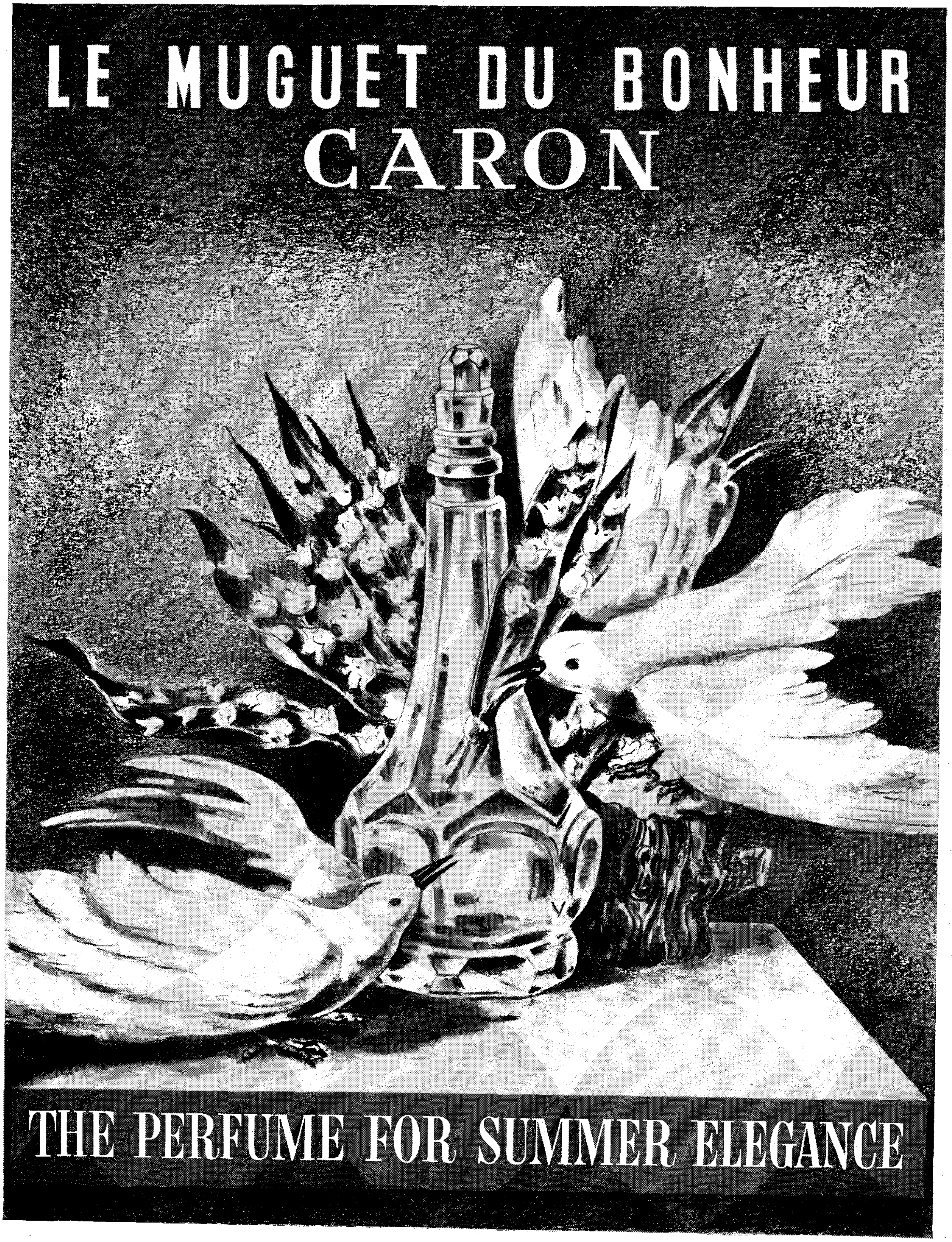
As Sobrero continued experimenting with the compound, he began using the less incendiary name nitroglycerin. Soon, he went so far as to taste the liquid, and he found the experience jolting. "A trace of it placed on the tongue, but not swallowed, gave rise to a most violent, pulsating headache accompanied by great weakness of the limbs," he said, and added that when he had given a few drops to a dog, the animal foamed at the mouth and had convulsions, and within a couple of hours was dead.

Nitroglycerin, Sobrero rapidly found out, was not only poisonous but so dangerous to handle that he was not able to determine its exact chemical composition, much less the uses to which it might be put. ("Future experience alone will show us," he resignedly told a scientific congress in Vienna a few months after his speech in Turin.) The basic difficulty was that the liquid appeared to be altogether capricious about when and under what conditions it would explode. If a small quantity was heated in a tube, it might explode, as Sobrero's drop of pyroglycerin had exploded, but then again it might not. Working from a safe distance, Sobrero and other chemists tried to detonate nitroglycerin with a fuse, as gunpowder is detonated, but they had no luck. An explosion was likely, however, if a tube containing the oil was given a sharp blow, or if the oil was rubbed on an anvil and hit with a hammer, or if a large amount of it was sealed in a tube and heated suddenly. Experiments along these lines led to so many cuts, bruises, and more serious accidents that Sobrero soon gave up, and thereafter confined himself to attempting to gauge the physiological effects of the stuff. His tests led, in time, to the development of a highly diluted form of nitroglycerin that was useful in the treatment of heart cases, and among the thousands of patients for whom this was subsequently prescribed was Alfred Nobel, who was fond of pointing out the irony involved. Although it was Nobel and not Sobrero who turned nitroglycerin into a commercial success, Sobrero was never forgotten by the man he helped make rich. In 1873, when Nobel had a string of explosives factories all over Europe, he gave Sobrero a high-salaried job as a consultant at his plant in Avigliana, Italy, and the plant manager, with Nobel's hearty approval, had a sculptor do a bust of the Italian inventor, which was unveiled with proper ceremony on the factory grounds.



ALFRED NOBEL and his brothers spent most of their youth in St. Petersburg. After moving there in 1838, Immanuel Nobel, who had been having financial difficulties in Sweden, set up an engineering firm and soon had some orders to manufacture mines for Czar Nicholas I's Army and Navy. As the boys grew up, they took their places in the firm—it became known as Fonderies et Ateliers Méchaniques Nobel & Fils—and by 1850 the oldest of them, Robert, was its travelling representative, drumming up business in the Russian hinterland, while Ludvig, the second son, was an engineer at headquarters. That year, Alfred, who, like his brothers, had been taught by private tutors, became seventeen and was sent abroad to continue his studies and to act as a sort of technological scout, looking into engineering activities for the firm and sending back reports on likely ventures. For the next few years, he was almost perpetually on the move, voyaging as far as New York, where he picked up some valuable tips on the steam propulsion of ships, spending as much time as he could in the laboratories of eminent scientists, and occasionally having to take to his bed with migraine or one of the other illnesses that, even now, had begun to afflict him. Meanwhile, Nobel & Fils prospered, especially during the Crimean War, when it not only stepped up the production of mines but had a hand in converting the Russian fleet from sail to steam. After the war ended, in 1856, however, business began to slump sharply, and three years later Immanuel Nobel and his three older sons, now all in St. Petersburg, decided to declare the firm bankrupt. By the time that happened, though, Immanuel had heard of nitroglycerin, and had begun to experiment with it, and, on his return to Sweden in 1859, he continued his experiments, which were based on the hitherto untried idea of mixing the liquid with gunpowder.

Immanuel's wife and his son Emil, who was then sixteen, went back to Sweden with him, but the three older sons stayed on in St. Petersburg. Robert went into the construction business, and Ludvig straightened out his father's affairs and then opened a small engineering firm that was little more than a machine shop, while Alfred, worn out from his travels and on the verge of a breakdown, spent some months in rest and convalescence. When he was feeling well, he generally hung around Ludvig's shop and conducted scientific experiments


LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
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THE PERFUME FOR SUMMER ELEGANCE

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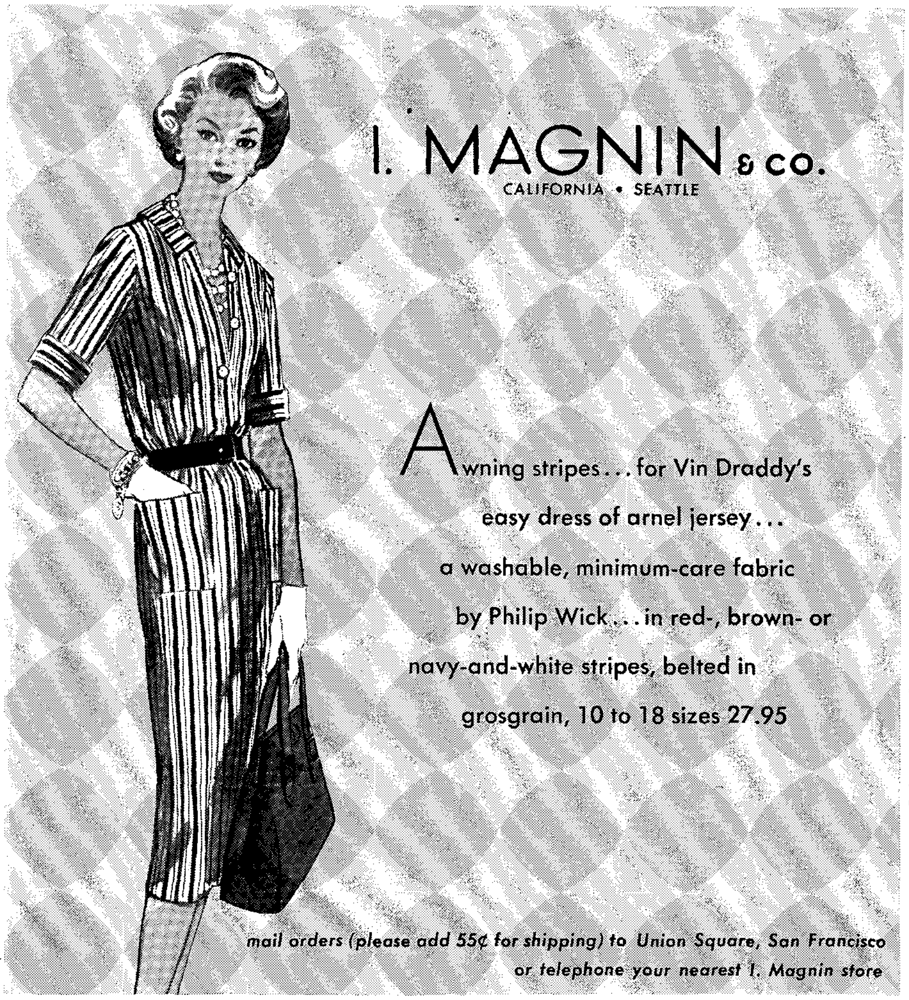

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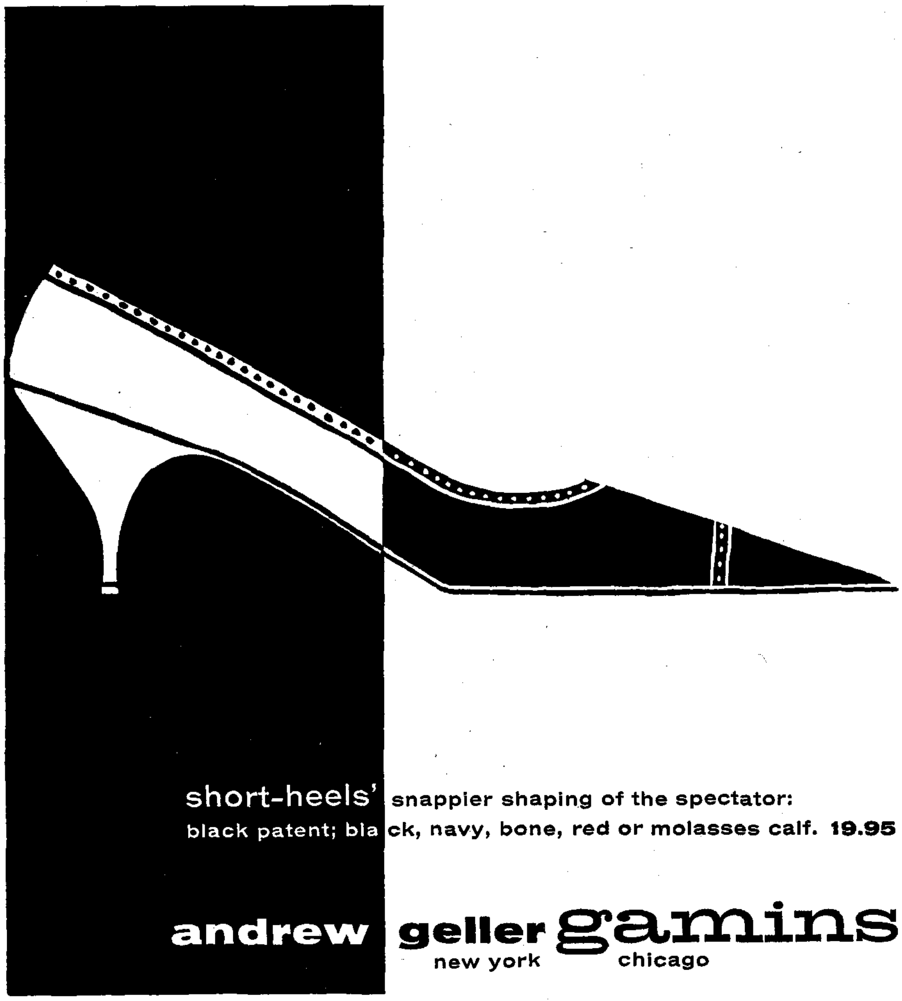

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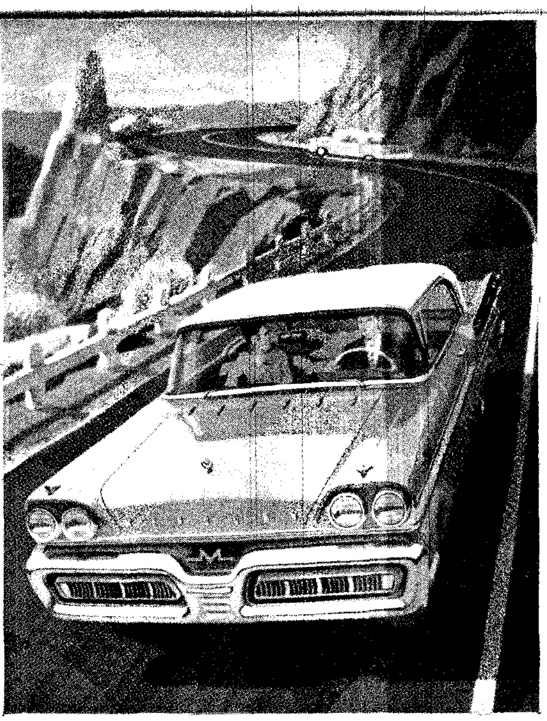
there. Meanwhile, he and his father were corresponding regularly, mostly on the subject of combining nitroglycerin with gunpowder, and in the spring of 1862 it looked as if Immanuel, who had now settled in Heleneborg, was about to reach a solution of the problem that had baffled Sobrero. He had, he wrote his son, mixed the liquid and the powder in a ratio of one to nine, and he had every confidence that this concoction could be detonated by means of an ordinary fuse. Alfred was hopeful, too, but soon Immanuel sent him the disheartening news that, far from exploding, the mixture had quickly become soggy. There were other letters about other mixtures, but none of them worked out, and finally Alfred made up his mind to do some experimenting himself. One day not long afterward, he had a remarkable experience, which he described as follows:

> The first time I successfully detonated nitroglycerin was in May or June, 1862. It took place in a canal or ditch in my brother Ludvig's engineering establishment in St. Petersburg. My brothers Ludvig and Robert were present. I filled a glass tube with nitroglycerin and corked it well. I inserted that tube into a tin tube which I filled with gunpowder and corked, first letting a fuse into the powder. I set fire to the fuse and thrust the whole into the water. A very sharp shaking of the ground and a spout proved that the nitroglycerin had exploded as well as the powder.

This was a memorable day. Departing from his father's strategy of mixing the two ingredients, Alfred had proved that a separate explosion of powder could be used to detonate nitroglycerin, and this discovery, as it turned out, was to launch him on his career as the founder of the high-explosives industry. At the moment, though, he had plenty of problems. He repeated his initial experiment over and over, and discovered that while he could invariably explode nitroglycerin underwater, he could rarely do so on land; the powder would explode, of course, but the nitroglycerin would not. Early in 1863, he went back to Sweden, and continued his patient work with nitroglycerin in Immanuel's laboratory. It was slow going. "I had many failures," he later wrote. "My father . . . rather ridiculed my tenacity." Eventually, he decided to try his St. Petersburg canal experiment in reverse; that is, instead of putting a tube of nitroglycerin into a tube of gunpowder, he put a tube of gunpowder, with a fuse attached, into a tube of nitroglycerin. "Much to my surprise, the powder, time after time, went off without firing the nitroglycerin," he said. "At last, I discovered the cause of my



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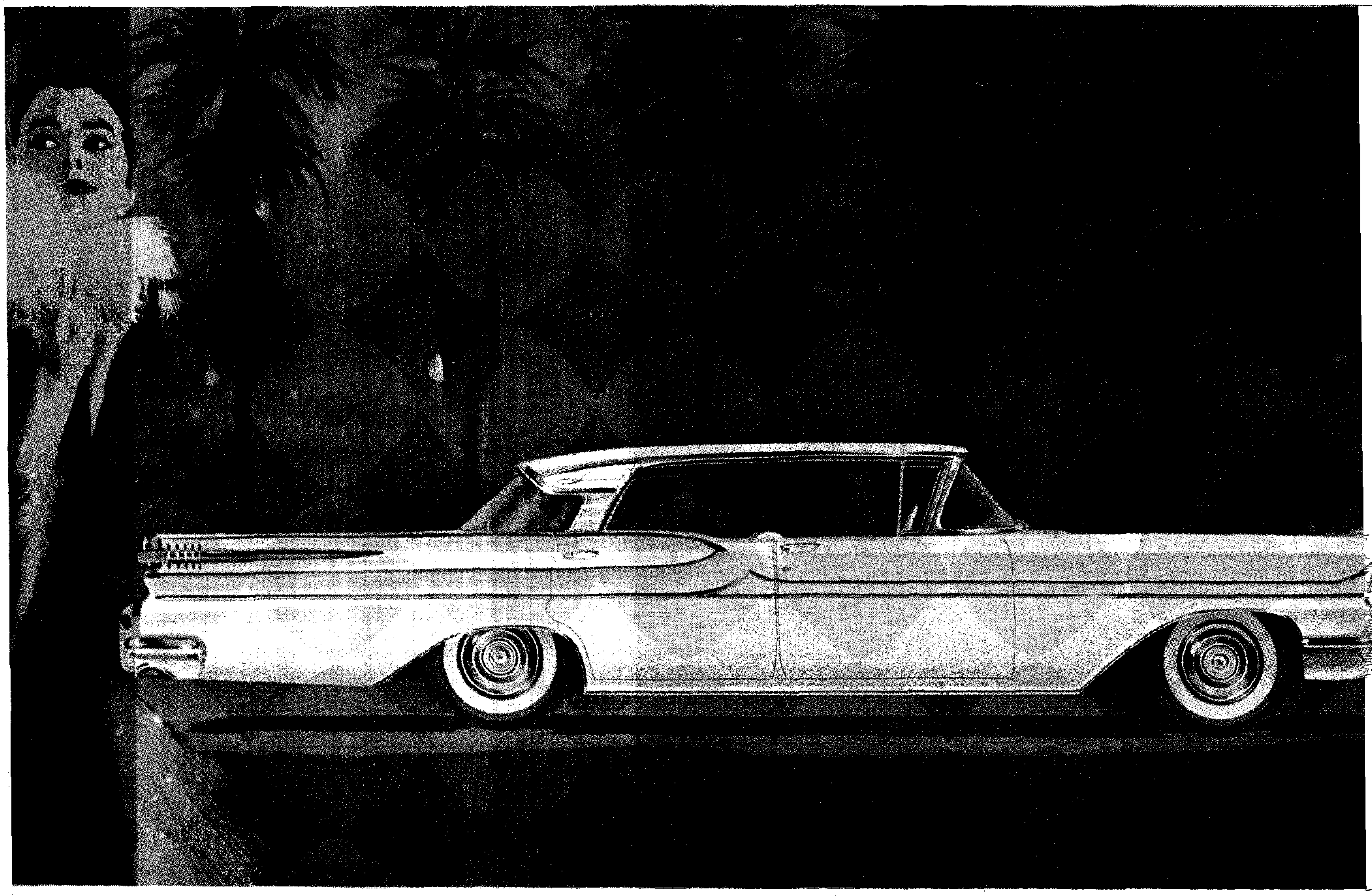

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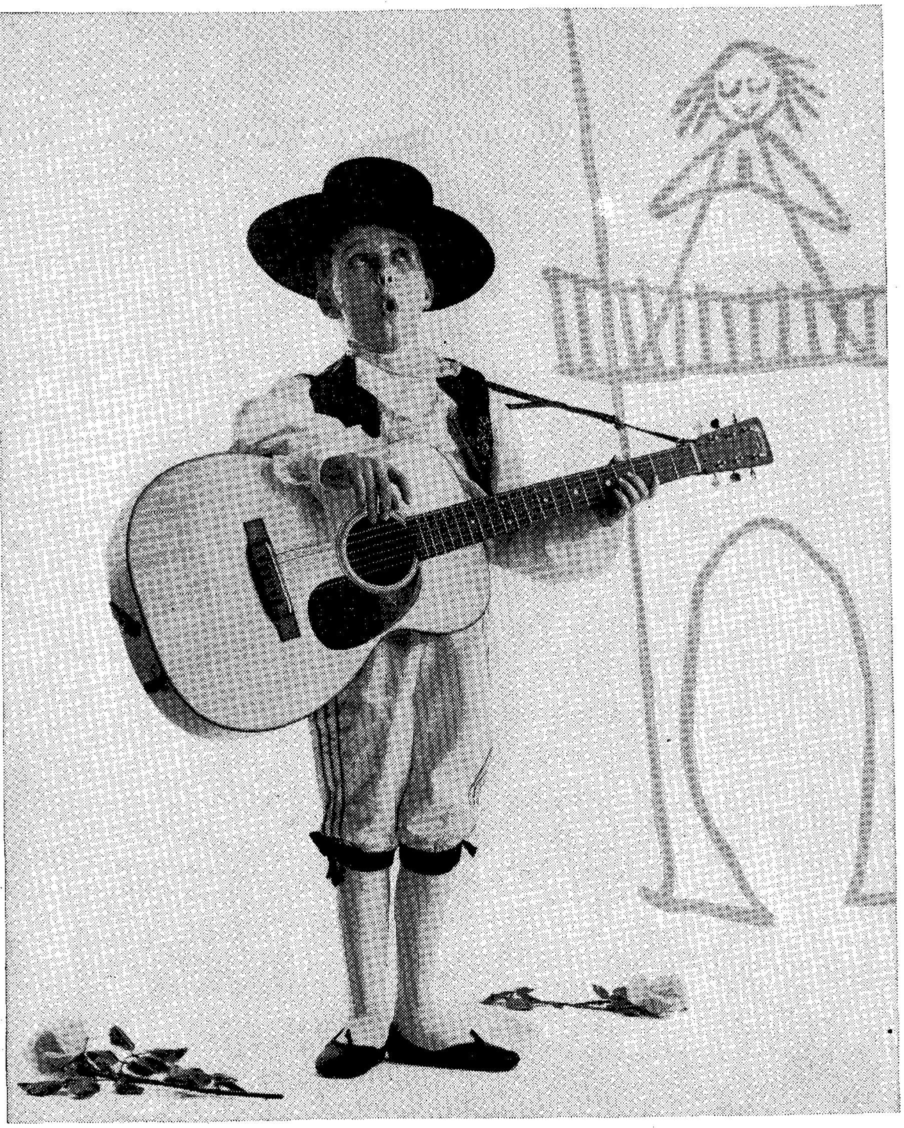
unsuccess: the powder had not been sufficiently confined and had not burst the . . . tube. I then secured [it] well with sealing wax . . . and the first trial proved a complete success." From this point on, Nobel's progress was rapid, and when he was not giving public demonstrations of how well his explosive worked, he was back in the laboratory devising ways to make it work even better. In the autumn of 1863, he put on an astonishing show for a group of Swedish Army officers, in which he filled a cast-iron bomb with equal parts of nitroglycerin and gunpowder and succeeded in producing a tremendous explosion. (The officers were impressed, but they were frightened, too, and they advised the Swedish Army to have nothing to do with Nobel's explosive.) A few weeks later, to the amazement of the spectators, Nobel blew up some huge rocks in quarries near Stockholm. Meanwhile, he kept perfecting his detonating mechanism, and early in 1864 he assembled the first model that he considered marketable; it was a handy wooden cylinder, about two inches long, that contained a tightly sealed charge of gunpowder and a vessel of free nitroglycerin, and he called it Nobel's Igniter. Step by step, Nobel had been taking out patents on his inventions in Sweden and other countries, and he now applied for and got a Swedish patent for the Igniter. He proved how efficient it was by staging a series of explosions at a zinc mine in central Sweden, and European scientific journals were soon full of stories about the new blasting material. Alfred Nobel was on his way. In June of 1864, he hired a few helpers to work with him in the laboratory at Heleneborg, cooking up batches of nitroglycerin and manufacturing Igniters by hand, and almost immediately he began making his first commercial sales of both products.

If the Swedish scientific world was impressed by Alfred Nobel's accomplishments, his father was somewhat miffed; in fact, for a time relations between the two men were so strained that they weren't talking much to each other, although they shared the same laboratory and lived in the same house. Immanuel felt that his son had cold-bloodedly squeezed him out of the picture, and since it had originally been his idea to mix gunpowder and nitroglycerin, he undeniably had a case. He, however, had given up in failure and, as Alfred took pains to point out, had subsequently "regarded . . . the invention as mine." Alfred finally sat down and wrote his father a brusque letter, in which he went back over all the futile



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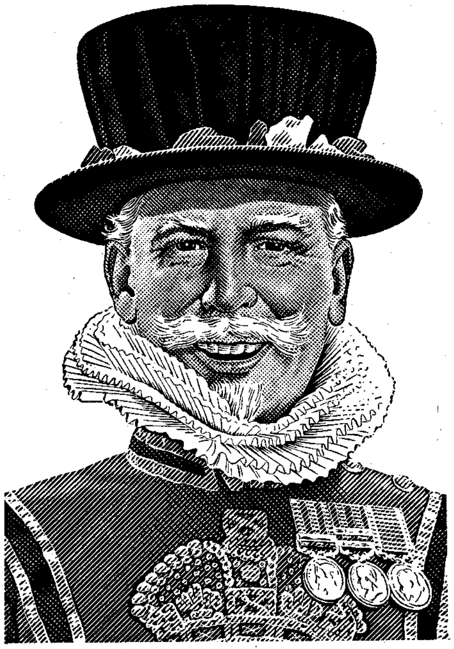

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things that the ultra-visionary Immanuel had conceived, among them the guiding of torpedoes by trained seals. There was no gainsaying that Alfred was the one who had really accomplished something with nitroglycerin, and his father soon cleared the air by acknowledging it. Alfred's mother had sided with her son all along. "The question would not be settled even now, if you had not dealt with it firmly," she wrote him afterward. "Of course my little Alfred will realize that the old fellow's bad health is the principal reason for the irritable mood he sometimes displays." About the same time, Robert Nobel, who had gone into the oil business in Helsinki and was having trouble making ends meet, sent Alfred a letter advising him "to give up the damned inventing business as soon as possible," because "it only brings disappointment." Robert changed his mind in a hurry a few months later, when he came to Stockholm and saw what his brother had done, and he gladly accepted the Finnish rights for nitroglycerin production. But that was not until after the Heleneborg explosion.

This explosion—the first fatal accident on record involving nitroglycerin—was in every way a painful setback for Alfred. For all its internal bickering, the Nobel family was a very close one, and however detached Alfred could be about the disaster from a scientific point of view, Emil's death was a severe emotional blow to him. Then, the people of Stockholm had reacted to the disaster with such extreme fright and indignation that the police issued an order prohibiting the Nobels from manufacturing explosives within the city area. Nevertheless, Alfred went on with his work. He set up a little arklike floating factory on pontoons, anchored it in Lake Mälaren, not far from Stockholm, and continued to receive and fill orders, which, in spite of the municipal restriction, included some nitroglycerin for blasting a tunnel that would permit the Southern Main Railway to come into the city. People along the shore kept complaining that the Nobel ark was too close for safety, and Alfred kept having to hoist anchor and move his watery workshop to some other part of the inland lake.

This aquatic moving about was symbolic of what Alfred's career, already varied enough, was to become. As he got deeper into the scientific and business phases of the explosives industry, he became such a nomad that it is now difficult to retrace all the places he went to and reconstruct all the things he did. As a scientist—and that is the way he

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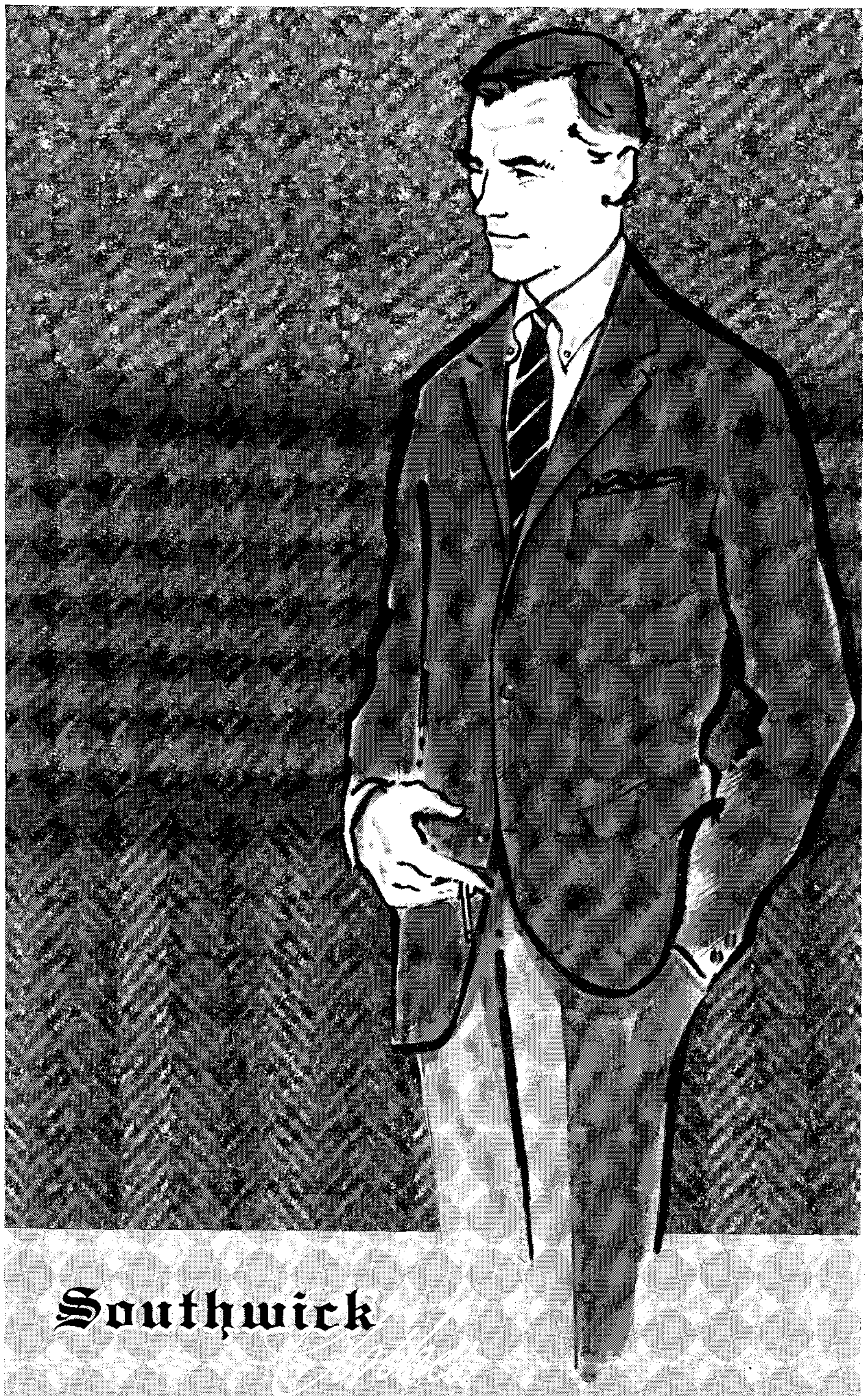
liked to think of himself—he was certain that nitroglycerin would be of enormous value as a blasting agent, particularly in mining and in railroad tunnelling, but he was still not sure how it acted under all conditions, and, above all, he had much to learn about how it could be safely transported. As a businessman—a role he tended to shrink from but had to accept as necessary in getting the high-explosives industry started in as many countries as possible—he faced a multiplicity of obstacles. For one thing, in the early days he constantly had to look about for financial backers. For another, he was almost at once confronted with patent fights, which were to dog him for many years. For a third, there soon arose the series of catastrophes all over the world, followed by campaigns for the outlawing of nitroglycerin, and a swarm of restrictive government regulations. Finally, there was the matter of his temperament. A meek and lonely man, he liked to keep to himself, and he distrusted most of the rough-and-ready promoters who clustered around him. His health was chronically poor, and he had a sombre look, accentuated by a dark, close-cut beard. He was not the sort of man, in short, who liked to close a deal across a dinner table after a bottle of wine and a good cigar.

A MAN who was to be the cause of some of Nobel's most galling experiences in the world of business—a patent war, to start with, and then a good deal of miscellaneous skulduggery—came into his life a day or two after the Heleneborg explosion. This was a peripatetic American inventor, promoter, author, and adventurer named Taliaferro Preston Shaffner. A tall, handsome man of forty-six, with piercing eyes and a narrow beard that rimmed his face from ear to ear, Shaffner, born in Smithfield, Virginia, had begun his professional career as a lawyer in Louisville, but the law proved to be too confining a field for a man of his talents, and he soon switched over to the new telegraph industry, setting up (or so he claimed) the first telegraph line between Louisville and New Orleans, founding a telegraph company in the Middle West, and putting out a periodical called *Shaffner's Telegraph Companion*. Then ocean cables attracted his interest, and in 1854 he headed for Russia and tried to raise money there for a transatlantic cable, to compete with the one that Cyrus Field was promoting. In St. Petersburg, Shaffner got nowhere with the cable



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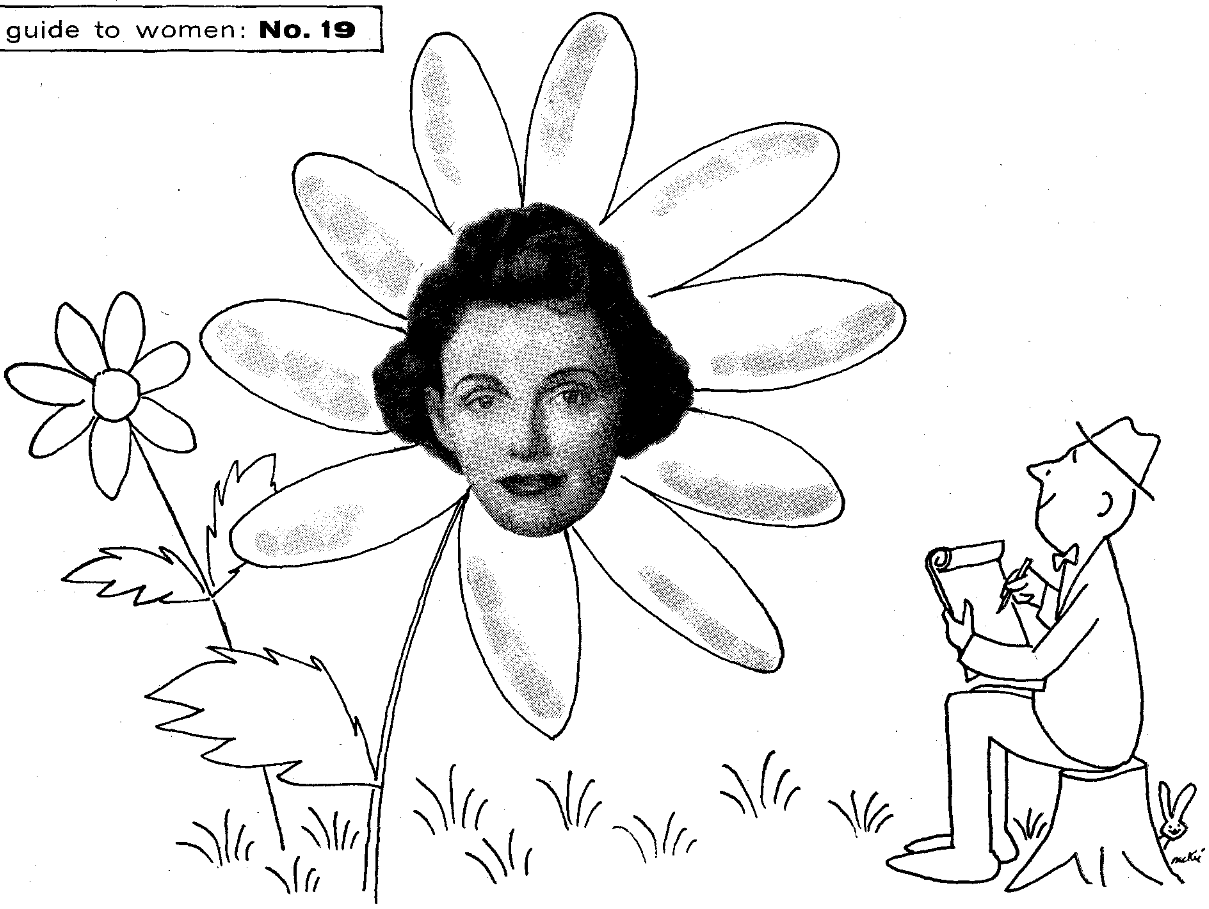

Jean Kerr explains...

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ANSWER: **He should not whistle.**

QUESTION: *When a woman asks a simple question like, "Do you think this hat is too silly?"—What would a husband like to say?*

ANSWER: **"Yes, dear, it does look a little silly."**

QUESTION: *What should he say?*

ANSWER: **"I think it's absolutely perfect, honey."**

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QUESTION: *What would a husband like to say when his wife asks, "What would you like for dinner?"*

ANSWER: **"Why don't you try that marvelous veal curry that Emmy makes with the sour cream and cherries?"**

QUESTION: *What should he say?*

ANSWER: **"Oh, let's have something easy. We haven't had canned chili con carne in years."**

QUESTION: *What should a husband do when his wife remarks, "Isn't it ridiculous? That fitter in Saks said that I should take off 15 pounds."*

ANSWER: **He should pray for guidance.**

QUESTION: *What should he do when she remarks, "I hope you can see how that child is taking up all your little tricks?"*

ANSWER: **He should continue his reading...**

wife's questions

Jean Kerr goes on to say, "It's too bad men don't read Ladies' Home Journal because, while it may not have *all* the answers, the Journal does know what makes women think the way they do."

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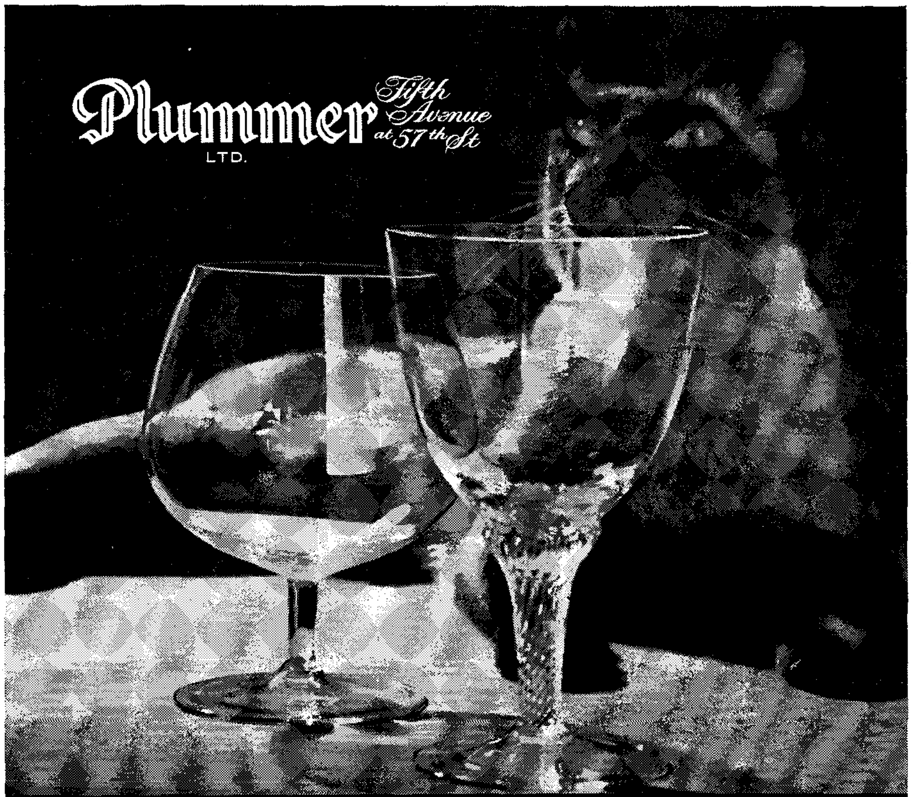

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project, so he spread the word that he was an expert on torpedoes and mines, though all he seems to have done in that field was to read some books and to perform a couple of experiments with guncotton. He stopped in at Immanuel Nobel's foundry in St. Petersburg—he later recalled having met Alfred there, but Alfred didn't recall having met him—and had his first look at nitroglycerin, which at once struck his fancy. His movements for the next few years are fairly obscure, but it seems that he left Russia, took up the cable project again, spent two years making ocean soundings, and then decided once and for all to devote his energies to explosives. In the early years of the American Civil War, he was working with explosives in England and in France, and he also managed to turn out two quick books, one a treatise on the Secession and the other an American history, and both so pro-Southern that the State Department warned its diplomats abroad that he might be a Confederate agent. In the winter of 1864, when Denmark was at war with Prussia over Schleswig-Holstein, the Danes hired Shaffner to lay some mines for them; he later claimed that at a critical point in the war these delayed the advance of fifteen thousand Prussians for several days. The Danes lost the war anyway, though, and Shaffner went to Stockholm, now unabashedly calling himself "the world's leading expert on military mines." He gave the Swedish Army and Navy some pointers—the Swedes later said his ideas were nothing special—and talked King Charles XV into making him a Commander of the Sword. More important, he went to Heleneborg to look over the scene of the disaster, met Alfred Nobel, and bombarded him with questions about how nitroglycerin worked and what it could do. Alfred was apparently close-mouthed about how the Igniter worked, and after several days of pumping, Shaffner finally asked him point-blank if there was an American patent for the device that could be bought. Nobel answered that he had one in the works—he had filed an application with the United States Patent Office, through a Pennsylvania lawyer, a few months before—and that he figured it was worth two hundred thousand dollars. Shaffner laughed, and contemptuously offered ten thousand Mexican dollars for it. He then left for London, and some weeks later he wrote a letter from there to the United States Minister in Sweden, James H. Campbell, asking him to ferret out Nobel's secret

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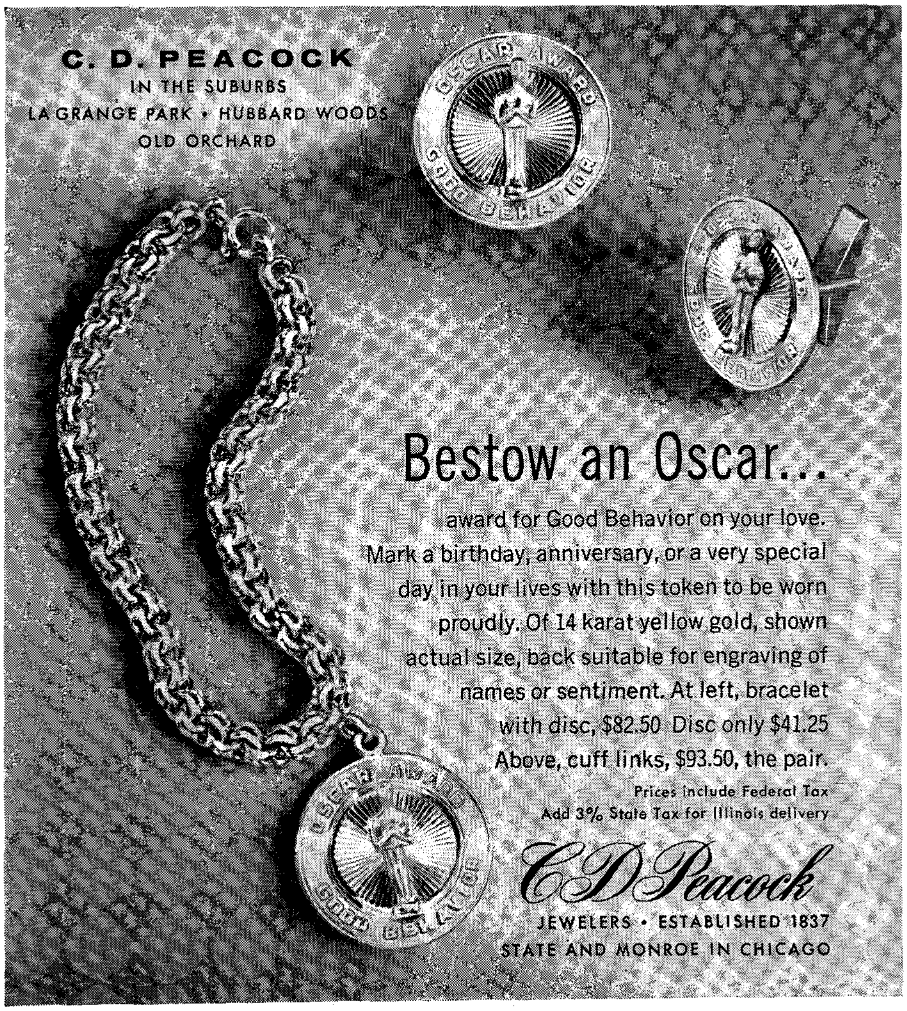

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and pass it on. Campbell, no doubt remembering the State Department's warning, and obviously furious at Shaffner's nerve besides, dispatched a stinging reply. Not long afterward, Shaffner returned to America, where he offered his services to the Union Army as a mine expert and demonstrated a method of firing submarine mines that he had more or less copied from Immanuel Nobel. In spite of his reputation as a Southern agent, he was commissioned a colonel by General Grant, and during the rest of the war he conducted experiments with various explosives, concentrating on nitroglycerin, which he was now convinced had a great future. In September, 1865, back in civilian life, he placed an order with a New York chemical firm for ten pounds of nitroglycerin, and he later claimed that this was the first batch of the stuff ever manufactured here. At about the same time, learning from some Washington friends that Nobel's patent application for the Igniter was about to be granted, Shaffner hurriedly worked up and filed a patent claim for a detonating device of his own. It antedated Nobel's, he said, but to the best of anyone's knowledge today, it amounted to no more than a rough guess at the real thing.

Nobel, in Europe, was far too busy to pay much attention to what was taking place so far away. Six weeks after the Heleneborg accident, he had formed the Swedish Nitroglycerin Company—a partnership in which Nobel and his father held half the shares, while a Stockholm millionaire named J. V. Smitt and a Swedish Army captain named Carl Wennerström held the rest—and early in March, 1865, he transferred operations from his floating factory to a building on dry land, in an isolated spot on the shore of Lake Mälaren. For a week or two, Nobel was simultaneously managing director, production manager, chief clerk, and cashier, and orders began to pour in from mining companies in Sweden and on the Continent. Things were now happening fast. Captain Wennerström headed for Norway, where he sold the patent rights to the Igniter for a tidy fee; Robert Nobel set about opening a plant in Finland; and, late in March, Alfred took off for Hamburg, the merchant capital of Europe, to see if he could get the explosives business going there. Three months later, after staging a successful nitroglycerin explosion on a race track just outside Hamburg, he established a firm called Alfred Nobel & Co., and by November the local authorities had given him per-

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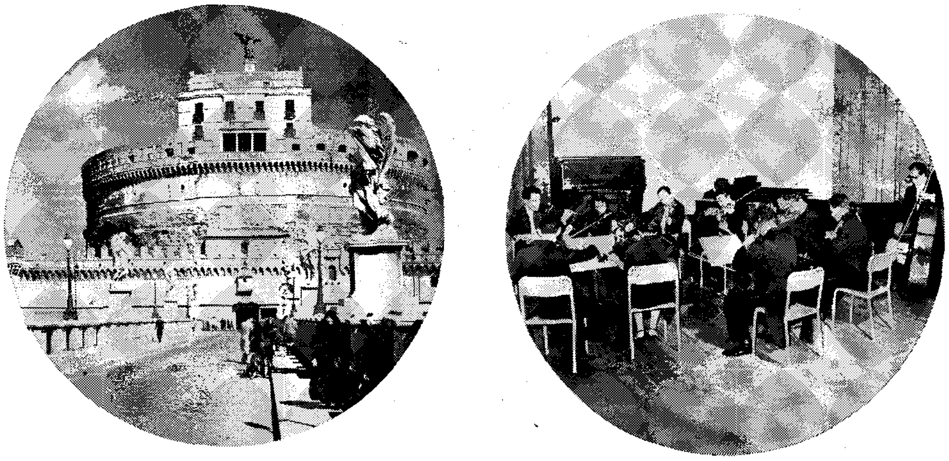

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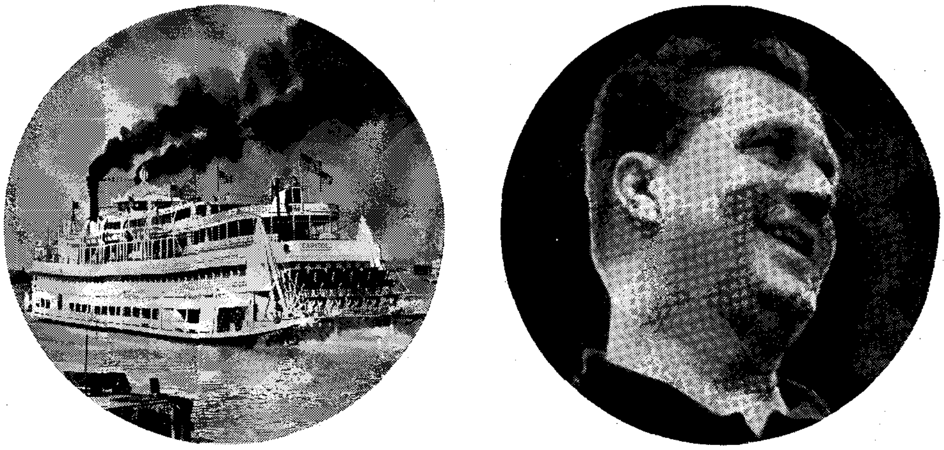

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mission to build a factory in nearby Krümmel. The methodical Germans prescribed a variety of safety measures, among them the stipulation that the factory buildings "be erected at a suitable distance from any dwelling house" and that they "be surrounded on all sides, including that facing the river Elbe, with a natural or artificial rampart of earth, which shall be at least fifteen feet high and twenty feet broad at its base."

Such precautions, while well advised, by no means met the chief threat posed by nitroglycerin. It was not in the making of the compound that the chief danger lay but in the handling and transportation of it. Nitroglycerin is still an awesome product (a recent film, "The Wages of Fear," portrays the dangers in transporting it over bumpy roads, even in the most carefully packed cans), and some of the risks that Nobel and his assistants took with it back in the eighteen-sixties make contemporary experts shudder. Captain Wennerström, for example, regularly rode around in rickety horse-drawn wagons over the worst sort of Swedish country roads, carrying bottles of nitroglycerin loosely packed in his luggage. The corks sometimes popped, and the liquid often seeped through his clothes; miraculously, it never exploded. In Germany, nitroglycerin was usually carted in tin containers, but these, too, sometimes leaked, and the oil trickled over wheels and axles. Although occasionally there was a small explosion and a cart toppled over, some of the wagon drivers were so ignorant about the liquid they were carrying that they used it to stop their wheels from squeaking. In mining camps, when the weather grew cold, cans of nitroglycerin froze, and foremen thawed them out in front of fires, often hastening the process by thumping the tins with iron cleavers. Claes Adelsköld, a pioneer Swedish railroad and canal builder, afterward wrote in his memoirs, "To me it now seems a miracle that we did not blow ourselves up fifty times a day. It only goes to prove the old saying that the Lord is the guardian of fools."

Much of this early carelessness in the handling of nitroglycerin stemmed from the fact that there were many things about nitroglycerin that Nobel was not yet aware of. He apparently did not know how dangerous it was to thump the stuff, for instance. Back in St. Petersburg, he had seen the old experiment in which it was smeared on an anvil and struck with a hammer, and this had caused only a minor ex-

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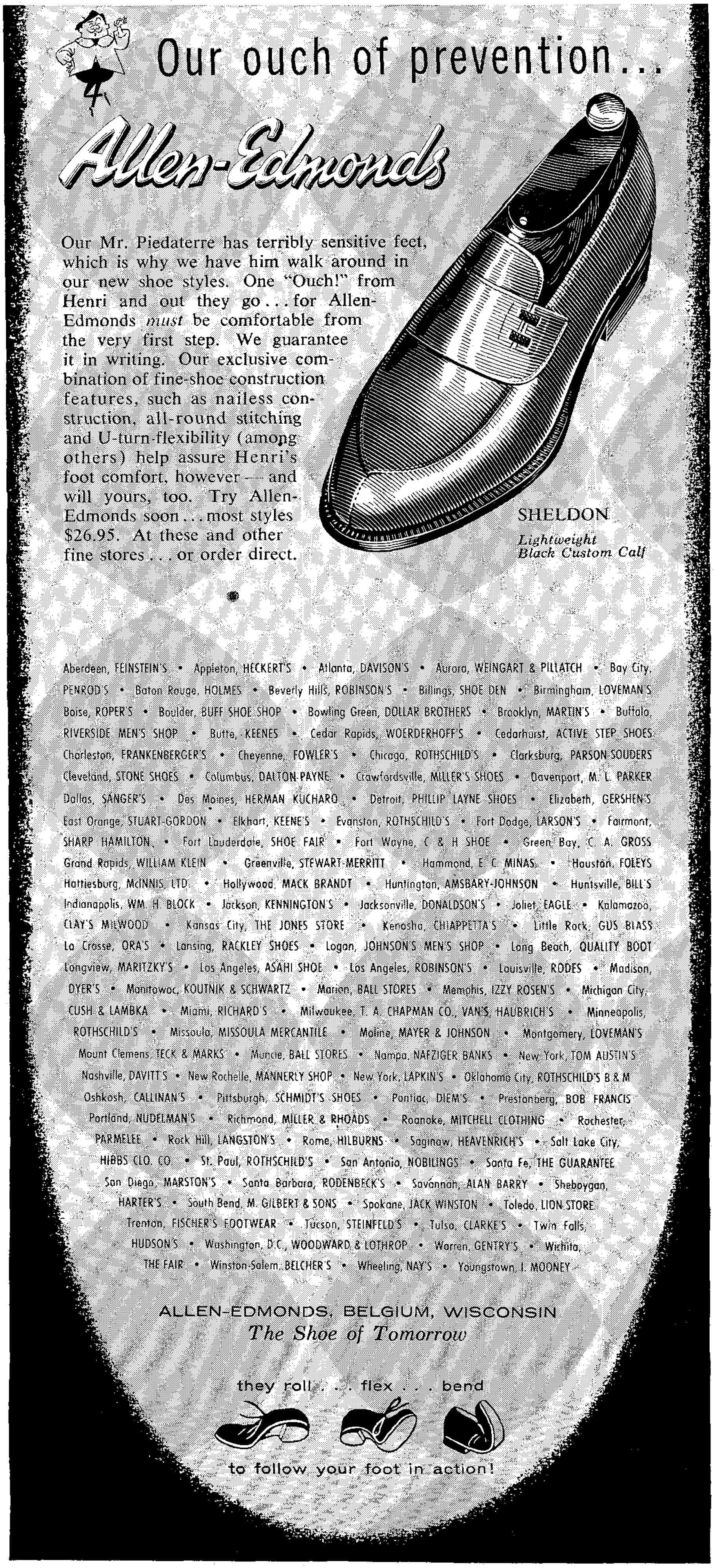
plosion at the direct point of contact; he had no reason to believe that any lesser jolt would set it off. Actually, as he later learned, while nitroglycerin can sometimes stand rough treatment, it can also blow up with very little provocation. What happens depends on a number of variables, including conditions of climate, movement, and storage, and, above all, the relative purity of the compound. If the glycerin has not completely assimilated the acids, the oxygen rather feebly joined to nitrogen in nitric acid can set itself free and come to violent grips with the hydrogen and carbon of glycerin.

LUCKY though the wagon drivers of Germany and Sweden were, explosions were bound to occur, and occur they did. One of the most spectacular took place in New York on the morning of Sunday, November 5, 1865, causing great alarm among citizens whose nerves were still frayed by the Civil War. At eleven-thirty that morning, the southwestern portion of Manhattan was shaken by a sharp blast that sounded like the firing of a heavy-calibre cannon; everybody cocked an ear for another salvo, but none came, and the rumor quickly circulated that "an infernal machine" had blown up, killing scores of people. Happily, this was an exaggeration; no one had been killed, but eighteen men, almost all of them customers at the bar of the Wyoming Hotel, at 325 Greenwich Street, had been injured. The infernal machine, however, seemed to merit the name; it turned out to have been an odd-looking box with rope handles, about two feet square and eighteen inches high, that had been left in a small storeroom near the bar. That morning, as early drinkers gathered at the Wyoming, a peculiar odor penetrated the familiar smell of sawdust, beer, and whiskey. Someone traced the odor to the box, which was giving off acrid smoke, and a few of the men dragged it out into the bar and doused it with water. This had a bad effect; the box suddenly appeared to be blazing internally with a reddish flame, and an oily liquid began trickling out. The bartender and a porter lifted it and deposited it on the sidewalk outside. A few moments later, while the men in the bar were staring at it through the glass doors, the explosion took place, and many of them were hurled against tables and walls or were badly cut by flying splinters of glass. According to a story the next morning in the *Tribune*, "a scene of confusion, fright and ruin



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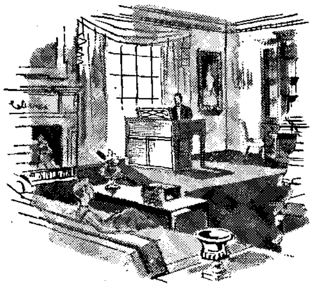

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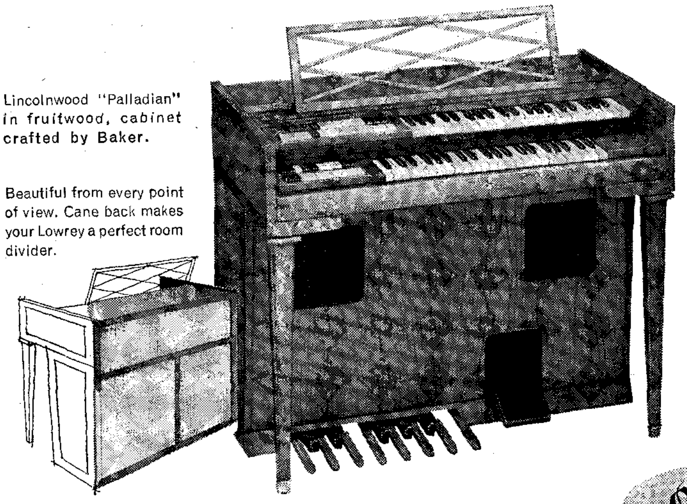

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Beautiful from every point of view. Cane back makes your Lowrey a perfect room divider.

LOWREY organs

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presented itself" on the entire block between Duane and Jay Streets. "Not a pane of glass was left in the [hotel] windows," the *Tribune* reporter went on, "every door was burst open, some taken off their hinges, and others split from top to bottom. The mirrors in the parlors, two very fine and costly ones, were shivered to atoms. . . . Beds were thrown across rooms; chairs, stands and tables not only thrown down but in many instances hurled against the walls with force enough to break them. . . . Every house on the block was more or less injured. Every window was shattered, the doors of the stores and dwellings broken open and the chimneys thrown down." The mystery was enhanced by the total disappearance of the infernal machine. The *Tribune* man added, "Not a vestige of any sort could be found, though a crowd of inquisitive ones commenced a search and continued it until each and every one gave up in disgust."

While doctors took care of the wounded, detectives set about trying to find the owner of the vanished box, and they soon learned that it was a German immigrant named Theodor Lührs, who had checked in at the Wyoming on August 31st and had checked out about six weeks later, leaving the box in the storeroom. That Sunday afternoon, Lührs was found having a quiet cup of coffee in the home of a friend of his on West Twenty-fourth Street. He proved to be a pleasant young man, with sandy hair and luxuriant whiskers, and nothing, it appeared, could have surprised him more than the havoc his box had caused. The statement he made to the police went, in part:

> I am a German, born in Hanover, but residing, until a few months ago, in Hamburg, when I resolved to come to America, mentioning my intention to William Ree, a large commission merchant of that city and a brother Mason. . . . He gave me a small demijohn of chemical oil, which, he said, I could sell in America to advantage; he did not explain to me any of the properties of the oil, but sent it to me on board the ship *Donau*, in which I had taken passage to New York; when I received it, it was boxed up, and I never opened the box or tried to sell it; I slept with it under my bunk on board the *Donau*. I arrived in this city on the 28th of August and went to the Wyoming on the 31st. . . . When I left the Wyoming, I forgot the box. . . . I am innocent of any crime. I did not know what was in the box. . . . I am now engaged as a traveling agent to solicit orders for white shirts.

The police held Lührs overnight, and then, since there had been no deaths as a result of the blast, and since his statement seemed a frank one, let him

Neither rain,
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SPECIFICATIONS:
BRAKES: *Disc brakes on front wheels†*
TOP SPEED: *110 MPH* ***MILEAGE:*** *up to 35 MPG*
ENGINE: *4 cyl. (OHV) 1991 cc* ***OUTPUT:*** *100 BHP*
ACCELERATION: *0-50 in 8 sec.*
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Write now—for fun!

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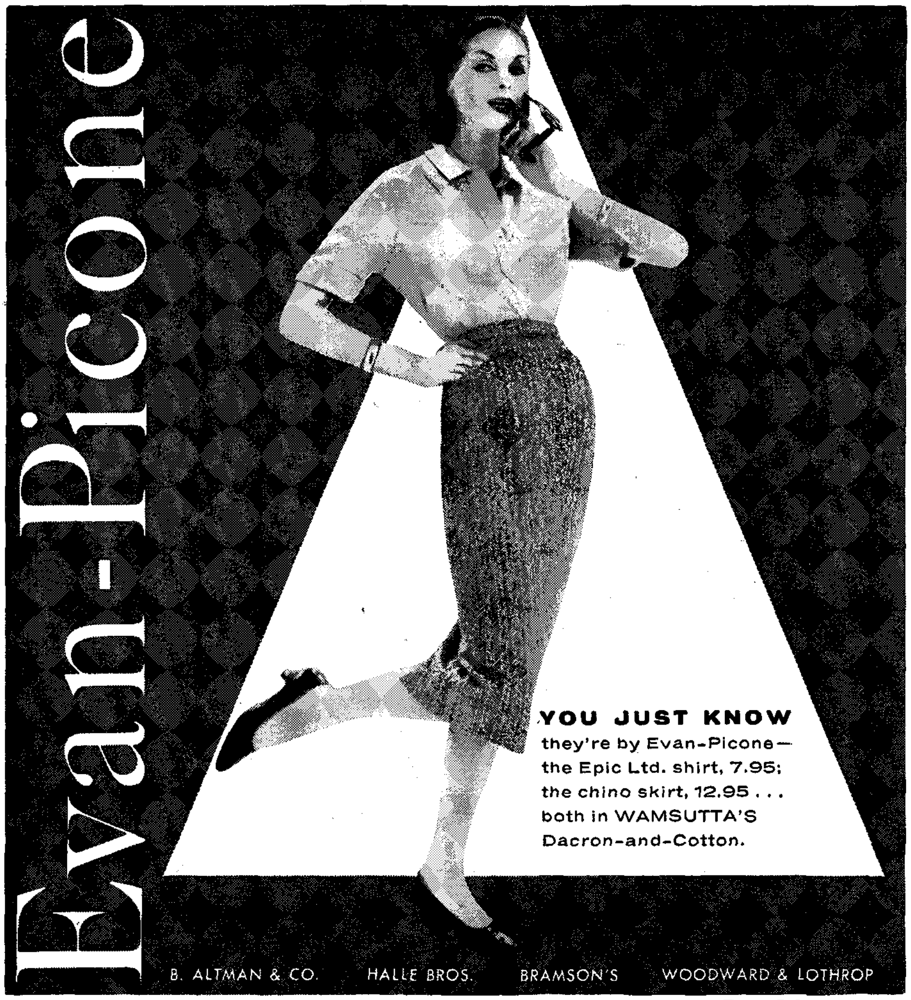

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they're by Evan-Picone—
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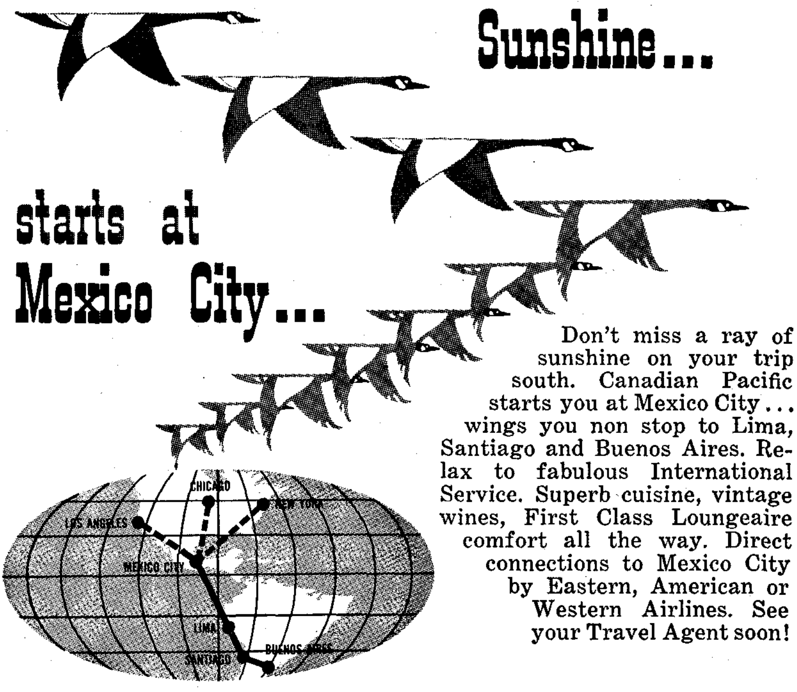

Don't miss a ray of sunshine on your trip south. Canadian Pacific starts you at Mexico City... wings you non stop to Lima, Santiago and Buenos Aires. Relax to fabulous International Service. Superb cuisine, vintage wines, First Class Loungeaire comfort all the way. Direct connections to Mexico City by Eastern, American or Western Airlines. See your Travel Agent soon!

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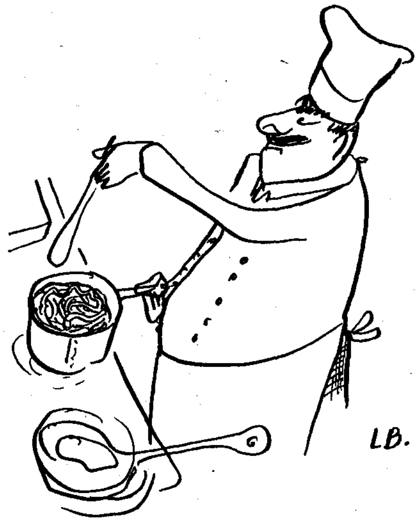
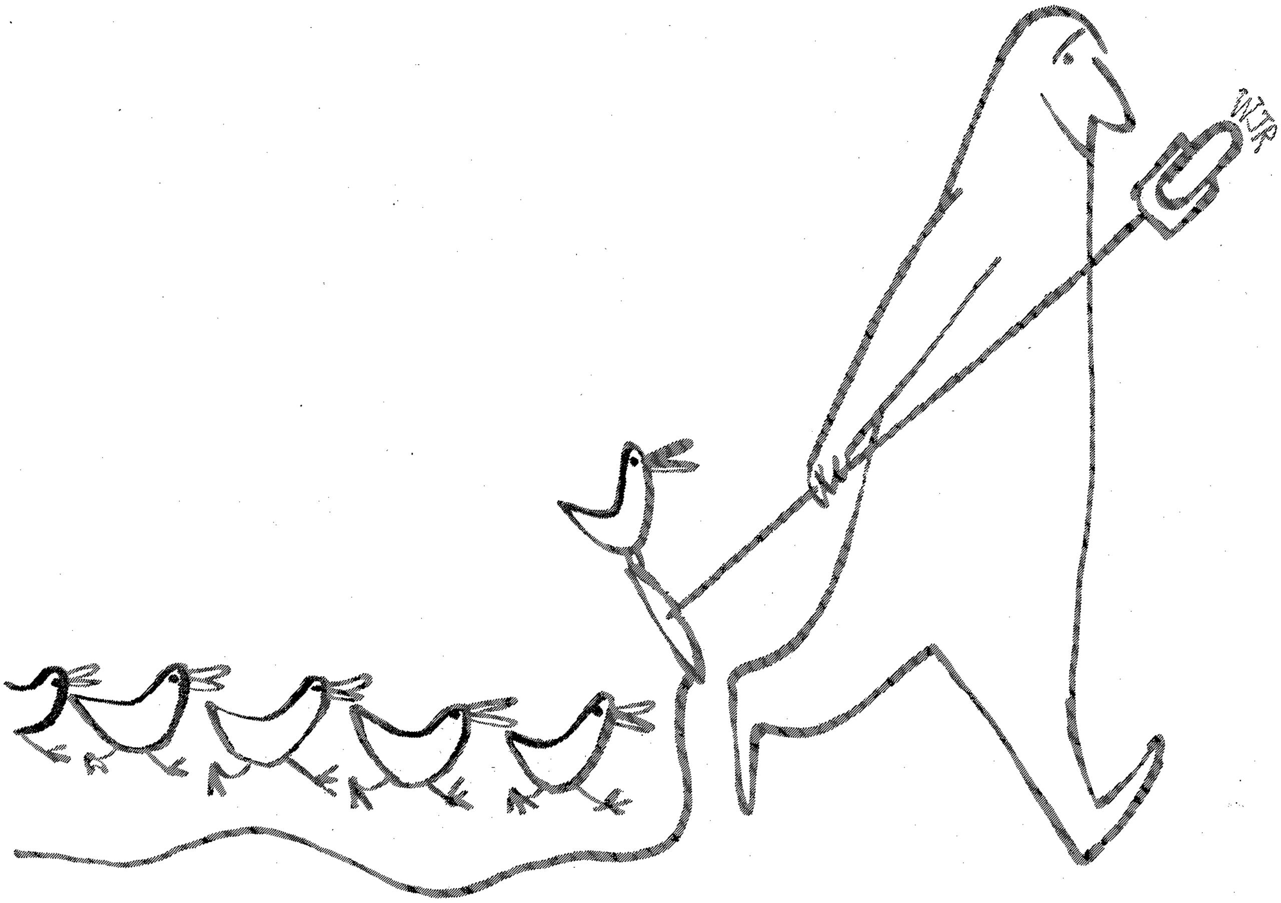
return to selling shirts. He never had anything more to do with the chemical oil about which he had felt so little curiosity.

The question of what had been in the box mystified and agitated New Yorkers for some days, and various theories were put forward by chemists, only one of which was anywhere near correct. This was the suggestion of a chemist named Frederic Hoffman, who wrote in a letter to the *Tribune*, "I respectfully suggest that a liquid of such explosive effect can only have been *nitroglycerin*. It is made by treating glycerin with . . . strong nitric and sulphuric acids. . . . Its explosive power is said to be at least ten times greater than that of gunpowder." He went on to advance several other ideas, and these showed that while he was acquainted with nitroglycerin, he was by no means an expert on it. At least two people in New York knew a great deal more, but they were not talking. One was Shaffner, who for the moment kept his silence though he was soon to be trumpeting the virtues of nitroglycerin, and the other was a German named Otto Bürstenbinder, a self-styled colonel, who was something of a chemist but later distinguished himself chiefly as a promoter. A few months before, Bürstenbinder had been in Krümmel, where he watched Nobel conduct a blasting experiment, obtained a sample of nitroglycerin, and reached a rather hazy agreement with Nobel, according to which he would attempt to raise money to finance an American nitroglycerin company. Meanwhile, Bürstenbinder himself was already in the nitroglycerin business in a small way—it is not known whether he was manufacturing the stuff himself or importing it from Krümmel—and it obviously best served his interests to say nothing about the explosion.

After the blast at the Wyoming,





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Today, there's a sound hereabouts that's as familiar to farmers as the rooster's crow . . . and even more dependable. It's the voice of WJR and it attracts farmers of the Great Lakes area with a regularity that rivals the seasons.

Farmers follow WJR faithfully and in great numbers because what they hear helps them. "The Voice of Agriculture" and "Farm Roundup" are the backbone of our farm program schedule. And on Sunday mornings there are "Weekly Farm Review" and "Farm Forum."

Often, WJR goes right to the point of interest and broadcasts via the WJR mobile studio. From farms, fairs and conventions—and each week from Michigan State University—come information, interviews and news as only WJR can present them. In broadcasts like these and in our regular farm shows, coverage is so complete and essential to farming that more farm folks prefer WJR for farm programs than all the other radio stations in WJR's signal area. That's a fact, according to Alfred Politz Research, Inc., but only one of many that prove the degree of WJR's dominance in this, the fifth richest market in the U.S.

Want *all* the facts? Have your ad manager contact his nearest Henry I. Christal representative.

WJR *Detroit*
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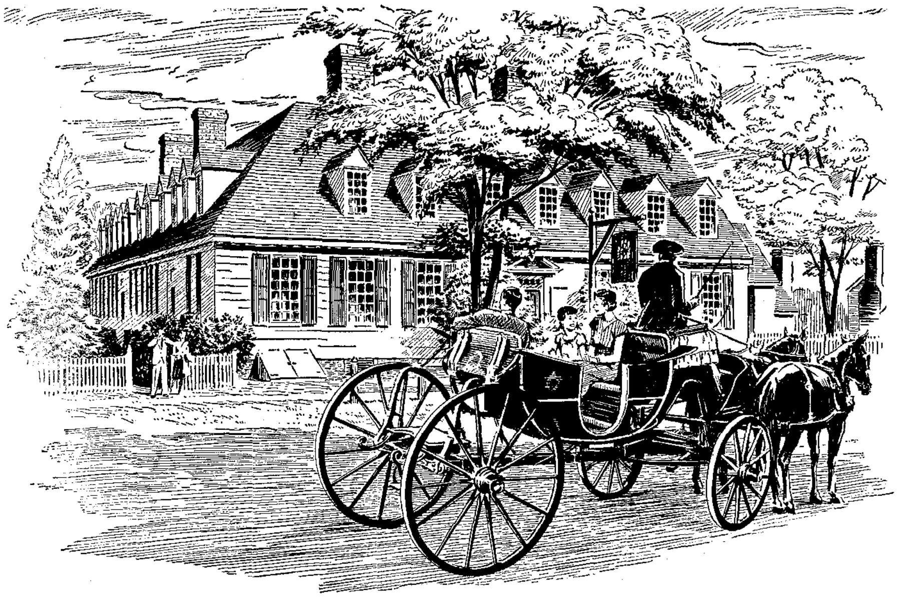
More farm folks prefer WJR for farm programs than all the other radio stations in WJR's signal area.



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OR UNDER COVER IN TOWN
IMPORTED PURE SILK BROADCLOTH
charcoal, French blue, natural,
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Predominantly red, green, navy, brown, **17.95**
ALL WITH SELF CONTOUR BELT. Sizes 8 to 16

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nitroglycerin began blowing up in a spectacular fashion on several continents, but such was the state of communications at the time—the laying of Field's Atlantic cable was not completed until 1866—that Nobel often did not find out about some of the disasters until months after they occurred. One that he found out about immediately took place in the harbor at Bremerhaven on December 11, 1865, and it was peculiarly repugnant to Nobel because the nitroglycerin in question had been exploded with criminal intent—the first time in history that this had occurred. An American merchant named William King Thompson had, it seemed, sneaked into the hold of the German steamship Mosel as she lay at anchor, about to sail for America, and had placed a homemade nitroglycerin time bomb there. The mechanism was faulty, and before Thompson could get off the ship, the bomb went off. It wounded nearly two hundred people and killed twenty-eight—among them Thompson, who, just before he died, confessed that he had wanted to blow up the ship because he had some heavily insured freight aboard.

IN the spring of 1866, Nobel decided to revisit the United States, where he had several matters to attend to. For one thing, there was the patent case. His application, it developed, had been sloppily worded, and partly because of that—and partly, one might suppose, because of general bewilderment—the American patent authorities still had not come to a decision about his and Shaffner's opposing claims. (In January of 1866, Nobel had testified before the American Consul in Hamburg concerning the dates of the first demonstrations of his triggering invention, and some of the miners who had witnessed the early blasts near Stockholm had testified in his behalf, but this evidence was not considered sufficient.) For another thing, Bürstenbinder had written Nobel about an idea for financing the American nitroglycerin company with a million-dollar stock issue, and he added that he had several prospective investors lined up. The concept of public corporations of this sort was new to Nobel, and he was eager to look into the matter personally. So, early in April, he set sail for New York.

Nobel disembarked in New York on April 15th, and he was quickly inundated with bad news. On April 16th, there was a blast in San Francisco, which the *Times* described as follows: "A terrible explosion of what was sup-

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Just picture what reforestation will do for Times Square! Cool and green, teeming with game, salmon swimming up-Pepsi Cola sign to spawn. Why, it'll be a little corner of Oregon! But let's start at the beginning . . .

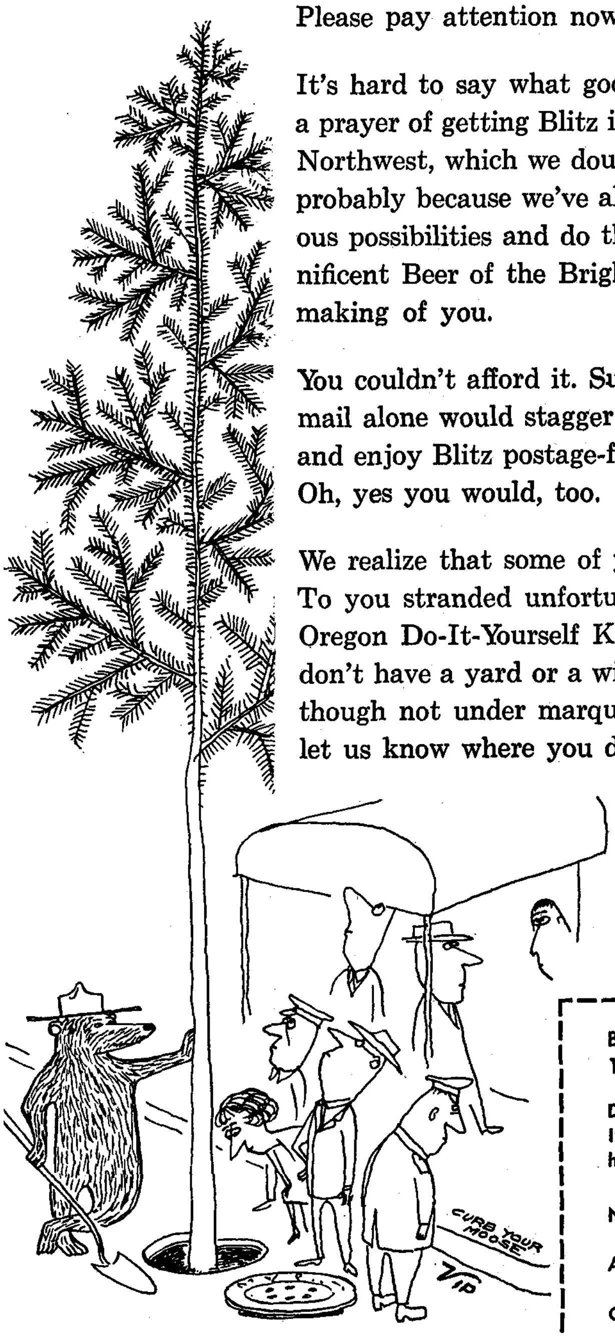
The name of our Beer is Blitz. Perhaps we'd better spell it out for you so you won't claim later that you got us confused with some other beer because we mumbled. Please pay attention now: B-L-I-T-Z. "Beer" is spelled just the way it sounds.

It's hard to say what good this priceless knowledge will do you because you haven't a prayer of getting Blitz in New York or wherever it is you live; unless you live in the Northwest, which we doubt. Especially we like to think of you as living in New York, probably because we've always wanted to get ourselves a nice, old city with marvelous possibilities and do things with it. One thing we won't do is sell you our magnificent Beer of the Bright Cascades (as we say) although it'd very likely be the making of you.

You couldn't afford it. Supposing you rationed yourself to one bottle a day; the airmail alone would stagger reason. For that kind of money you could move to Oregon and enjoy Blitz postage-free for the rest of your life. And some life! You'd love it, Oh, yes you would, too.

We realize that some of you may not be able to come to Oregon right this minute. To you stranded unfortunates—wherever you are—we will send, absolutely free, an Oregon Do-It-Yourself Kit: an Oregon Fir tree and directions for planting. If you don't have a yard or a window box you might set them out in pots on the street*, though not under marquees; they grow to be a couple of hundred feet tall. Please let us know where you decide.

**Like in front of Lindy's; a delicatessen that may in summer wear a nest of robins in its hair.*



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Newton Elkin's tulip sandal

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posed to be nitra glycerine [*sic*] occurred at 1:15 o'clock today near Wells, Fargo & Co.'s building. The explosion *shook the earth like an earthquake* for a circle of a quarter of a mile. . . . Fragments of human flesh, bones and brains were found nearly two blocks distant. . . . Wells, Fargo & Co.'s horses and everything in the vicinity, animate or inanimate, were blown into fragments." Fifteen persons had been killed, the *Times* story added, and eight of the bodies had been so mutilated as to be unidentifiable. All that was known about the cause was that two boxes, each with a capacity of about four cubic feet and each stained with some sort of oil, had arrived in San Francisco by ship a few days before and had been taken to the Wells, Fargo warehouse. The boxes had had no labels identifying their contents; both of them were addressed to a certain W. H. Mills, who turned out to be a California mining engineer. He had bought the oil from Bürstenbinder in New York, and had had it shipped to himself. On April 20th, Bürstenbinder was arrested—Wells, Fargo charged him with having fraudulently concealed the fact that the boxes contained nitroglycerin—but he was immediately released on bail.

On April 21st, the *Times* not only carried the news of the arrest but had a front-page story about a more serious disaster—"one of the most terrible accidents on record," it said—which had occurred on April 3rd at Aspinwall (now Colón), a port in Panama that was also the terminus of the railway across the isthmus. A seventeen-hundred-ton freighter, the European, which had arrived from Liverpool the day before, had blown up, killing or fatally injuring fifty people. "The explosion took place in the after-between decks," the *Times* said. "A volume of fire and white smoke ascended high in the air, carrying up with it twenty or thirty men from the hold and vessel's decks, spars, bales of goods, portions of the upper deck, etc. etc., the goods unrolling as they went up and descending in the red flames, forming, as described by those who were at a sufficient distance to take in the effect, one of the most terribly magnificent spectacles ever witnessed. Almost simultaneously with the explosion, the great iron and slated roof of the railway company's stone freight house was seen to lift itself a little from its walls and then dropped down inside of them . . . killing several persons upon whom it fell." The European was towed two miles out to sea by a British Navy vessel, and after another explosion it sank. In all, the damage amounted to half a million dollars. While it was at first suspected that gunpowder being smuggled by revolutionaries into South America was the cause of the explosion, it was soon established that seventy cases of nitroglycerin had blown up in the hold. The cases were en route to Bandmann, Nielson & Co., in San Francisco. The head of this firm was another associate of Nobel's—Julius Bandmann, a prosperous California businessman, who had recently begun importing nitroglycerin from Krümmel and selling it in Western mining camps.

These explosions naturally alarmed the American public, and nitroglycerin was on trial all over the country. In New York, Mayor John T. Hoffman ordered his fire marshal to search any building that he suspected was a storage place for nitroglycerin. He quickly found three hundred pounds of the stuff in a downtown store and another lot aboard a ship in the harbor, Bürstenbinder had been smart enough to store his supply in an empty lot uptown. San Francisco passed an emergency ordinance forbidding the transport of nitroglycerin, and other cities followed suit. A bill was introduced in Congress imposing the death penalty on any person found responsible for a fatal accident as a result of the transportation of nitroglycerin. On April 25th—just ten days after his arrival—Nobel was called upon to testify before a federal commissioner in New York, who was collecting information for Congress, and his testimony included a rather rambling account of his experience with the oil. "I do not profess to know all conditions under which it explodes," he said, and added that although he could not say what had caused the recent disasters, he was sure that friction, "in the ordinary sense," would not ignite nitroglycerin, and that concussion would not, either. "In Hamburg, the experiment was tried of throwing it up in a rocket," he said, "and its fall of more than a thousand feet did not explode it." It would explode, he went on, if confined and heated to a high temperature. Emphasizing that he was the inventor of "the practical adaptation of nitroglycerin to blasting purposes . . . through the patent fuse," he gave the chemical formula for the explosive—probably the first time it had been made public in America. "I believe it is $C_6H_5O_3(NO_5)_3$," he said. That didn't make it sound any less ominous.

The next day, Nobel went down to

Harburt makes news with pillow ticking stripes of dacron and cotton! Sizes 8 to 18. In red, blue or grey stripes. Left: Dacron broadcloth shirt in all colors, about $7. Skinny pants, about $13. Right: Over-blouse and skirt, about $13 each. At I. MAGNIN (Calif. & Seattle) and better stores or write Harburt Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

HARBURT

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FOR THE SAME THING!

The same thing in another store may not be the same thing at Sulka. ■ Case in point: A friend of ours is addicted to Sulka's Italian-knitted shirts. Price, $22.50. His wife insisted she saw the same thing in another store for $18.75. Naturally, she bought it. However, any resemblance between the two was strictly coincidental. True, both were Italian knits but the $18.75 shirt had a collar that blooped and cuffs that blimped. The fine wool texture of the Sulka shirt had a cardboard-y quality in the not-so-Sulka shirt. ■ Moral: If Sulka charges more for the same thing, it's not the same thing.

established 1895

A. Sulka & Company

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Washington to try to persuade two key members of Congress that the transport of nitroglycerin should be governed by the same regulations as the transport of gunpowder and other explosives. The congressmen listened politely but made no promises, and Nobel returned to New York. A week later, he pulled off an impressive bit of showmanship—a demonstration at Nolte's quarry, on West Eighty-third Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, then a sparsely populated neighborhood. On the morning of May 5th, the *Times*, which had not yet learned how to spell Nobel's name, reported it as follows:

> With some little trepidation we yesterday accepted an invitation from Professor Noebel to attend a gathering of scientific gentlemen . . . for the purpose of witnessing a series of experiments with that cheerful compound ordinarily recognized as nitroglycerin. The Professor was provided with an abundance of raw material in cases and bottles, also with matches, cigars, fuses and a great deal of courage. He opened a bottle of it, permitting the fluid to run out upon the stone. He touched a lighted match, which caused it to ignite and burn like pitch, but not to explode. He threw a can and a bottle of it from a high rock upon the ground with impunity, showing that mere concussion would not explode it. In regard to its safe transportation, he says that proper packing insures perfect safety. It will not explode except under a heat of 360 degrees . . . and his theory is that the explosions heretofore occurring have been caused by the heat generated from the sawdust in which the cans were packed—sawdust saturated with the oil from leaky cans, set on fire by an accidental spark. In order to demonstrate this, he placed a small can of the fluid in a box filled with saturated sawdust. To this he applied a lighted fuse, and in a short time the dust took fire, and ultimately an explosion followed, which, with a tremendous report, blew the box and can to flinders.

Among those attending the demonstration was a man identified by the *Times* only as "the blasting agent of the Central Park," who said he had been using nitroglycerin for months and preferred it to guncotton or gunpowder, and a man from *Scientific American*, who later wrote that at the conclusion of the experiments "there was no fear of being near the oil, and the packages were freely handled by some who at the beginning were careful to keep at a very respectful distance."

WHILE Nobel was winning confidence and acclaim in New York, his operatives in distant places were in a state of mingled hope and fear about the future of the marvellous but dangerous liquid. Early in May, Nobel received a letter from Bandmann, in San Francisco, that reflected these am-

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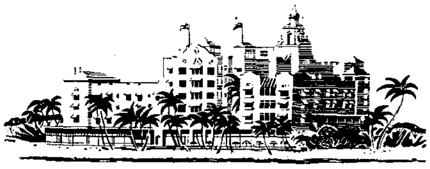

Royal Hawaiian

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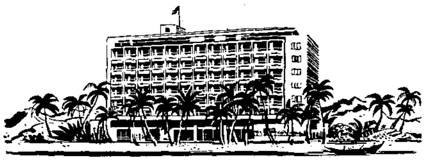

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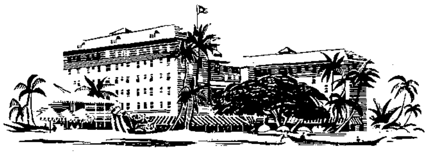

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When Spring comes, Hawaii is at its glorious best. Enjoy the wider choice of accommodations and the cuisine, service and entertainment of four great hotels—all close to the surf, shopping, scenery and fun of Waikiki. See your Travel Agent, he can obtain immediate confirmation of reservations by tele-message to Honolulu.

Matson Hotels

Edwin K. Hastings, Vice President

bivalent feelings. Bandmann told Nobel that, with the restrictive ordinance in effect, he was lying low; he had poured his nitroglycerin into champagne bottles, had put the bottles into chests, and was trying to store them in various places around the city, but this was proving difficult. "Everywhere, even in islands in the bay, people refuse to store them, as everybody is terrified of the article, and won't have the chests put near them at any price," he wrote, and added, "Mr. Nielson [his partner] and some Chinamen have put the chests into a small boat and have anchored her provisionally in the bay, about five miles from the town." Bandmann's apprehensions were running wild. "Before moving the oil," he went on, "we opened some of the champagne bottles and found that a brown froth had formed on the surface of the oil inside. What can this mean, unless it is that the oil is beginning to decompose? If this process of decomposition continues unchecked, would it not be possible for spontaneous combustion to ensue? . . . Why was it that the first case, on being opened, gave off practically no odor at all, while the other two cases had a coppery smell, and why did the oil make a sizzling noise when the cork was drawn?" Frazzled as Bandmann's nerves were, he ended his letter on a note of optimism and true California hyperbole. Reminding Nobel of "mountains . . . saturated with gold," he went on, "In any case do come here; there is the greatest field in the world here for your oil, and you alone can restore confidence."

A little later, Nobel was being urged to journey in the opposite direction. About the middle of May, he received a letter from Theodor Winkler, the manager of the Krümmel plant, who enclosed a distressing clipping from a Hamburg newspaper; the Krümmel plant had blown up a few weeks before. "I need not tell you what a storm has descended about our ears," Winkler began. "It is at the moment absolutely impossible to send consignments to Belgium or England, or, indeed, to send any consignment out of Hamburg. . . . I beg you to return as speedily as possible, unless you think that the prospects of the company in New York are seriously worth considering." As the spring wore on, there was news of huge explosions in Norway and Australia. It began to look as if nitroglycerin was fundamentally untamable, and the public everywhere was thoroughly disturbed. Shipping companies refused to accept nitroglycerin as freight. Laws

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On a sunny Hawaiian beach—France Nuyen, who portrays the native girl, "Liat," in Rodgers and Hammerstein's "South Pacific," produced by Buddy Adler, directed by Joshua Logan and filmed in Hawaii in Todd-AO Technicolor.

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Hawaii's warm, sunny weather and luxuriant scenery are perfect for the filming of a tropical extravaganza. Perfect, too, for the most glorious vacation you ever had! In April, May and June air and ocean temperatures are in the seventies—just right for swimming, sailing, fishing and golf.

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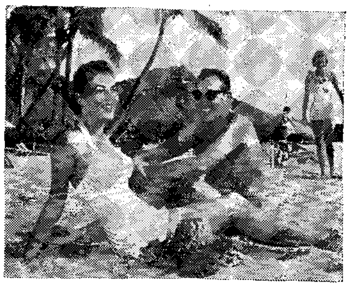

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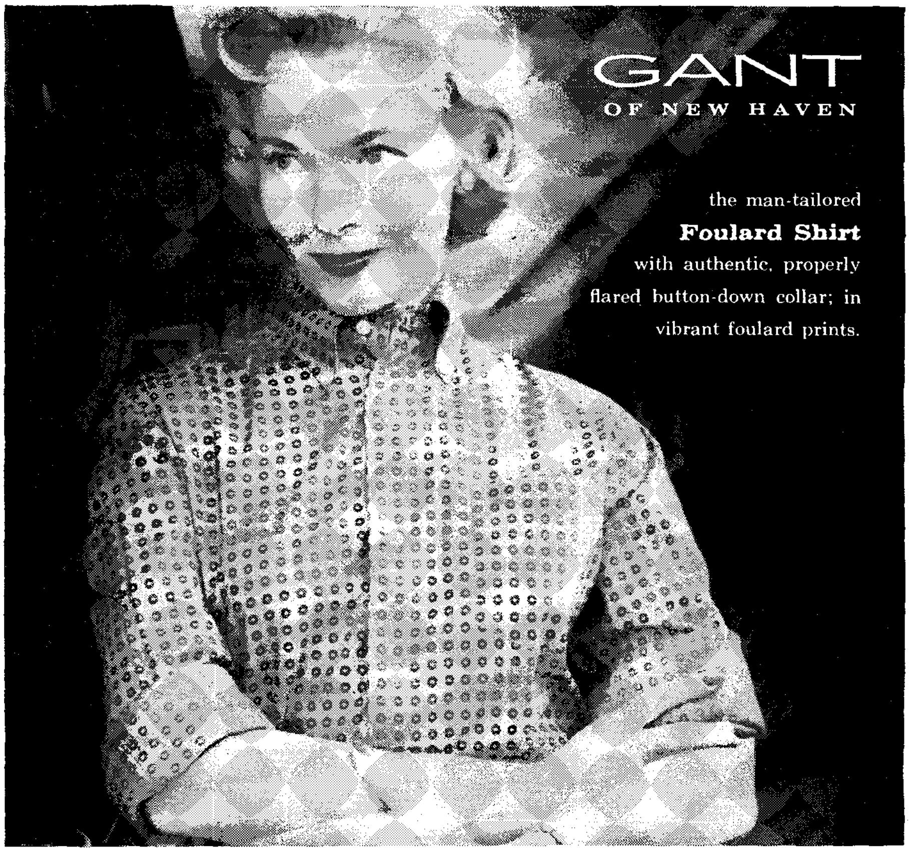

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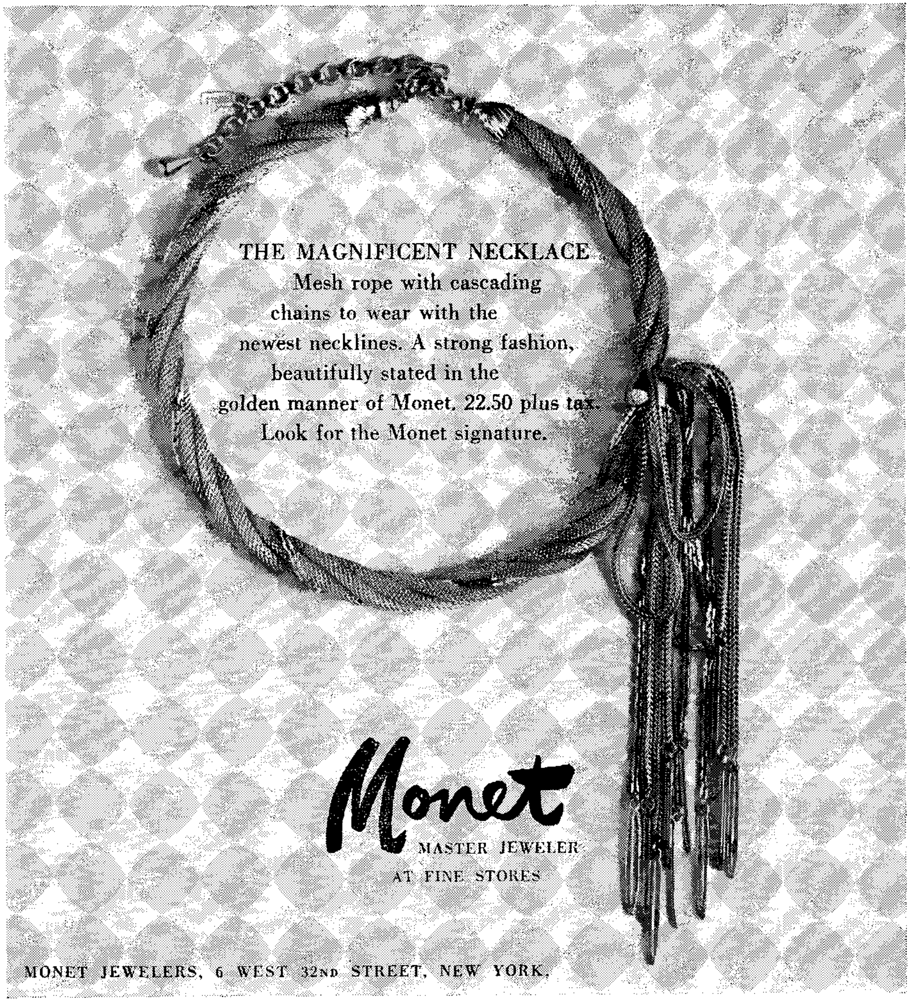
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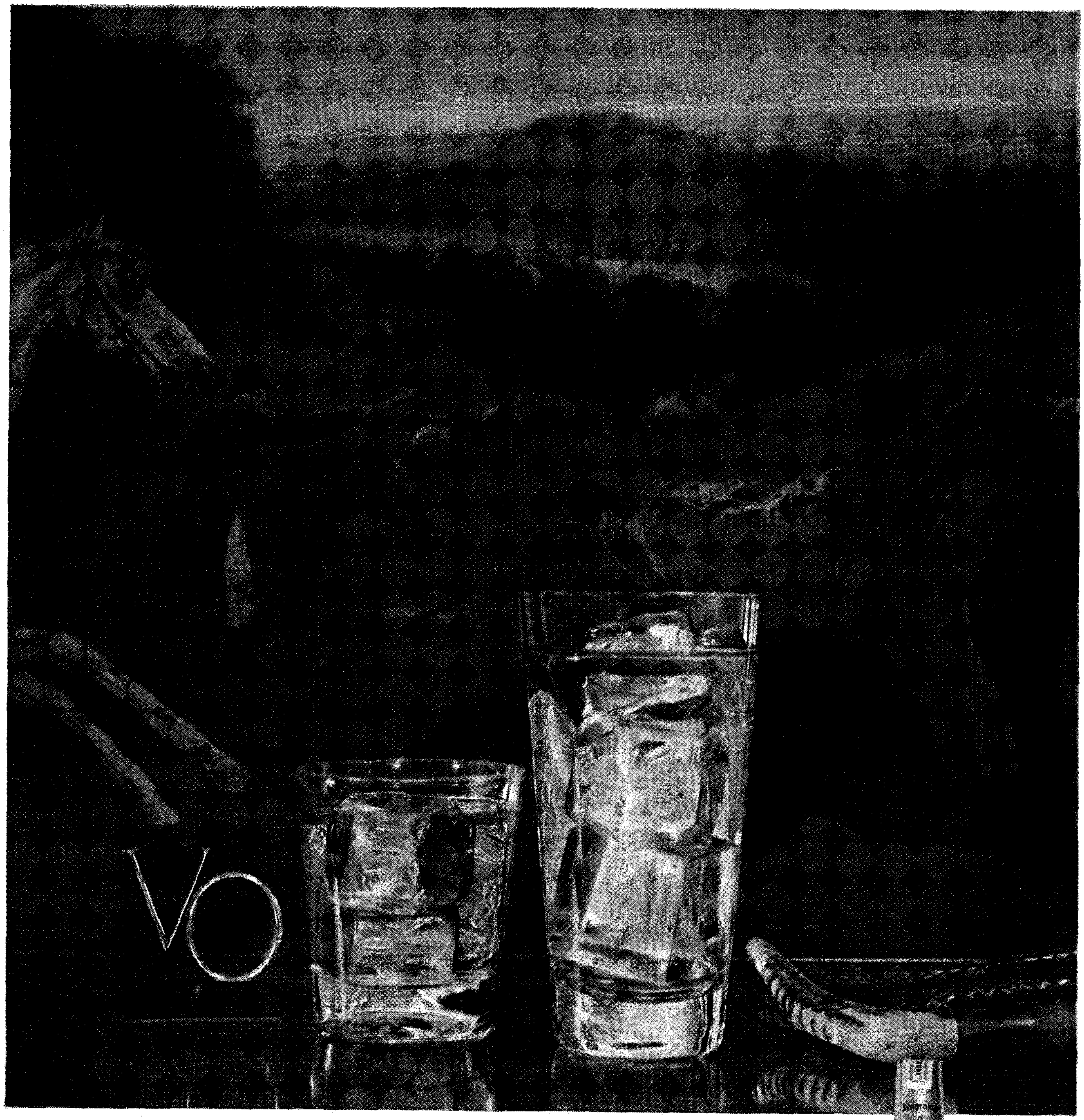
were passed in France and Belgium forbidding anyone to possess the liquid. By royal decree, Sweden forbade its transport. In other countries, including England, regulations were passed that were tantamount to prohibition of traffic in nitroglycerin.

The fact that bad news from the rest of the world took a long time to reach America was for Nobel a blessing in disguise. He went ahead with his American projects, and at about the time the Krümmel factory was blowing up, he triumphed over Shaffner in the patent battle. Over the next few weeks, in a startling reversal of form, Shaffner managed to insinuate himself into Nobel's good graces, and he soon made himself a force to be reckoned with in the explosives industry. He did this through a combination of influence, imagination, inventive capacity, and a great gift of gab. The process began on May 12th, when Shaffner appeared as a witness at the hearings on Wells, Fargo v. Bürstenbinder. (The case rambled on for a while, and finally fizzled out.) There, he testified immodestly about his "long experience" with nitroglycerin, and pointed out that he, as well as Nobel, had been experimenting with combinations of nitroglycerin and other substances, including sawdust. More significantly, he also pointed out, he had made some progress in devising methods for packing the oil; he alluded to these in court, and shortly afterward applied for some packaging patents, based on claims that nitroglycerin could be safely transported if it was put into metallic containers instead of glass bottles and the containers were encased in plaster of Paris. These patents were among many that Shaffner was ultimately granted, and Nobel was sufficiently impressed by Shaffner's ideas, and also by the fact that the man had important friends in Washington—including some senators who were working on a new nitroglycerin bill—to accept him as an ally. Shaffner gallantly promised Nobel to do all he could to further their "common cause," and for the moment his assistance seemed to pay off. On May 17th, a relatively mild nitroglycerin bill was reported out of committee in Congress, reducing the penalty for fatalities caused during transportation of the substance from hanging to imprisonment. It was perhaps no coincidence that the packing regulations eventually prescribed were almost identical with the method that Shaffner had claimed to discover. President Johnson signed the bill on July 3rd, and the steamship companies



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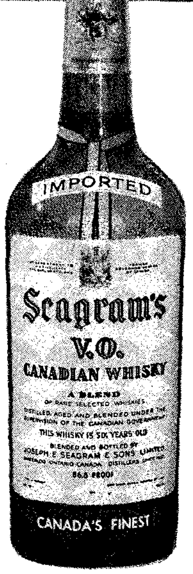
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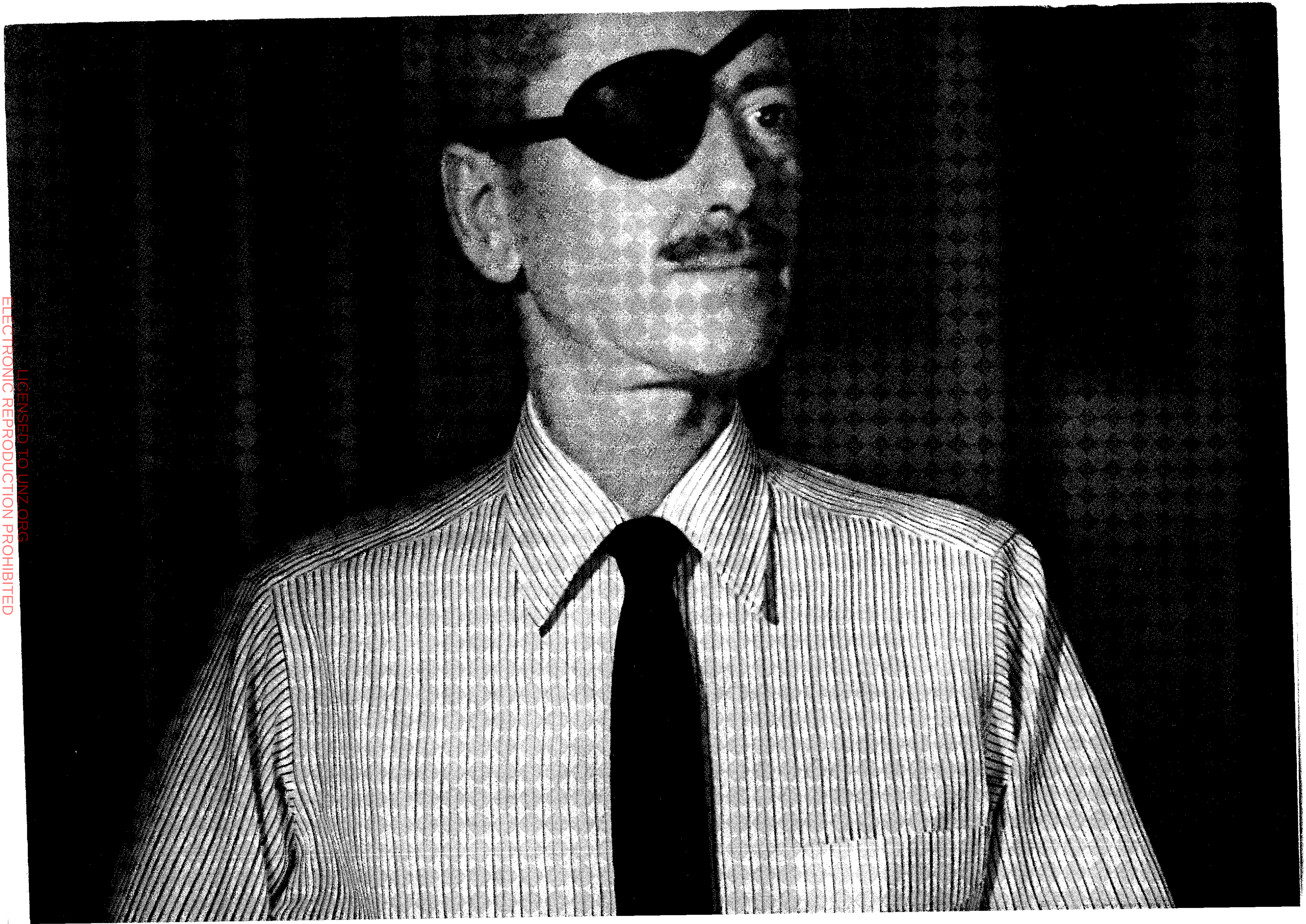

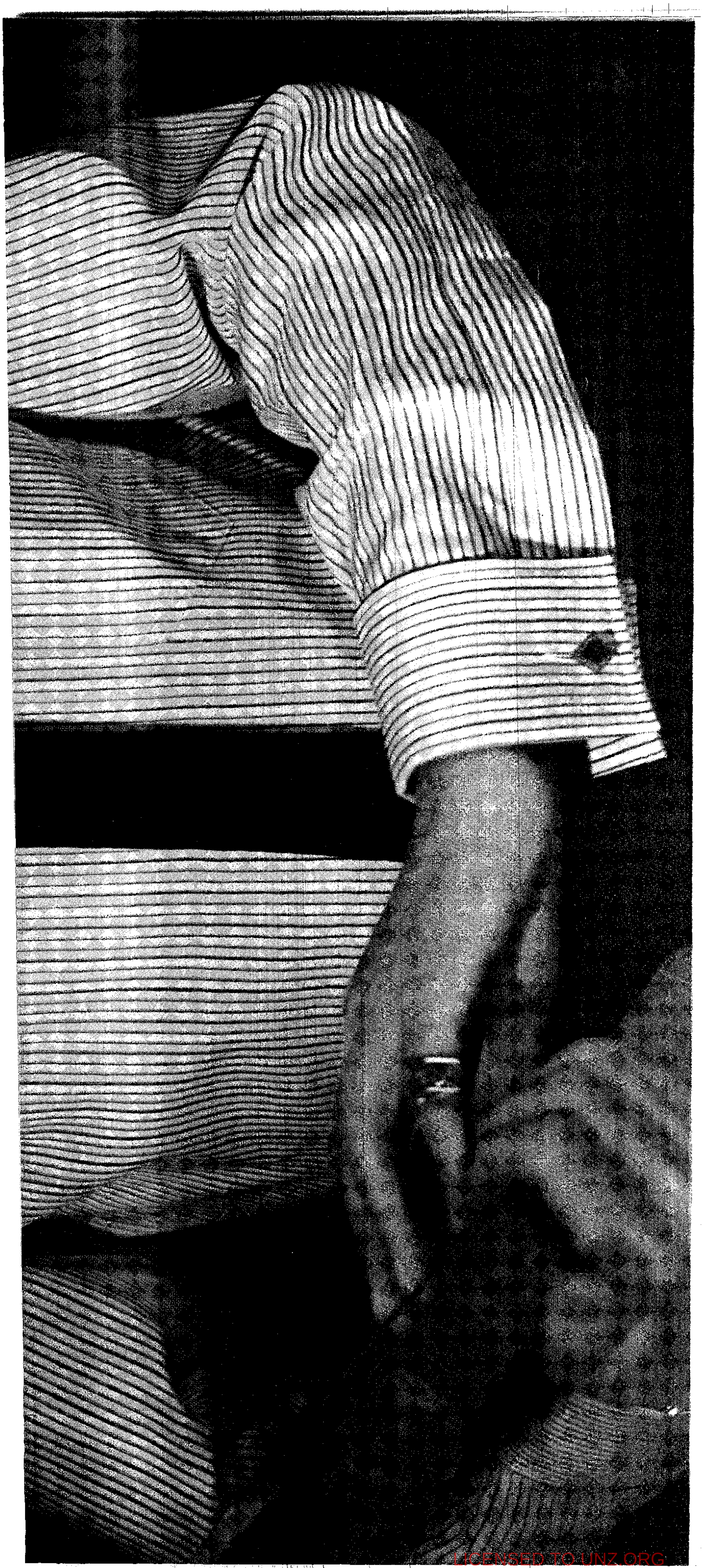

Hathaway imports the shaded stripe from London

HATHAWAY discovered this interesting new stripe in Jermyn Street, London. There is more to it than immediately meets the eye. Hence our enormous picture.

Would you ever guess that this very shirt is tailored from Scotch Voile — one of the world's *lightest* fabrics?

It seems to have all the body of a winter-weight cloth. That is because of those remarkable stripes. The shading adds *depth.* And it helps to account for the way this shirt keeps its freshly-laundered look throughout the most wilting day.

Scottish virtues

And how much do you know about Scotch Voile itself? It is woven specially for Hathaway by Clark & Struthers — one of Scotland's most venerable mills. It is light in weight, but rich in virtues—*Scottish* virtues. For one thing, it wears and wears.

Go to the better stores to see Hathaway's new *shaded* stripes in Scotch Voile. We have twenty-eight variations on the same theme—each at $10.95. Write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine or telephone OXford 7-5566 in New York.

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Hathaway originated this dictum several years ago. We stick by our guns. Wearing a white shirt to the office is a needless abdication of individuality. It is also impractical because white gets so messy.

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PPG AT THE SHOWPLACES OF AMERICA
SS. *United States* in New York Harbor
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PAST THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN SHE SLIPS, as Rockefeller Center, the Empire State and Chrysler buildings, with their thousands of windows of PPG glass fall astern. On board, some of her passengers take a moment to freshen up in front of PPG mirrors, while others relax on furniture finished with PPG enamels.

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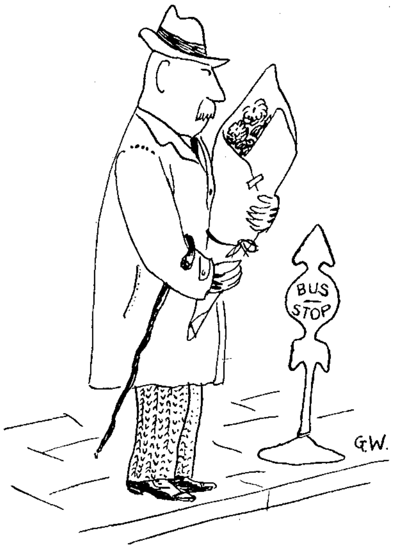
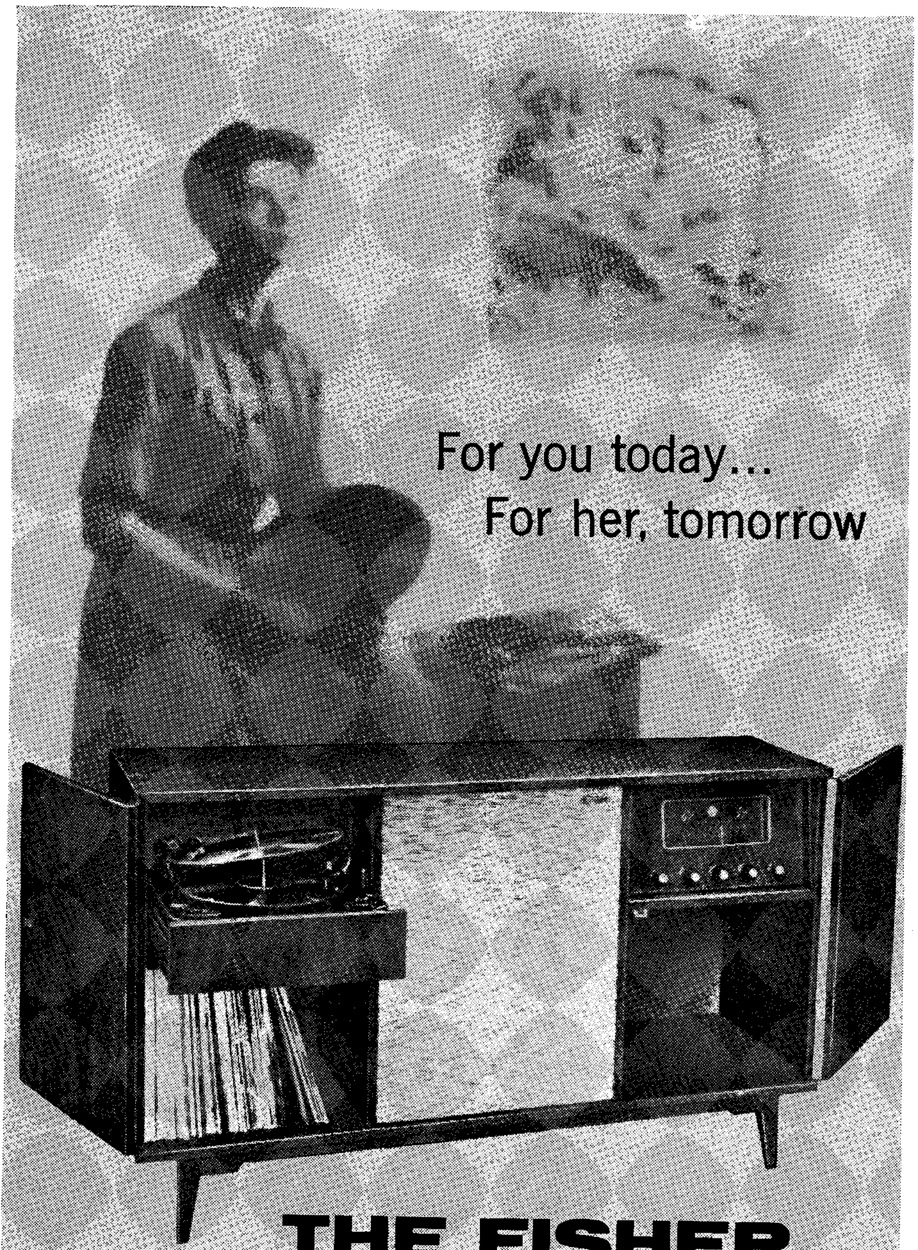
As the SS. *United States* heads out to sea, voyagers take a parting look at New York through portholes and windows of PPG Herculite glass, or record the passing skyline on film made with Columbia-Southern caustic soda. As the great ship moves down the harbor, little tugs, brightly clad in PPG marine finishes, whistle their bon voyage salutes to the world's fastest liner. Afloat and ashore, almost everything you see and use looks better or serves you better because of glass or paint made by PPG, or chemicals made by PPG's subsidiary, Columbia-Southern. **PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY,** One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

lifted their ban on nitroglycerin, though the federal act still prohibited ships, trains, or vehicles that carried passengers from carrying nitroglycerin.

Meanwhile, Nobel had been pushing ahead with his plans for forming an American company. He met some of the investors whom Bürstenbinder had lined up, and on June 2nd he signed an agreement with a group of four men, headed by a merchant named Israel Hall, creating the United States Blasting Oil Company. (It was by design that the word nitroglycerin was left out of the name.) Hall was the company's president, and ten thousand shares were issued, with a total declared value of a million dollars; Nobel got a quarter of them, plus ten thousand dollars in cash and the pledge of another ten thousand when the company was producing a thousand pounds of nitroglycerin a day. He, in turn, gave Bürstenbinder five per cent of his stock and of his first ten thousand dollars and promised him five per cent of his second ten thousand. United States Blasting Oil was in trouble from the start. Less than ten per cent of the million dollars was ever subscribed. Most of that came from Hall, but Shaffner put up enough to qualify him as a member of the board of directors, and he was undoubtedly responsible for the firm's gaudy and grandiloquent stock certificates, which compared Nobel favorably with Berthold Schwarz, the inventor of firearms; Nobel's "sunbeamed laboratory of chemical science," the certificates declared, was the true successor to Schwarz's "dark cell and alchemical kitchen," and nitroglycerin's superiority to gunpowder was immeasurably greater than that of a bullet to an Indian dart. Nor did Shaffner stop with promotion. A year after the formation of the company, Israel Hall quit as president be-





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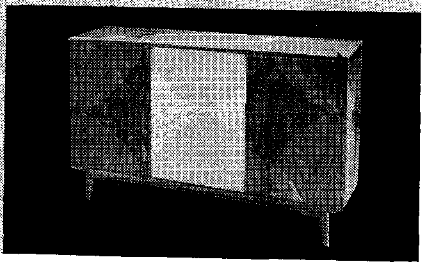

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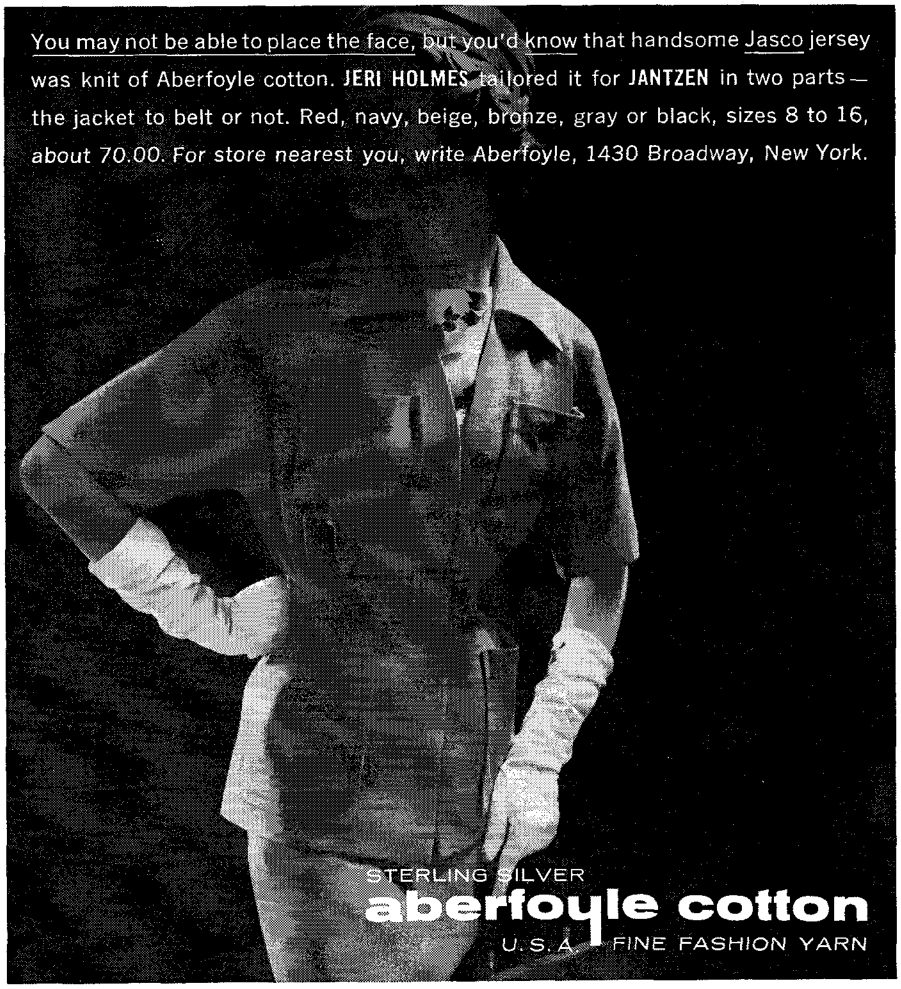

You may not be able to place the face, but you'd know that handsome Jasco jersey was knit of Aberfoyle cotton. JERI HOLMES tailored it for JANTZEN in two parts—the jacket to belt or not. Red, navy, beige, bronze, gray or black, sizes 8 to 16, about 70.00. For store nearest you, write Aberfoyle, 1430 Broadway, New York.

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cause of ill health, and Shaffner got himself elected to that office.

By then, Nobel was back in Europe. In July, 1866, after four months in America, he had set off for Germany to revive his shattered factory there, and soon afterward he had sent one of his top chemists to New York to help his American associates set up their factory. A site was chosen at Little Ferry, New Jersey, across the Hackensack River from Ridgefield Park, and Nobel shipped over some special manufacturing equipment, addressing it to Bürstenbinder. This caused a slight delay, since Bürstenbinder refused to turn over the equipment until Nobel sent him five per cent of the second ten thousand dollars, which Nobel had, of course, not yet received. The whole thing smacked of extortion, and Nobel did not give in to it; some satisfactory agreement must have been reached, however, for by 1867 a factory was in operation in Little Ferry. One of its first customers was the New York & Newark Railway, which was then about to blast the Bergen Tunnel, through the Palisades.

From the outset, Shaffner, as president of the Blasting Oil Company, showed that he was not primarily interested in producing nitroglycerin and Igniters. What he was interested in was setting off explosions himself for clients and collecting big fees, which he personally pocketed. He went around the country offering his services, and later bragged that he had set off "ten thousand blasting shots," mostly in the Pennsylvania oil fields. In this, he had some competition from independent operators who travelled around the oil fields in small wagons, lugging crude blasting devices called torpedoes with them and setting off explosions at cut-rate prices. These men were called moonlighters, because they were violating patent regulations and did most of their shooting at night, and as nitroglycerin came to smell more and more like money, their ranks swelled. Indeed, the whole explosives industry here went through a period of wild development, and Shaffner summed up the spirit of the times when he wrote, in a letter answering an attack on nitroglycerin, "You have styled nitroglycerin as a demon, *which means the devil. If you* are correct, I have had a curious associate. Nevertheless, I admire his or its potency."

The distributors of nitroglycerin—both the Blasting Oil Company and its competitors, fly-by-night or otherwise—persistently tried to evade the

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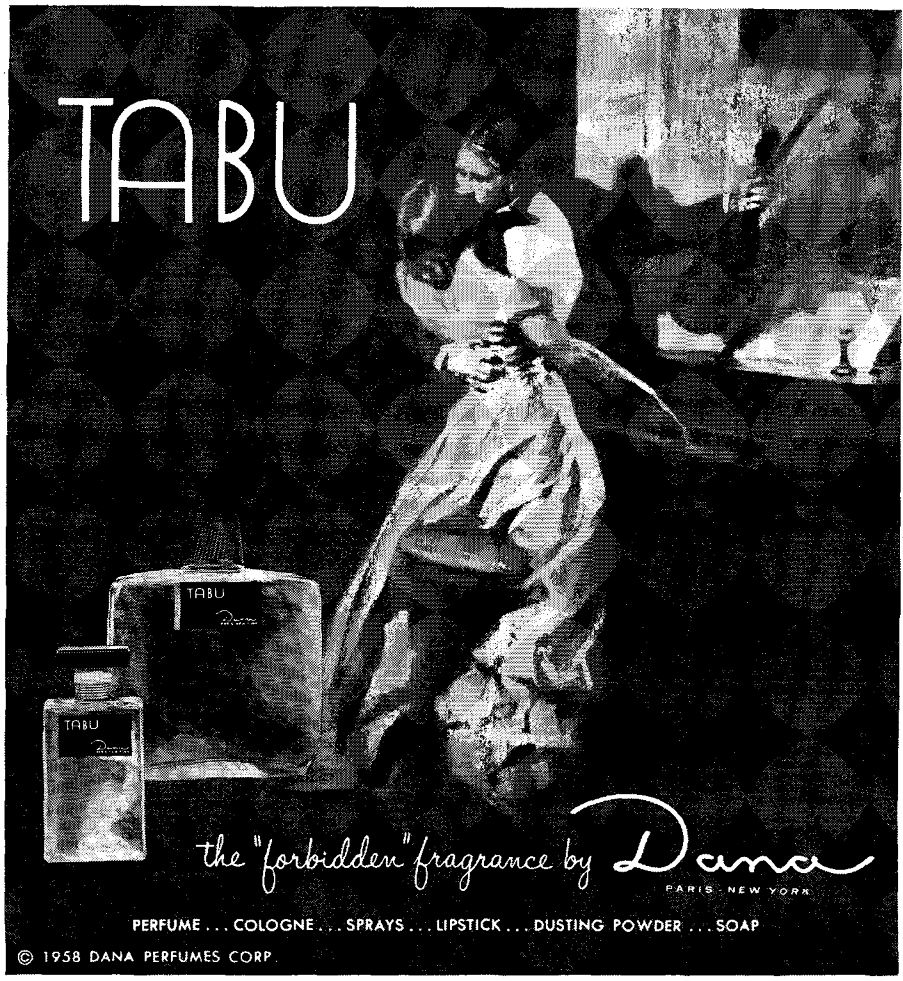

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the "forbidden" fragrance by Dana PARIS · NEW YORK

PERFUME . . . COLOGNE . . . SPRAYS . . . LIPSTICK . . . DUSTING POWDER . . . SOAP

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federal and state safety laws, and plenty of hair-raising stories made the rounds. One day, nine hundred gallons of nitroglycerin in barrels were loaded on an open cart at the Blasting Oil Company's factory, and the cart set off for Connecticut via the Nyack-Tarrytown ferry. Before the ferry left Nyack, some local citizens got wind of what was happening, and forced the wagon off the ferry. The wagon driver thereupon covered the barrels with straw, and the next day he crossed the river via the Forty-second Street ferry in Manhattan, and then proceeded bouncingly to his destination. Again, the captain of a ship in New York Harbor, upon learning that some nitroglycerin had been put aboard, ordered it placed in a small boat, which was rowed to the Battery and simply left there, pounding against the pier, until the harbor police happened along. Typical of the free-lance nitroglycerin salesmen of the day was Wilson Foss, later the national amateur billiard champion, who peddled the stuff itinerantly along the Hudson River. Foss, who had a small factory near Haverstraw, made deliveries in a rowboat, usually in thousand-pound loads. He would take off at dusk, row out into the middle of the river, catch a tow going in his direction, and, once he had tied on, roll up in a blanket and sleep until he reached his destination. Then he would cast off, make his delivery, and catch a tow home.

In time, Shaffner figured out a new way of diverting profits from the Blasting Oil Company to his own pockets. In 1868, he set up a firm called the Nitro-Glycerine Company of New York, with himself as president and principal owner, and he proceeded to lease to it nothing less than "all the United States Blasting Oil Company's patents for the whole United States, and also all the patents of Alfred Nobel and Col. Tal. P. Shaffner." The chief purpose of the Nitro-Glycerine Company was to issue licenses to independent operators of all sorts, permitting them to manufacture their own Igniters, and before long Shaffner was doing a spectacular amount of business, selling licenses to oilmen and miners as well as to relatives and friends. In effect, the parent company became simply a silent onlooker as its patent rights were dispersed with a free hand by a profligate offspring, and one of Nobel's associates wrote to another, "The scoundrels have transferred for a pittance to others the profit which is in the patents. The shareholders, of course, receive nothing. . . . Shaffner and his colleagues keep all the money." Shaffner personally designed a trademark for the Nitro-Glycerine Company. It was a grisly device, showing, among other things, a bomb with a snake coiled around it, a skeleton, and four death's-heads.

IN the late fall of 1866, Nobel, who had come to have serious qualms about transporting nitroglycerin in its pure state, was concentrating on finding an absorbent for the stuff that would make it safer and easier to handle. Several years before, he had begun thinking along the same lines, but the problem had not seemed so urgent then, and he had tackled it only intermittently. Now he was in earnest, and he quickly found a suitable absorbent—a porous silica called kieselguhr, which looks something like clay, and is found abundantly in northern Germany. Mixing it with nitroglycerin in a ratio of about one to two, Nobel produced a solid compound of relatively great stability. This he called dynamite. Dynamite was not quite as powerful as pure nitroglycerin, but it quickly proved more popular, for reasons of safety alone (it was, to be sure, responsible for some accidents, but it never had quite the uphill battle against government regulation that nitroglycerin had had), and Nobel's factories were soon turning out thousands of tons of it a year.

When it came to introducing dynamite to the United States, Nobel bypassed Shaffner and his other colleagues on the East Coast, and, instead, sent his assistant Winkler to California to set up a dynamite factory there. A few days after his arrival, in the summer of 1867, Winkler prepared three pounds of dynamite—the first ever made in America—in a San Francisco chemical plant, and demonstrated its virtues by blowing up some huge boulders along the right of way of the then embryonic Bay View Railroad. Three days later, the Giant Powder Company was formed, with the firm of Bandmann, Nielson acting as broker; Nobel got twenty thousand dollars in cash and two thousand shares—a third of the total number issued—with a par value of a hundred dollars each. Winkler was to have supervised the construction of a large factory, but a month later he died of typhoid fever, without having disclosed the dynamite formula to anyone. Nobel sent another chemist over, and a plant was built in what is now Golden Gate Park. Production began in March, 1868, and the first dynamite manufactured there was sold to gold miners in the California mountains. Two months

14th century manuscript painting
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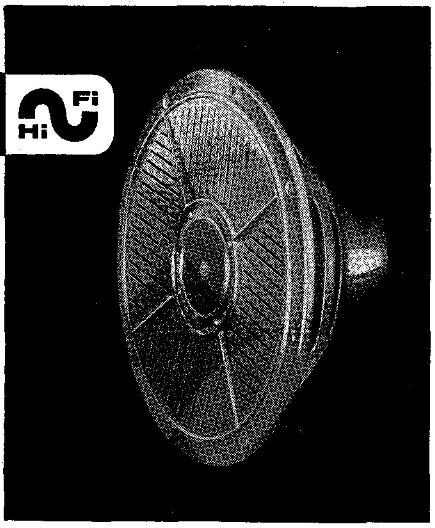

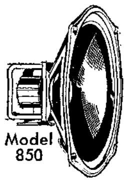

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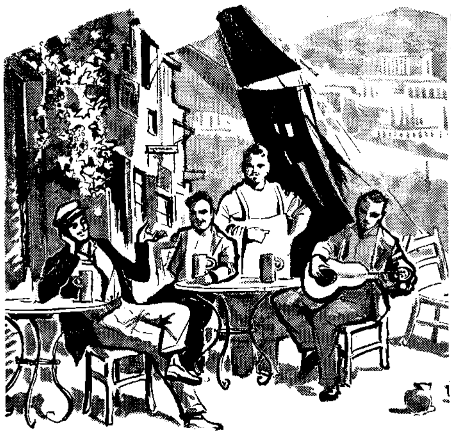

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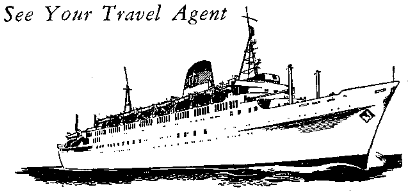

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later, Bandmann was authorized to apply for an American patent in Nobel's name, and Nobel gave the Giant Powder Company the right to make dynamite anywhere in the United States. Shaffner was furious. He insisted that the old Blasting Oil Company held the American rights to any and all of Nobel's inventions, and he demanded that Nobel pay damages to him. A little later, he claimed that he was the real inventor of dynamite, too, and threatened another patent suit. By this time, however, Nobel knew his man, and he wrote Shaffner that he no longer felt bound by any agreements the two of them had made, because Shaffner had violated so many of them. As it happened, the Giant Powder Company did not invade the East Coast until Shaffner was put out—or, rather, blown out—of business by three explosions, which took place at Little Ferry early in 1870. The first, in January, was a mild one, but the second, on March 17th, which started when a workman loading a sloop at the company pier dropped some cans of nitroglycerin, wrecked the factory and storage building. The workman was killed instantly, seven thousand gallons of the oil went up in an adjacent warehouse, and ultimately four more men lost their lives. The third explosion occurred in April, during the cleanup process, and two men were killed.

Since Shaffner's licensing deals had milked the company dry, it had no money for rebuilding; the only things of value it still possessed were some of Nobel's old patents. These, however, were enough to enable Shaffner to get his slice of the new dynamite profits. In November, 1870, the California men set up the Atlantic Giant Powder Company, to handle operations on the East Coast, and they decided that to avoid trouble in the future they had better gain control of the old patents. They succeeded, but not before Shaffner had brought off a series of typical maneuvers. First, he agreed to deliver the Blasting Oil Company to Atlantic Giant. Then he threw his company into bankruptcy, and sued it through a dummy for back salary and "advances" of twenty-nine thousand dollars. Finally, with the price of Blasting Oil stock depressed to about a dollar a share, he bought up enough of it to give him a controlling interest, and handed the company over to Atlantic Giant, which, in turn, gave him two thousand of its eight thousand original shares and twenty-five hundred dollars in cash. There was a lot of litigation after that ("The only wonder with

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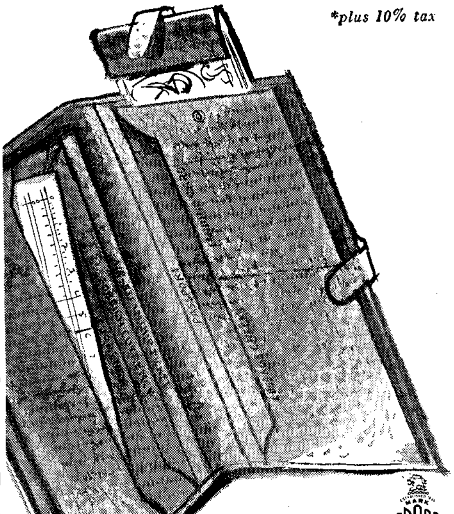

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the present laws of the State of New York is that half of the town does not live by having the other half arrested and fined on the plea of false pretenses," Nobel commented from across the ocean), but Shaffner came through it all with flying colors, even though one of the four wives he had collected en route managed to get some of his dynamite shares in return for dropping a bigamy charge against him.

Nobel never returned to America, and in 1885 he sold all his holdings here except some old, worthless United States Blasting Oil certificates, which he perhaps kept to remind him of Shaffner. He once wrote to a friend, "If you are at a loss for relining some old portmanteau, some of my Blasting Oil shares may be of service, and very neatly colored they are." The amount of money he made out of his American ventures was next to nothing compared to what his inventions earned him in Europe, but the lessons in human behavior that this country gave him, fairly early in his career, undoubtedly sharpened his talents for dealing with adventurers abroad. In any case, after he invented dynamite, his European business boomed enormously, and in the years between 1867 and 1874 he founded twelve explosives companies in ten different countries. Once he had seen the high-explosives industry solidly launched, he gradually lost interest in it, and began to cut most of his business connections. By the late eighteen-eighties, he had a new obsession, for which his name would become as famous as for any of the explosives he had invented. The obsession was peace.

—Robert Shaplen

(This is the first of two articles on the career of Alfred Nobel.)

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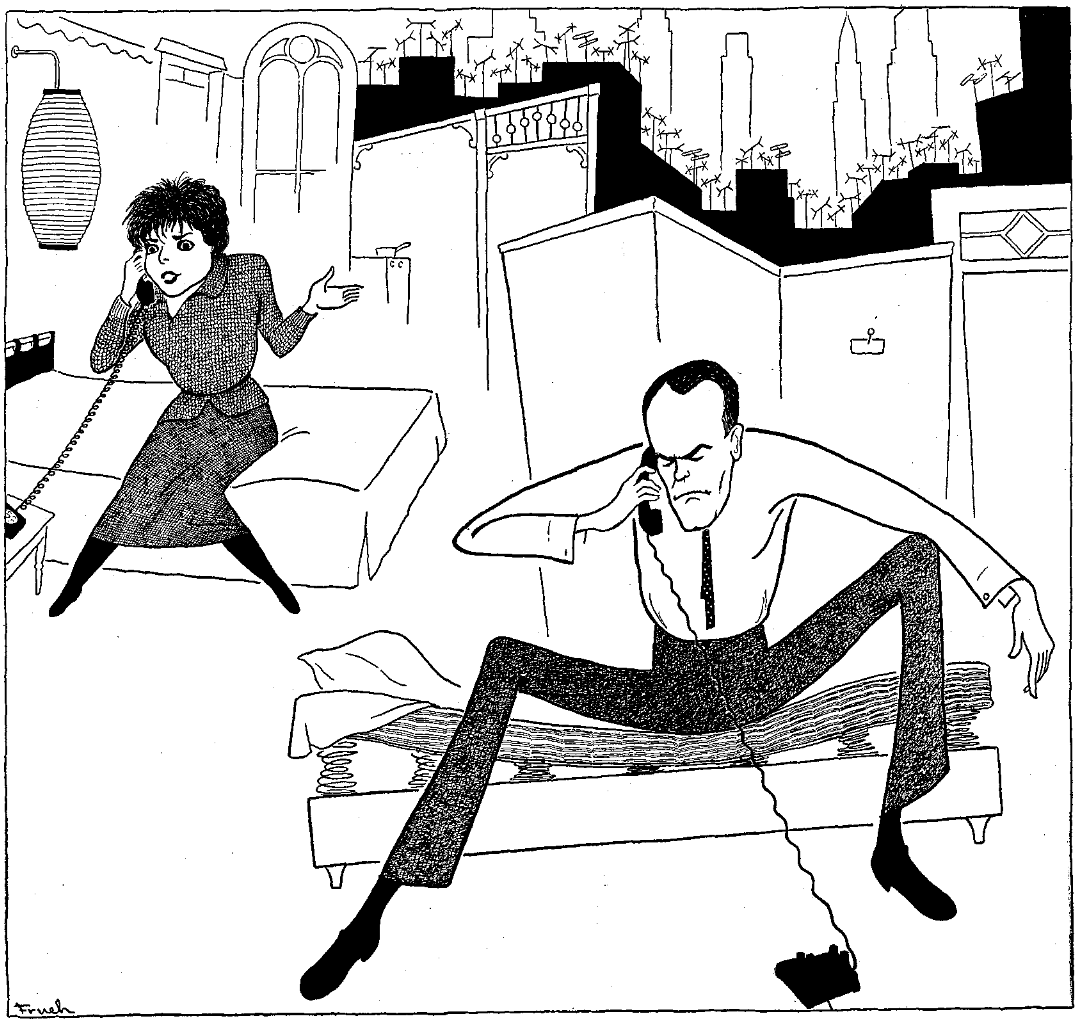
THE THEATRE

YOUNG SORROWS AND ADULT TECHNIQUES

A DEEP and, it seems to be suggested, a typical melancholy grips the minds of the child characters—there are three of them, all teen-aged—in "Blue Denim," by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble, which opened recently at the Playhouse. These children are not meant to be unusual. They live in normal health and circumstances (in Detroit, in the nineteen-fifties), and they find time to talk, work, and amuse themselves in familiar ways. But they are more or less steadily oppressed by a problem: the isolation, as they see it—and they see it and discuss it pretty clearly and explicitly—of their parents' generation from their own. The authors have prefaced their play with some lines of Dylan Thomas's about the briefness of the measure of happiness that "time allows . . . Before the children green and golden/Follow him out of grace." When "Blue Denim" gets under way, its children have already left euphoria, if they ever experienced it, far behind. They are aware of the grimness of existence even before two of them, a girl and a boy of sixteen or so, fall from grace, thoroughly and unluckily, together, at the end of the first act. In short, the play is never concerned, as the Thomas lines in the program might lead you to expect it to be, with a green and golden period of life. Mr. Herlihy and Mr. Noble have a more painful story of youth to tell, full of strains and cross-purposes, and although their plotting struck me as a bit ragged, and their language as generally plodding, they've done, on the whole, a moving and interesting job.

It's a home-bred state of loneliness, the play argues, that pushes the boy and the girl together, and a failure of faith and communication between generations that eventually warps and corrupts their love affair. All the children in "Blue Denim"—the third is another boy, a brash enough fellow at times, but at bottom uneasy and uncertain—are bleakly despondent about their parents, whose inadequacy they not only recognize but, in their own conversations, insist on, with a kind of mournful competitiveness. I take it, from the fact that the children are unremarkable in other respects, that the authors consider such feelings to be fairly widespread nowadays. One of their points, I think, is that a new equality or social shapelessness, based possibly on confusion and apathy, has served to strip parents of their prestige and influence, and that children, looking at them flatly and informally, are likely to form the gloomy idea that they are seeing their own future—that they themselves must someday become the same sort of people. Be that as it may, the teen-agers at the Playhouse have been given reason to be both lonely and pessimistic. Although their parents, like the children, are mainly unremarkable, they are broad types of the ineffectual and the inarticulate. The girl's father is perhaps a little special; under emotional pressure, as she points out, he weeps. The father of one of the boys is, his son rules firmly and sternly, a very small-time citizen. The parents of the second boy—they are the only ones who appear



"TWO FOR THE SEESAW"

These people are Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft, and one of the reasons they are so busy with their telephones is that they are the only characters who appear in William Gibson's comedy at the Booth.

on the stage and speak for themselves, at length—are a conventionally obtuse and good-hearted couple, who, however, fill him with dissatisfaction, and occasionally with despair. His attitude toward them, I should add, is not unmixed with tenderness. He does not care to have them kidded or patronized by outsiders, and, for that matter, he would like to be able to respect them himself.

Granting them the wretchedness that is called for by theme and plot, these children are a believable group, all in all, and well worth watching and listening to in the early, less dramatic and agonizing passages of the play. As time goes on, the rush of incident—pregnancy, forgery, theft, abortion, domestic explosions—is abrupt and strenuous in a way that doesn't, I felt, suit the essentially thoughtful mood of the piece in its best moments. Character begins to fall apart somewhat, and the authors fail to follow up loose ends of story. There is, for instance, an older sister whose personal adventures, involving a lover, a black eye, and a potential trip to Buffalo, were obscure to me at all times. I suppose the later episodes of "Blue Denim" might have been less coherent than they are but for the direction by Joshua Logan. The single setting, by Peter Larkin, is compact and appropriately glum. I liked all the performers. Chester Morris and June Walker, as the only visible parents, do excellent work in parts that were, it may be, indistinct and over-representative in the writing. Carol Lynley, Burt Brinckerhoff, and Warren Berlinger play the three melancholy children, and each of them is fine.

"Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?," which arrived at the Martin Beck last week, probably in six or eight streamlined trucks (carrying equipment), a chartered bus (carrying the personnel), and a trailer (carrying the title), is a monument to the spirit of this age of commercial and mechanical wonders. It ("it" is a narrow word to describe Norman Krasna's new comedy, but I shall try to make it do) contains twenty-one actors and, officially, thirteen scenes. The latter count, I should judge, is a cagey understatement, perhaps intended to mislead Russia; there were times when I could make out four scenes on the stage simultaneously. The scenery, which is the work of a man, or possibly a group, named Rouben Ter-Arutunian, is controlled by a number of miracles of modern engineering, among

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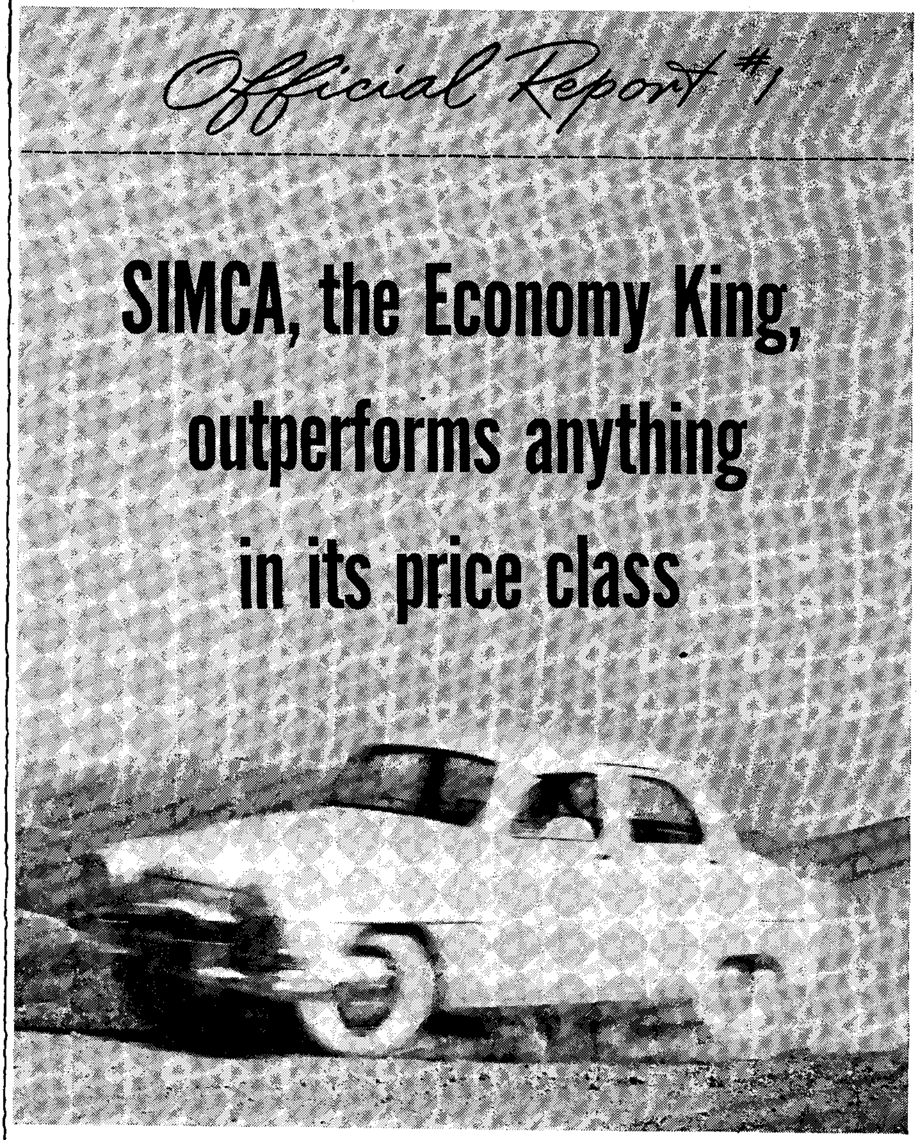

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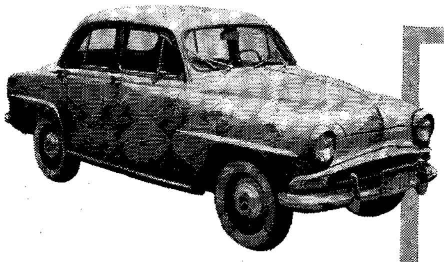

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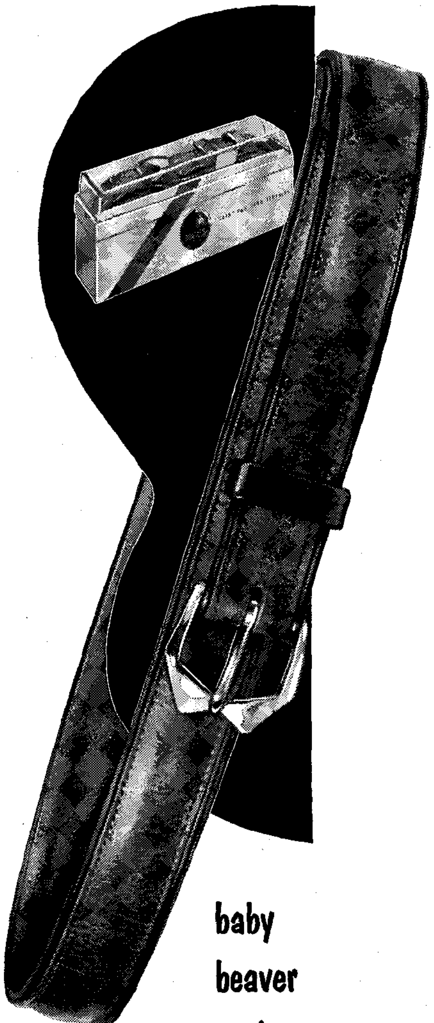

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which I identified a ski lift, a trolley turntable, a vertical waffle iron, a hydromatic gearshift, several coal chutes, and a set of those small windows you find in the Automat, usually in front of a salami-and-pickle sandwich or a piece of custard pie. The play matches the settings in efficiency and shininess. Loosely speaking, I would liken it to a giant tube of toothpaste from which the contents are squeezed smoothly and evenly in a gleaming and endless (or nearly endless) ribbon, with a stripe in it.

Mr. Krasna, as you must know by now, is one of the world's foremost experts in the manipulation of this kind of product. If it were possible to summarize the plot of "Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?" briefly, I would try. But the author has carefully and manfully made certain that it can't be done, so I shall merely say that his principal characters are a college professor, the professor's wife, a television playwright, and members of a certain well-known and lovable federal investigative agency, and that in the process of driving these people over Ter-Arutunian's mechanized steeplechase course Mr. Krasna has generated a surefire laugh every twenty-eight seconds. I congratulate him on his consistency, and, even more warmly, on his leading players. These are Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, as the professor and his wife; Ray Walston, as the TV writer; and Roland Winters, as a patient federal sleuth. Considering all phases of the play, Mr. Hayes and Miss Healy are in some ways its most important assets. The former brings to his part an intelligence and a high-comedy style that, at many points, it is barely strong enough to support. The latter is refreshingly buoyant and beautiful from start to finish. And—as I've been meaning to say, if I haven't—from start to finish at the Martin Beck these days is quite a distance. —JOHN LARDNER

•

O'Rourke told the officers Sullivan came into the store about 7 P.M. holding his hand under his coat as though concealing a gun. The manager said Sullivan stated, "This is a stickup. Give me the money or I'll blow your head off."

O'Rourke said he handed the man the money from the cash register and the man ran out the door.

and will be starting his sixth two-year term as an alderman from Trinidad's first ward.—*Denver Post.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Home-Town Boy

MY own cautious opinion of Silky Sullivan, who won the Santa Anita Derby last weekend, is that he is a pretty likely three-year-old. Since he is a homebred Californian and his technique reminds enthusiastic racegoers out there of Malicious, their stretch-running idol of a dozen years ago, I'm not surprised that they've gone gaga over him and are already claiming that he's as good as Seabiscuit or Swaps. Of course, he isn't. Still, there's no getting away from the fact (as if anyone wanted to) that he has a remarkable way of going. You may remember that at the end of six furlongs in the California Breeders' Champion Stakes last month he was thirty lengths behind the leaders, then gave out with an amazing burst of speed and came within a neck of beating Old Pueblo to the wire. (Clockers say he did the last quarter in twenty-three seconds flat.) His performance in his last start before the Derby was even more extraordinary; at the halfway mark in a race at six and a half furlongs he was about forty lengths behind, yet he won by half a length. It takes quite a runner to make up ground like that. It was much the same story in the Santa Anita Derby, except that this time he trailed by only twenty lengths for the first half of the mile and a furlong. He was next to last of the ten contestants when Shoemaker steered him around the stretch turn. Well, he won by more than three lengths from his stablemate Harcall, while Aliwar, who had led for a mile, was third. Old Pueblo weakened and finished fourth, which, I fancy, finishes him as a prospect for the Kentucky Derby.

No doubt about it, California has a new hero. After all, there is nothing in racing more enthralling than to see a racer turn a forlorn hope into an astonishing victory. So I venture to predict that Silky Sullivan will have a big following in Kentucky, especially since the long stretch at Churchill Downs should suit him to a T. For what it's worth, paddock gossips say he runs the way he does because he's touched in the wind and needs a long time to get going. That's hard to believe. Anyhow, I'll string along with Reggie Cornell, his trainer, who says that if anything ails

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the colt, he wishes the rest of his horses had it, too.

It's not easy to see from Silky Sullivan's pedigree where he got his power. Sullivan, his sire, who raced both here and in his native Ireland, was no more than a useful sprinter, and Lady N Silk, his dam, never won a race and has never foaled anything else of consequence. From all accounts, though, this colt is a big, good-looking fellow, which, I suppose, is why Tom Ross and Phil Klipstein, a couple of California racing men, gave $10,700 for him as a yearling. So far, they've got better than 10–1 for their money. I've heard that just before the Derby they refused an offer of $350,000 for him. I wonder—and I'm quoting an old horse trader—whether it's better to sell and be sorry or save and be sorry.

RACING in Florida has moved over to Gulfstream Park, where most of the horses who ran at Hialeah are in action, some of them making up for lost opportunities. On opening day, Jovial Jove sprang a mild surprise in the Armed Handicap, and last Saturday One-Eyed King, who hadn't been in the money since Belmont last fall, caught Encore, winner of two stakes at Hialeah, in the last strides of the Magic City Handicap and paid $60.60 in the two-dollar mutuels. To wind things up at Hialeah, Pardala won the Black Helen Handicap, and a Chilean racer named Meeting, who may be worth remembering, set a track record of 2:27⅘ for a mile and a half to win the Hialeah Turf Handicap.

FROM time to time, Colonel Martingale has called attention to repeaters at Bowie. Well, early in the meeting Movitave won the Miss Maryland Stakes, and last weekend she beat Gay Warbler, Derry, and eight other fillies and mares in the Barbara Fritchie Handicap. She might well have beaten Venomous, too, if Venomous, who had come up from Florida for the race, hadn't been scratched. Who knows? Anyhow, she's a nice filly.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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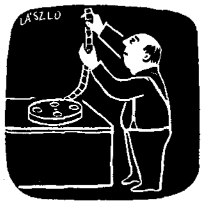
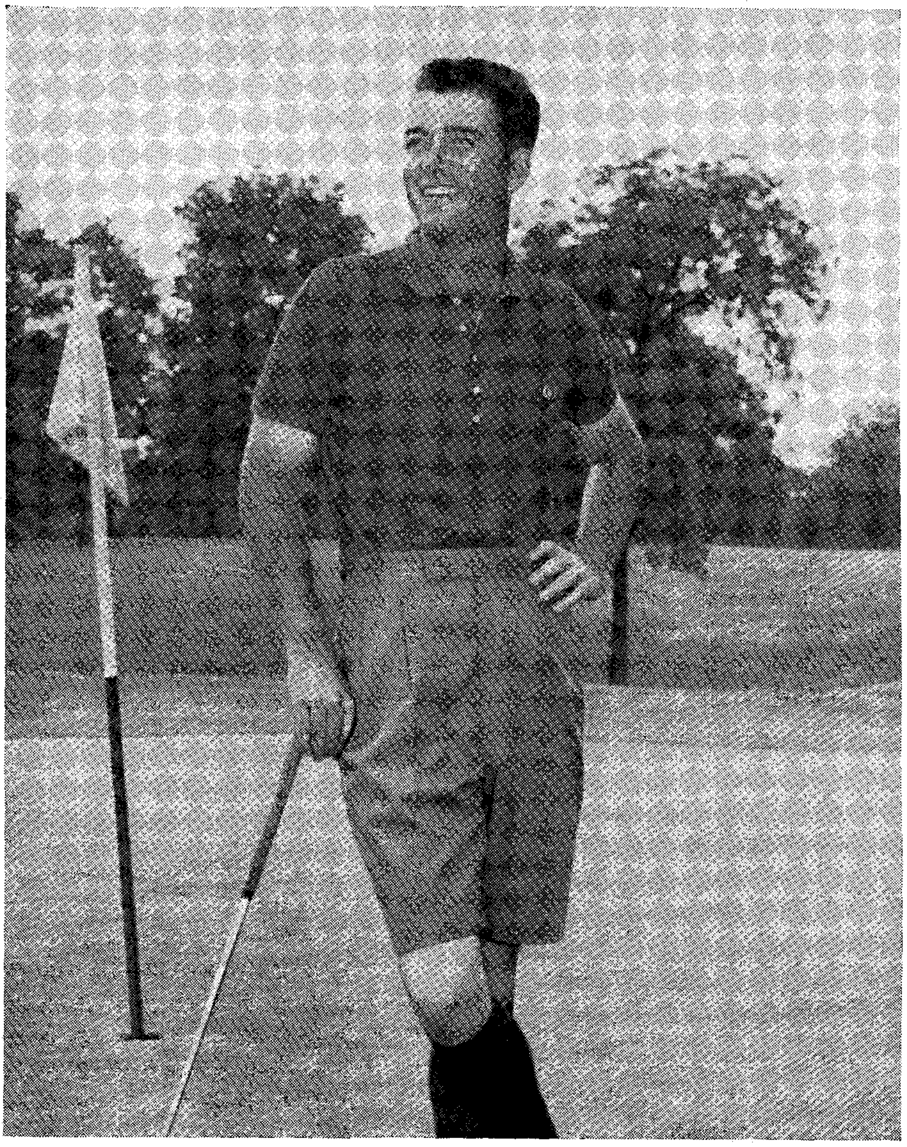


IN "I Accuse!," Alfred Dreyfus, the French General Staff captain who was falsely accused of being in treasonable cahoots with the Germans along toward the end of the nineteenth century, is played by José Ferrer, who also directed the picture. Dreyfus, as represented by Mr. Ferrer, is a dull, dedicated military hack, bucking for rank, believing in the Army code, and distinguishable from other scrabblers among the brass only by the fact that he is the first Jew to rub shoulders with the archangels of the French military hierarchy. It is possible, and, indeed, probable, that Dreyfus was just such a dreary man; in any event, as soon as he was vindicated, he promptly rejoined the Army as a major, and he wound up his days as an honorably retired member of the service whose higher echelons had done so much to disgrace him.

Obviously, if we are to concentrate on the victim, as Mr. Ferrer has done, instead of on the forces that made him a victim, the Dreyfus affair boils down to a man wronged by circumstances and then restored to social grace by the almost fortuitous intervention of some interested bystanders who were upset by the injustice done to him personally. Actually, the Dreyfus case that Emile Zola, Georges Clemenceau, Anatole France, and Jean Jaurès took up was not simply an exercise in rescuing an individual but an attempt to root out a corruption that had permeated the whole structure of the Third Republic. All this is, of course, elementary history, but Mr. Ferrer skirts around the subject without ever getting to the nub of its large implications. In extenuation of his interpretation of the Dreyfus case, it must be said that the script—provided by Gore Vidal and based on a book by Nicholas Halasz—doesn't give him many opportunities to examine the major aspects of the affair. But even when he has a chance to look at the real principals in the case, his camera always seems itchy to get back to Dreyfus as portrayed by himself. Since Mr. Ferrer's captain is such a deadly middle-class soul, he's a hard man to watch for any length of time, and the military shenanigans that go on—court-martial,



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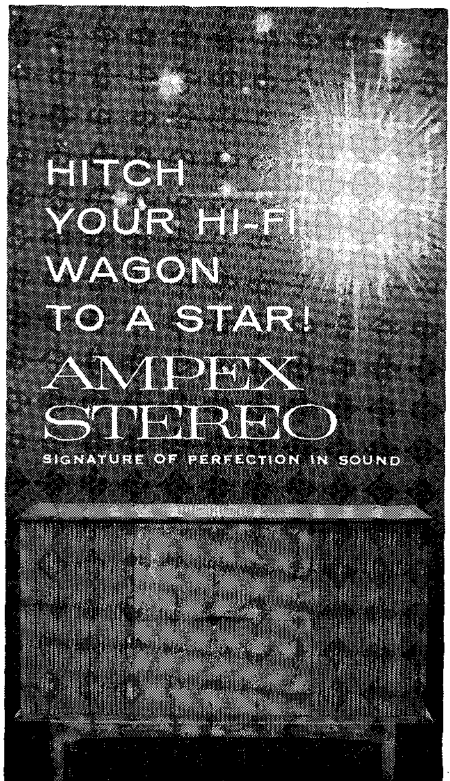

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divestment of rank, and so on—are so flatly preposterous that any chance of irony or excitement is hopelessly lost. Again, when he has accepted a pardon and come home to his wife and two children, Mr. Ferrer's Dreyfus is as tiresome as he was in the good old days when he was one of the strictest disciplinarians in the French Army. By way of acting assistants in "I Accuse!," Mr. Ferrer has assembled Anton Walbrook, to play Major Esterhazy, the real traitor; Leo Genn, to play Major Picquart, who supported Dreyfus; Donald Wolfit, to play General Mercier, the trickster of the trial; and Emlyn Williams, to play Zola. Mr. Wolfit does the cad in fine style, and Mr. Williams makes Zola look and sound a lot like Mr. Williams when he is trying to look and sound like Charles Dickens.

"DÉMONIAQUE," a French film written by Pierre Boileau, Thomas Narcejac, and Luis Saslavsky, and directed by the last, is an attempt to do another bloodcurdler like "Diabolique," which derived from a book by Boileau and Narcejac. The attempt fails, I'm afraid, because its authors have let their inventiveness get out of hand. The piece has to do with the adventures of a pianist (François Périer) who, appalled when the chum with whom he has just escaped from a Nazi prison camp is crushed under a train, decides to visit the fellow's sweetheart—a girl who has never seen the late lamented but has had a heady pen-pal correspondence with him. Not only does he visit the sweetheart but he also assumes the identity of his chum, partly to keep the girl happy and partly to get an easy billet. The young lady is compatible, but her sister, who claims to be clairvoyant, doesn't want the two to get together. Then along comes the sister of the dead man, who, surprisingly, accepts the impostor as her true-blue brother. The problem is: Who is kidding whom? The movie is woefully confused in the matter of plot, but it does supply a good many sinister atmospheric effects in its principal setting, a spooky old country house. The ladies assisting M. Périer—Micheline Presle, Jeanne Moreau, and Madeleine Robinson—are all worthy, even though it is hard to put any credence in the characters they represent. —JOHN McCARTEN

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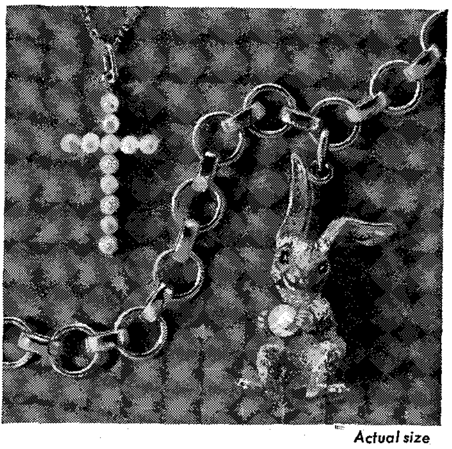

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THE PIGEON LOFT

OUT-of-doors, there was a cool Paris night, smelling of wet asphalt and June leaves, but in the dining room of my French mother-in-law's apartment, on the Rue Piccini, the air was unpleasantly hot. A wood fire blazed on the hearth, and my place at table was directly in front of it. “I know all about your steam-heated houses in America, and I should never forgive myself if you caught cold here,” *Maman* had told me graciously. So I sat and endured the fire. Finally, Paul, my husband, got up, pushed aside the heavy curtains at one of the windows, and opened it, allowing a little air to filter through the slits in the shutters. “Now your wife will sit in a draft,” *Maman* said.

This was the middle twenties, and Paul and I had just been married. Of the three of us, *Maman* was perhaps the only one fully at ease that evening. With the light from the hanging lamp frosty on her hair, and the rosebuds Paul had brought her pinned at her breast, she sat in her high-backed chair as if she were posed for her portrait, or, more appropriately, as if she were only waiting for a cue to break into song—for, with *Maman*, song was never far away; she and her late husband had been opera singers.

“I suppose a maid's room goes with that modern apartment your wife has found for you,” she said, still addressing Paul.

My husband and I exchanged discreet glances; we had been waiting for this. “Yes, indeed,” I said, answering for him. “There's one on the top floor. *All* the maids' rooms are there.”

“Just as I thought,” *Maman* said crisply. “All the servants in the building up under the roof together. And they call that progress!”

“I know,” I said. “It's disgraceful there shouldn't be heat or light up there, or even water, except for one lone faucet, but the rooms themselves—”

“Disgraceful?” *Maman* repeated.

“If the maids' rooms were too comfortable, they'd be in them all the time, *n'est-ce pas*, *Maman*?” Paul said slyly.

“I didn't mean anything of the sort, but it's probably quite true,” *Maman* said. She paused to reflect. “You might rent out the maid's room, of course,” she added.

“But why on earth would we rent it?” I asked. “There's no place for our cook in the apartment.”

“There! You see?” She looked triumphantly from Paul to me. “If you both weren't hypnotized by *modernisme*, you'd have taken that nice apartment I found for you. You'd have had space enough for everyone. You wouldn't have had to put your servant up in a loft with all the rest of them. And it would have been cheaper, too.”

“If you don't count the price of fuel for eight fireplaces and the kitchen stove,” said Paul, under his breath.

A short while before our wedding, Paul and *Maman* and I had gone to look at an apartment that she had announced was just the place for us. It was on the Rue de Longchamp, not far from the Rue Piccini. (This was among its advantages.) The day was one of those spring days when the air of Paris seems relaxed—when the horse chestnuts are in broad, dark leaf and there is a faint, luminous haze over everything—but when we entered the apartment, it was like taking a backward step into the winter. The place felt clammy, and, being on the ground floor, was dark. “No stairs, you observe,” *Maman* said brightly. She lived on the ground floor herself.

There were twice as many rooms as we needed. “Don't you think it's intended for people with children?” I asked. “Or people who can afford several servants?”

“Servants are cheap if you bring them from the country,” *Maman* said, adding severely, “And I hope that you and Paul don't intend to remain single—well, you know what I mean—all your life.”

“How could we heat all this without a furnace?” I asked.

“Who wants to heat a whole apartment?” *Maman* said. “You needn't be everywhere at once. Let me see. . . .” She puckered her forehead and looked administrative. “Paul could use one of the rooms on the court as a study, and with a fire there and another in the bedroom you would be quite comfortable. You wouldn't need a fire in the salon or the dining room until just before dinner.”

Of course, she knew as well as Paul and I did that the apartment was not suitable for us, but she went firmly on, and, to spare her feelings, Paul let her talk until we came to the room she had recommended as a study for him. There

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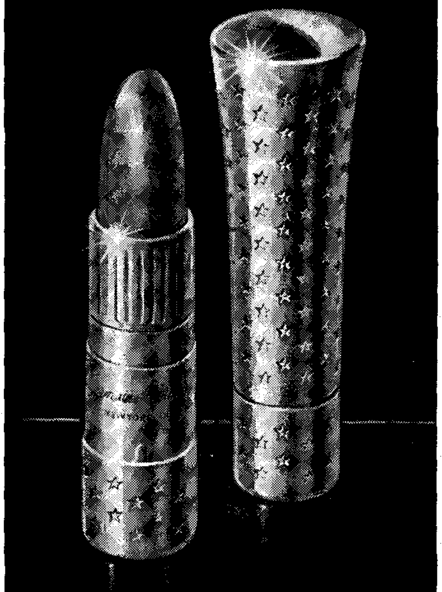

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he stopped on the threshold. "No!" he said. "*That* settles it!" He pointed to the window, which looked out on a damp gray court and a wall hung with ivy. Across the window was a row of vertical iron bars. "I spent my childhood in a room like this, and I don't intend to live behind bars again."

He said it exaggeratedly, for drama and for humor, but still there was something heartfelt in his tone. His mother gave him one bitterly reproachful glance. "Oh, Paul, how could you? Your lovely little room!" she cried, and burst into tears.

After that, Paul and I had done our house hunting alone. We had found an apartment, finally, on the southwestern rim of the city, with a view across the plain of Issy and Clamart to the heights of Meudon, but it was not to be ready for us until fall. When, that June night, at dinner, we told all this to *Maman*, she remarked at once that our undistinguished neighborhood was about as far from *her* part of Paris as it could be. (This was true.) She added that she assumed the place was modern, and hence cramped for space. Later, and more resignedly, she noted that at least we had a reprieve from it until fall, and so could spend the summer with her at Sainte-Croix, in the Ariège Pyrenees. While we were there, she went on, she would find us a cook. Her own servants, with the exception of Julia, her present cook, had always been recruited in the Pyrenees. Generally she engaged them young, she said, in order to train them herself, but this would not be possible in our case, because the maid's room would be up on the seventh floor, with the rooms of all the other servants in the building. "You can't put a young country girl up there in that— that—"

"Pigeon loft?" Paul said.

"*Parfaitement!*" *Maman* made a few pungent comments on the private ways of pigeons. "Your cook must be someone of a certain age. Perhaps I can find a widow."

"A widow like Julia?" Paul asked, for the adventures of Julia were as celebrated in the family as her cooking. His mother affected not to hear.

THAT summer, I learned two things about the Department of Ariège: that it was one of the loveliest regions in France, and that a good many of its inhabitants yearned desperately to leave it. "They're sick of clay soil and vertical fields," Paul told me. "They long for the plains, and for earth you can—as they say—plow with a finger-

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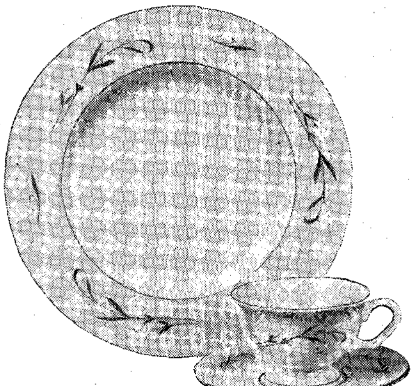

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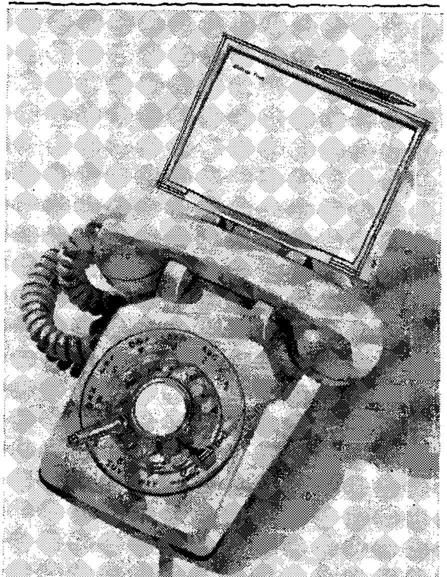

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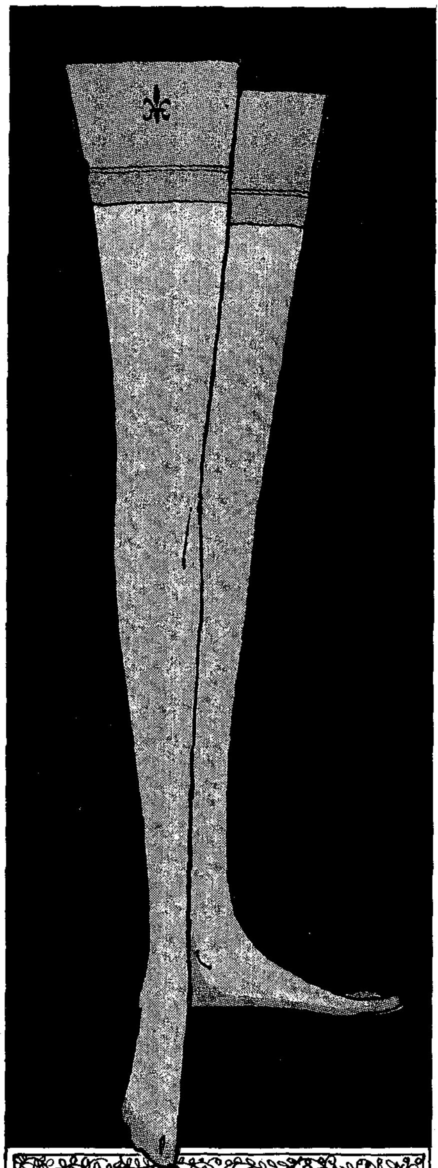

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nail." Some, he said, migrated to the flat wheat country of the Beauce, but still more gave up farming for good and became gendarmes, customs clerks, postmen, or schoolteachers. Or cooks. He assured me there would be no lack of candidates for our job.

But the summer wore along and none of the candidates—there *were* a number—satisfied *Maman*. Then, barely a week before we were to return to Paris, I was summoned from the hillside garden by a servant, who said that our cook had come, and that *Maman* and she were waiting for me in the dining room. I went there, and saw, besides *Maman*, four people: a neat, dark woman in her thirties; a sandy-haired man, who appeared much older; and two very neat, scrubbed children—a boy and a girl.

"Everything is settled," *Maman* announced, from the Louis XIII chair on which she sat enthroned. "This is Mme. Anna Prince. She and her little boy will go with you to Paris. Her husband, M. Hector Prince, and their daughter will remain for the present on their farm."

"To cultivate my garden," M. Prince said, in a French so precise and polished that for a moment I took the quotation to be intentional. (It was not, as I soon realized.) Nothing about him remotely suggested the *cultivateur*. The "weary Gaul" (as Paul later came to call him privately) had a long, drooping mustache, a watery blue eye, and a hand that shook noticeably when he extended it to me.

The introductions were the merest formalities. There was no need for more negotiation; everything, as *Maman* had said, was already settled. When the Princes left, I asked for more information about my prospective cook and her family, and learned from Paul that M. Prince had been a sergeant in the Infanterie Coloniale. That was all he thought it necessary to tell me, but *Maman* went a little further. Former Sergeant Prince had been his wife's mistake. "Anna thought she was marrying a 'monsieur,' but she has had to support him ever since," *Maman* said. "It's true that the man has amazingly good manners." Now, after years of trying to make a small market garden pay, Anna Prince was ready to enter service as a cook. However, since she did not want to break up the family longer than was necessary to get a little money, her stay with us would probably be temporary.

It proved to be temporary indeed. Paul and I were barely settled in Paris, with Anna Prince to look after us (and I was finding it pleasant, and very

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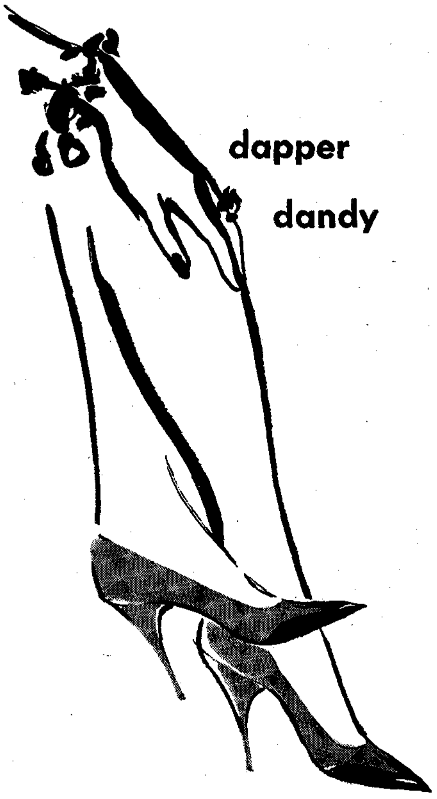

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French, to have a little boy in a black pinafore around the apartment), when trouble started in the southwest. *Maman*, naturally, heard of it at once. "You don't suppose for a moment that, with half the village in our employ at one time or another, I'm not kept informed of what goes on at Sainte-Croix?" she said.

M. Prince, it appeared, was longing for Paris. His yearning had taken the form of letters, written in a beautiful round hand, that had been reaching Anna (unbeknownst to Paul and me but not to *Maman*) at a constantly accelerating rate. At the same time, he was converting into *eau de vie* everything negotiable that came to hand.

I asked Anna if all this was true. She said it was. "It's because he has instruction," she told me tearfully. "He says he'll die if he has to stay there much longer, with only peasants to talk to."

None of us wished M. Prince to die, or Anna to remain distraught, but I could not see an immediate solution. *Maman* could. She summoned us to dinner. It behooved us, she said, to make new plans. In fact, the plans were already made. She had made them. Since our concierge was retiring, quite providentially, to the country (neither Paul nor I had heard of this), she had persuaded our landlord to let Anna Prince have the job. And since the concierge's *loge*, though spacious as such quarters went, was hardly big enough for Anna, her husband, and their two children, *Maman* had obtained from the same accommodating gentleman ("a charming person, who has applauded me often in the past") the promise of a room for M. Prince and his son up in the pigeon loft. "So you see, it's all settled," she concluded. "Anna will tend the furnace and clean stairways. M. Prince can distribute mail and run errands. And you—"

"Yes, what about us?" Paul asked.

"I was coming to that," his mother said, with some impatience. "You can expect your new cook at the end of the week. You understand that, with things as they are, we have to take what we can get. The girl is Anna's niece, and her name is Honorine."

SO Honorine came into our life—eighteen, fresh from a mountain farm, and beautiful. As Paul pointed out, everything about her called for clichés: hair the color of ripe wheat, eyes like stars, the figure of a goddess (and the heroic size of one), and a dewy look of innocence. "What a shame the child hasn't a voice!" *Maman* said, for

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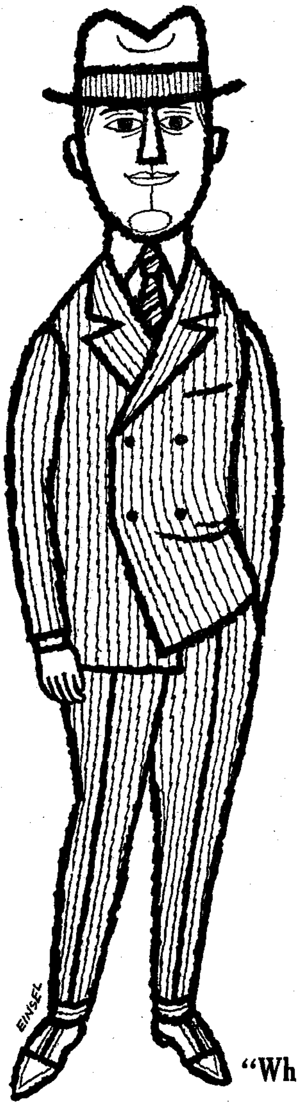

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though Honorine did have a voice of sorts—deep-throated, husky, and uneven—it was one she had got from a childhood spent shouting at oxen. Paul called it a visceral voice, and said it would be effective on the stage—a remark that annoyed *Maman*, as he intended it should.

"In any case, we are fortunate in having M. Prince in that pigeon loft of yours," *Maman* said. "Under normal conditions, he's a very proper person, and he can keep an eye on Honorine. She will need it."

For several weeks after Honorine's advent, *Maman* spent nearly all her waking hours at our apartment, training her. To Honorine, cooking, like other housework, was something you did in odd moments after the oxen, the pigs, and the geese had been attended to. "It won't take me half an hour a day to do all that has to be done *here*," she had announced when she first saw the apartment.

"Oh, yes!" *Maman*, who, of course, was present, had said. "Soup in the kettle, a whisk of the broom on the kitchen floor, and beds never made except when the sheets are changed! In Paris, we don't live like that, *ma fille*."

And, in due course, having organized Honorine's work, *Maman* moved on to take up the matter of her leisure. "Never leave her with time on her hands, or you'll regret it," she warned me. "Besides, it's for her own good. What would she do with leisure? Now, let's reflect. There can't be much mending to do. Everything you have is new. But we might set her to making shirts for Paul or lingerie for you."

"Does she know how to sew?" I asked.

"If not, you can teach her." *Maman* flashed a smile at me; her antipathy to needlework was notorious.

"Maybe she knits," I said.

"She could knit you a suit," *Maman* said, after thought. "A suit would take a long time."

Paul had come into the room while we were talking. "Why not have her knit for charity?" he said. "That could go on forever."

"Certainly! The very thing!" *Maman* cried, and at once ordered a generous supply of wool—wool for *œuvres de bienfaisance*—from one of the big department stores. It proved to be coarse and harsh; some of it was a dirty gray, the rest an equally dirty red. Honorine took one look at it. "I'll crochet a rug for the kitchen," she said. The rug was finished in a week.

Honorine's cooking, for all *Maman's*

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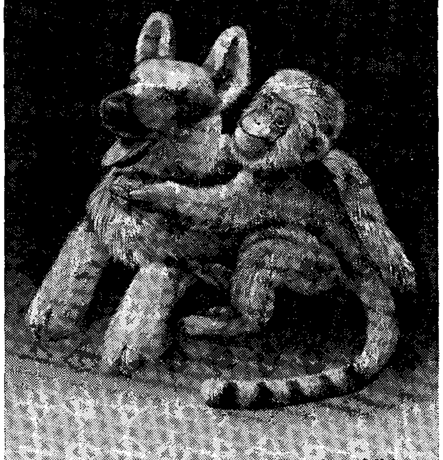

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instruction, remained unpredictable. This, *Maman* contended, was as much my fault as Honorine's. With my Anglo-Saxon ignorance of food, how could I hope to develop a *cordon bleu* cook?

Having been pursuing this thought one day at lunch, she said suddenly, "I can't tell you how sorry I am that Célestine isn't a cook."

"Célestine?" Paul looked bewildered.

"But of course you know Célestine," *Maman* said. "The seamstress at Sainte-Croix, who helps out the postman."

"The postman-tailor," Paul explained to me.

"Yes," *Maman* said. "Well, she's in Paris now, with her husband. They're looking for work. I've got Anna Prince to arrange with a neighbor of yours to rent them his apartment's maid's room, on your top floor."

I counted in my head. Seven persons had come to our building from Ariège since we moved in, and Honorine had asked me only that morning if she could have her young brother visit her for a while. "We're getting to be a suburb of Sainte-Croix," I said.

"Paris is a suburb of a good many places," said Paul. "That's how it was peopled. Look at us."

"What utter nonsense!" said *Maman*. "On my side, the family has *always* been Parisian, and you, Paul, are no more Ariégeois than I am. What if your poor father did come from Toulouse? Toulouse isn't Ariège. Besides, he was an only child."

SO the pigeon loft had received two new tenants and was waiting to receive a third when Paul and I went off for a duck-shooting trip with his uncle in the bay of the Somme. On our return, my first impression of Honorine was that she had grown prettier, if possible, and that she seemed less exuberant and more grown up. I mentioned the change to *Maman*. "That's Paris," *Maman* said, her tone indicating that I should have expected it all along, as she had. "These country girls acquire the stamp at once."

But there were other changes as well. Honorine had always stuck close to her kitchen; now I noticed that she was out of the apartment a great deal. Whenever she could, she would vanish downstairs, ostensibly to see Anna Prince, or upstairs, to see Célestine. The visits to Anna I laid to homesickness, those to Célestine to the fact that Célestine was teaching her to sew. Next, I found that Honorine had been neglecting the

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weekly accounts. This was not wholly new; all along, she had bungled arithmetic and forgotten to write things down, but now I discovered that she had kept no accounts at all while Paul and I were away. She said the expense book had lost itself.

I was put out, but then I was mollified, because Honorine was contrite. When I presented her, sternly, with a new account book, she presented me with a peace offering. It was a hard sausage—*spécialité des Pyrénées*—which, she said, her brother had brought with him from Sainte-Croix.

"Your brother?" I asked. "Is he here?" I had forgotten all about him.

Honorine's gaze was as limpid as a mountain spring. Yes, indeed, Brother Jean had come, she said. He had, in fact, reached Paris the very day Monsieur and Madame left town, and had got a job right away.

"I thought he might still be in school," I said.

"Oh, no!" said Honorine. "Jean already has his *certificat d'études.*"

A few days passed. *Maman* heard that Jean was with us. She was sure that he was an assassin whom we had naïvely allowed to be introduced into our pigeon loft. My own impression was that he was too young to be a real assassin, but still I had not yet seen him. To satisfy *Maman,* Paul and I told Honorine we must meet him at once—that day. She burst into tears and declared that this was impossible. He worked long hours. It would have to be on a Sunday.

Several Sundays passed, and we had not met Honorine's brother. Then, one night when Paul and I were to meet at *Maman's* for dinner, Paul arrived looking amused. "Didn't you say Honorine's brother was a little chap?" he asked me.

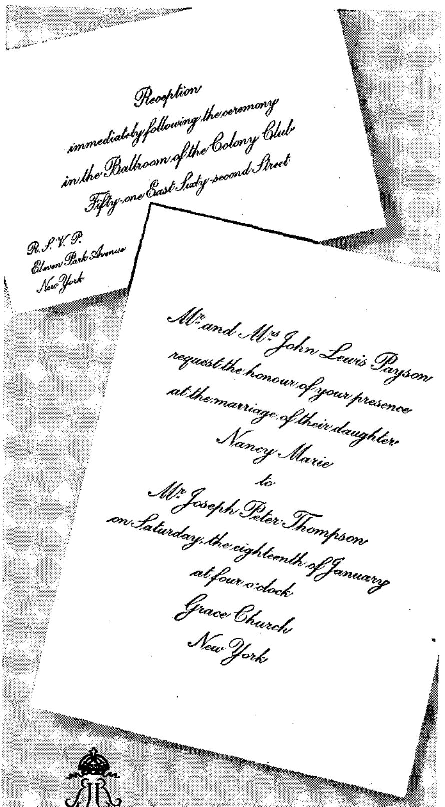
"I guessed about fourteen," I said. "She says he's finished primary school."

"He's twenty, at least, and as big as I am," Paul said. "I just met the two of them as I left home." He grinned. "Best not inquire how they've fitted him into the pigeon loft."

There was a thoughtful silence. I was beginning to understand, or to suspect that I understood, the change in Honorine. It was *Maman* who spoke first. "Paul, the boy cannot possibly be twenty," she said firmly. "He's younger than Honorine."

"He's too big for fourteen, that's certain," Paul said.

"Of course he's big," said *Maman.* "Look at his sister. However, he may also be precocious, and you don't want



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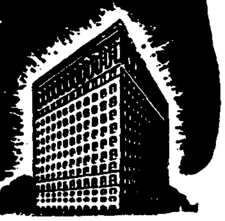

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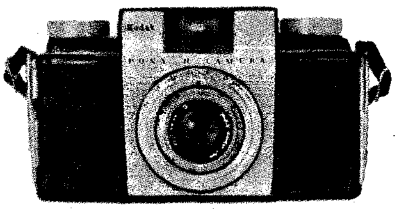

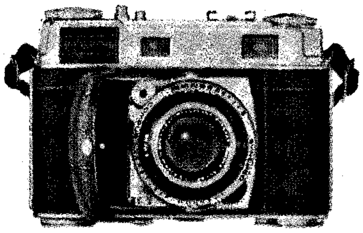

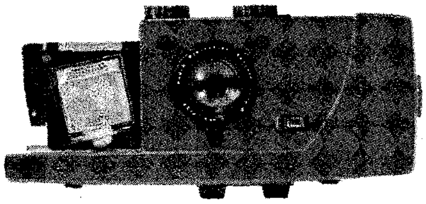

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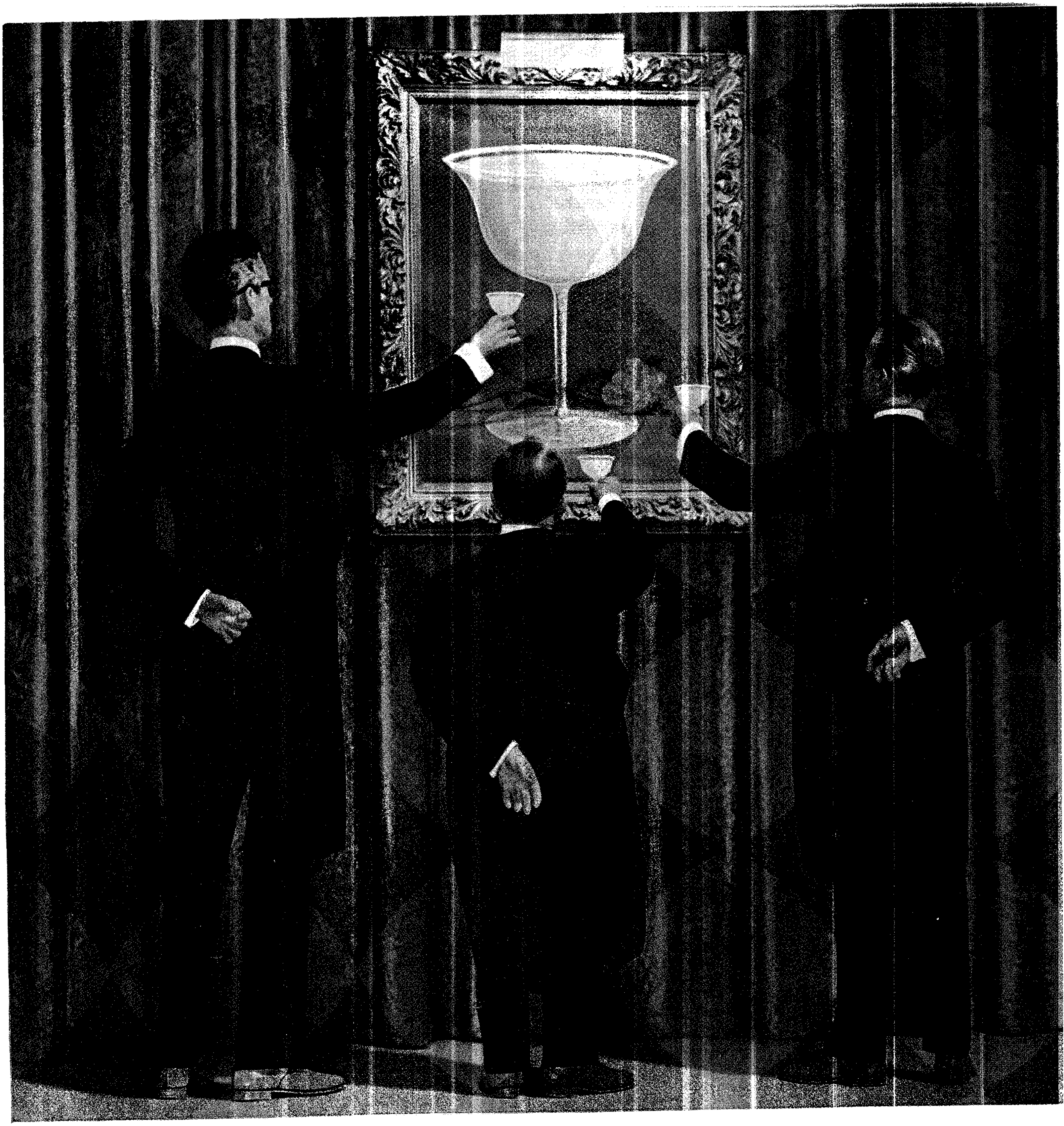

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a slum on your hands, so I shall rearrange things. It would be best if Honorine's brother were to move in with M. Prince. Then the little Prince boy can sleep in the *loge* with his mother, and the little girl can go in with Honorine—" She broke off with a smile and a shake of her head. "My poor children, what ever would you do without *la vieille Maman* to look after you?"

NEXT morning, there was a gift on the breakfast table—a pot of blueberry jam from the Pyrenees. "It's for M. Paul," Honorine said when she brought in the coffee.

"Why me?" Paul said, musing, after he had thanked her and she had gone back to the kitchen. "In Ariège, they say, 'If you accept something, you owe something.' So—what has Honorine accepted from *me*?"

Maman came in as I was sampling the jam. She was not in a good humor. M. Prince had shown no enthusiasm for taking Honorine's brother into his room, and he had flatly refused to let his daughter share Honorine's. Honorine herself was of the same mind; she would not have the little girl sleeping in her room. "You'd think they'd be glad to coöperate," *Maman* said. "As I reminded them all, it would be for one of their own people. It would be for Honorine's little brother."

Paul smothered a laugh, and went off to dress (he had breakfasted in what he called a *pyjama*—a cheerful outfit of red corduroy with satin facings and frogs), and I began to work on the next week's menus. A few minutes later, Paul summoned me to the bedroom. He was standing there with a collection of ties draped over one arm. "Can't you do something about these? They're not fit to wear," he said.

I promised to have the ties pressed or cleaned, or whatever they needed.

"I'd swear I've never worn this one," Paul muttered, examining a blue tie with white dots. "You don't suppose Honorine . . . Do you think the jam was for . . ."

"It seems likely," I said. "I imagine Brother Jean, whoever he is, 'accepted' the tie temporarily, and Honorine has paid the debt."

I went back to my menus, and in a moment Paul called to me again, saying he couldn't find his new suit anywhere. I started for the bedroom once more.

"Just like his poor father," *Maman* said as I went.

"He can't *help* finding the suit," I

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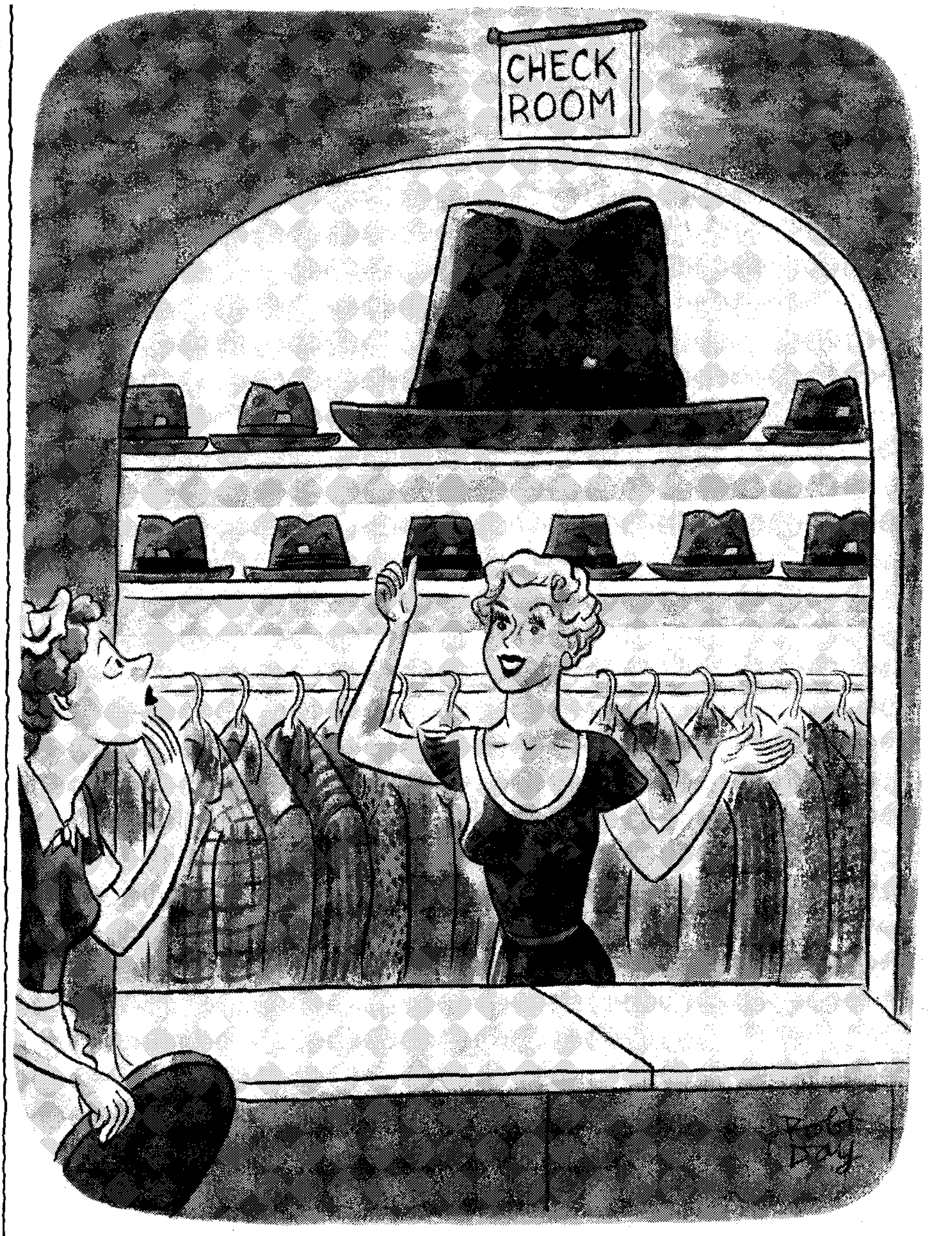

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told her crossly. "It's hanging in his closet."

But it wasn't. I rummaged, and convinced myself, and then *Maman* appeared at the bedroom door. "It's all right," she said soothingly. "I asked Honorine about it. The suit is at the cleaner's."

"What's a new suit doing at the cleaner's?" Paul asked irritably.

"Honorine said it needed pressing," said *Maman.*

A little later, when she had gone, I sent M. Prince to get the suit. He returned with only the coat. It seemed that the cleaner had had to send the pants to a *stoppeuse,* because of a cigarette burn in one knee. Paul seldom smoked. He and I looked at each other. "I'd say that was worth at least a Pyrenees ham," he said.

"What are we going to *do* about Honorine?" I asked him. "This sort of thing can't go on."

"I suppose not." But in spite of his annoyance, he was manifestly amused. "What do you suggest?"

"Fire her, of course."

Paul gave a whistle. "Wouldn't it be awkward?"

"I don't see why."

"Well"—he shrugged—"Honorine is Anna's niece, and she's related to half the village of Sainte-Croix. And then *Maman* would find out all about Brother Jean, you know. It would upset her."

I turned—abruptly, as I recall it—and left the room, and just outside I bumped into Honorine. "Honorine," I said, "there must be no more wearing of M. Paul's clothes. Please understand that." I took a shot in the dark; undoubtedly it went wild. "Or of mine, either," I said.

TWO more days went by. We received no expiatory ham, but during the two days Honorine's behavior was subdued, and her cooking beyond praise. On the third morning, she told me that she was leaving.

Maman came to lunch the same day. "My dear, I'm going to scold you," she said in a playful tone as we sat down. "Anna Prince told me yesterday that you've been accusing Honorine of wearing your clothes. The poor child is dreadfully unhappy, and so is Anna."

"But it wasn't—" I began.

"I understand, *mon petit,*" *Maman* said kindly, and patted my hand. "I realize how easy it is to blame servants when we've been careless, or mislaid something. But another time you will be less hasty, won't you? I smoothed

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things over with Anna at once, and gave Honorine fifty francs."

"I'm afraid it was already too late for smoothing over," I said. "Honorine told me this morning that she's leaving."

"Nonsense," said *Maman*. "She said nothing of the sort to me."

Honorine brought in a magnificent *soufflé au fromage*. "What's this I hear about your giving notice?" *Maman* asked her.

Honorine set down the dish and stood blushing prettily. "It isn't that I want to," she said, "but Jean says he doesn't think I should work any more. We're getting married."

I looked at Paul, and Paul at me, and both of us at *Maman*.

"Well!" said *Maman*. "About time!" She smiled blandly. "It's not been altogether easy keeping things running, under the circumstances," she said, addressing the room at large. "I've done what I could, though without much coöperation, I must say."

I began to laugh, and Paul shouted. His mother's laughter, though perfectly genuine, was brief. "Now, children, let's be practical," she said briskly. "The young people will need a place to live, and you don't want to lose a trained servant. Those top-floor rooms are just the place for married couples, and I'm sure Jean will be reasonable about Honorine's working once he's thought it over. So leave it to me." She beamed happily. "You can count on *Maman* to arrange everything." —IDA TREAT

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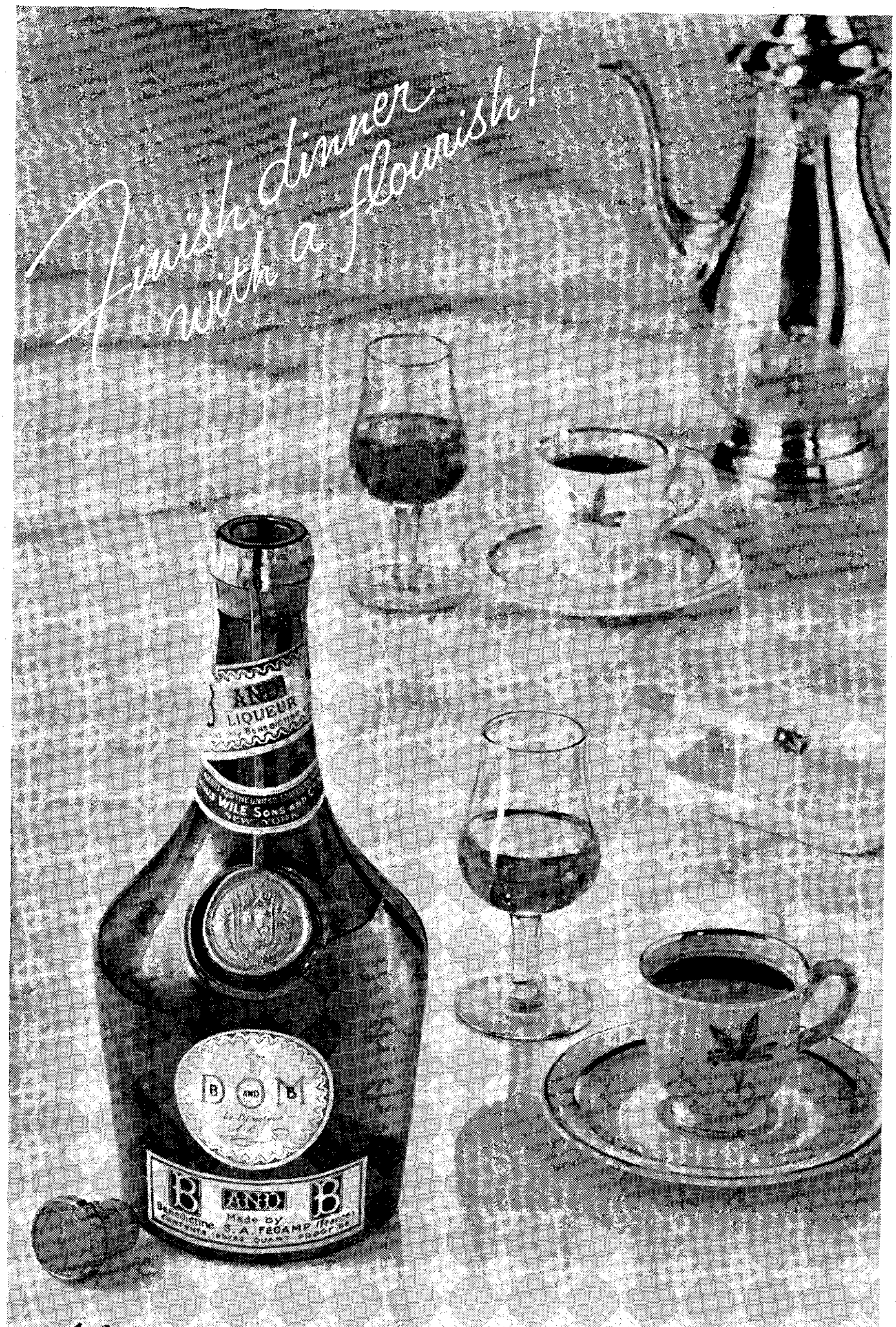

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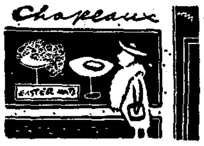
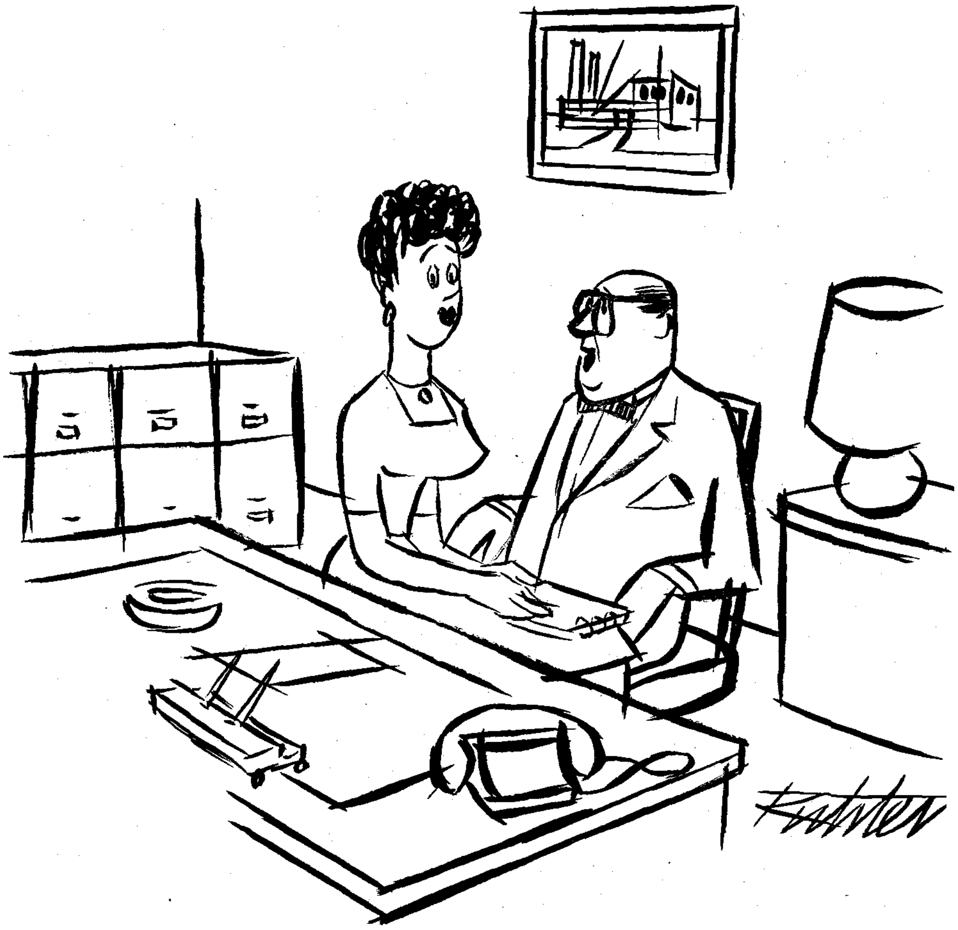
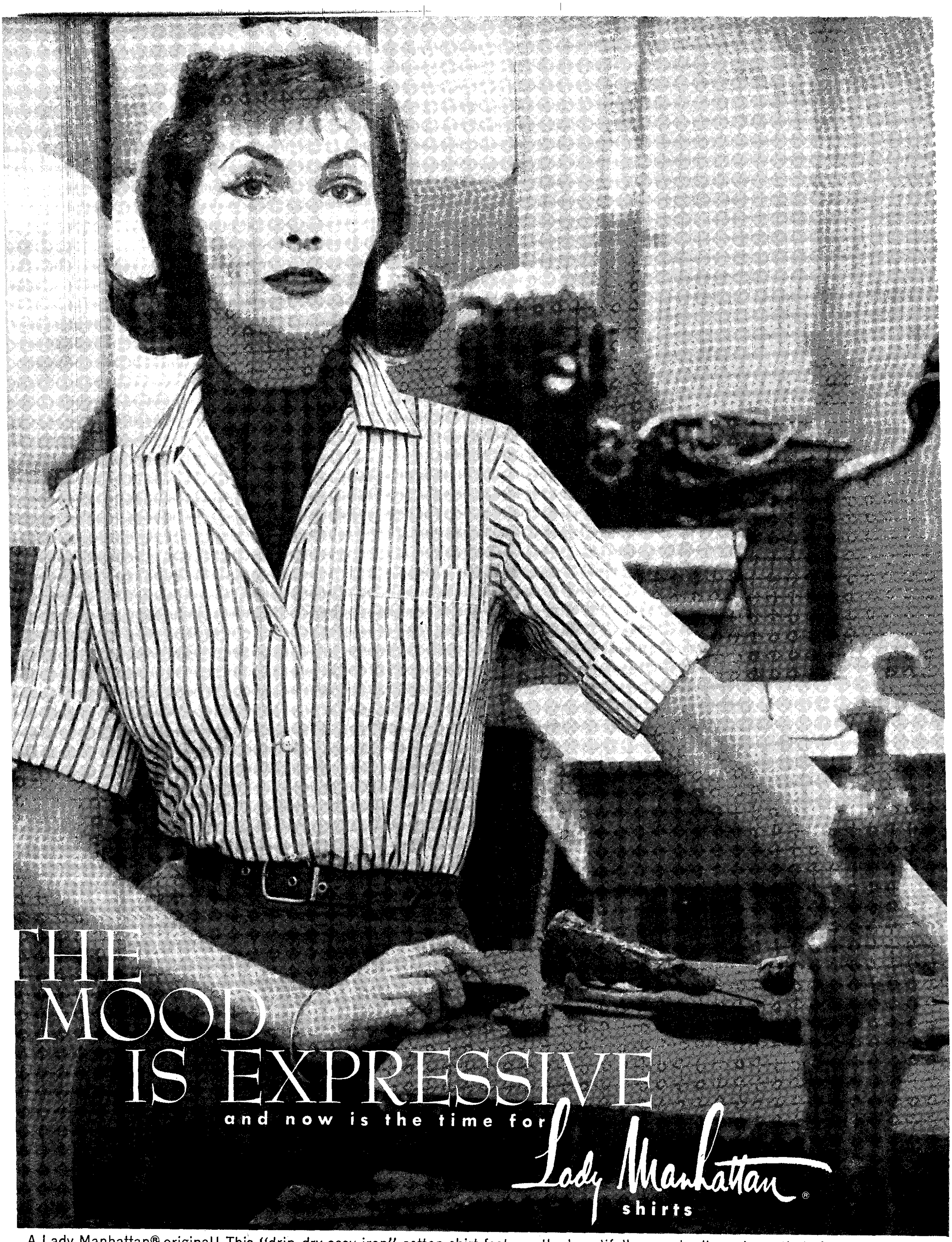


STUDENTS of this seminar who can remember all the way back to last week may recall that if we are to be in fashion, we must have torsos like stems (or tree trunks) and, where our heads used to be, a full-blown look, like a daisy, a dahlia, or a sunflower. Or a mushroom, if you feel like coming out of the garden, Maud, and going down cellar. From this sea of high, rounded custom millinery, Sally Victor emerges, as always, a triumphant Aphrodite. Her new ideas derive from Japanese flower arrangements (fragile) for trimmings and Japanese headdresses (bulbous) for shape. All through her collection there are fat little domes—sometimes smooth and sometimes fluffy—to provide a sort of superstructure right on top of the head. My pets are her Teapots—deepish, round cap-pillboxes with this dome, and now and then with a bit of ribbon around the base. This topknot effect also occurs in the Victor turbans, one of which, done in a striped gauze from the Far East, is all upward folds. Further turbans are of warp-printed taffeta, shantung, surah, chiffon, or (naturally) whatever you wish, or almost. Other members of the dressed-up category are her hats of bright-pink petals (possibly pulled-apart roses or peonies). These petals make a fluffy paving over and under the brim of a high-arched bonnet-cloche, as well as a deep red-pink petal cap with That Topknot. Soft caps, entirely of petals, may be caught up in a grosgrain bow above the center of the hairline in front; one looks as if it were all pink and white fragments of carnations. Caps with a Poor Butterfly flavor are constructed of shaggy chrysanthemum petals (ombré shadings of yellow or pink) on a net base. These go flat across the head and broad at the ears. For evening, women who admire those Japanese hairdos might try the frail but puffy performances of lacy black net horsehair, with tiny butterflies and roses and such tucked in the folds. (Advantage: You can take these off at night; you don't have to sleep on a wooden pillow.) They ride high and quite wide. For more tailored clothes, we find not only the Teapots but other superlative and yet simple shapes. One is an undulating tricorne whose points—in front and at the sides—are blandly rounded. Victor shows it in printed surah. Her Umbrella cloche has tucks, like ribs, from the top of the crown out on the brim, with only a hint of a break between the two. This is in felt, straw, or other stuff, made small, medium, and large. Rollers in every possible size, fabric (plenty of polka dots), and shape appear. Some are quite narrow, in padre fashion; others, such as a green straw Breton worn well back on the head (you've got to silhouette your face and neck these days), have petals above and below the brim, in case you fear the abruptness of the Breton line. Victor's travelling (and packable) straw meshes include a beautiful beige turban that drapes up from the ears to a shirred pouf just above the hairline in front. Why you should want to pack it is beyond me. It's so handsome you'd always have it on your head.

THIS is now a milliners' world that dotes on transparency with the look of bulk, and Lilly Daché is at home in it. A unique fabric of hers, net in various colors with a white chenille stripe across it, is the substance of a little brimmed cloche with a high crushed crown that tilts to the rear. Even the famous Daché turbans, which start well behind the hairline, slant back. One, of purple organza with a glossy silk stripe, has violets down one side. All sorts of veiling are used for that filmy-but-massive look; draped mousseline, in mauves and pinks, swathes the rough straw of a deep mushroom turban. An openwork straw makes a beehive cloche with pink satin ribbon pretending to be a band around it (doesn't hold it in any more than a Traina-Norell sash holds in your chemise). This hat is a disorder of violets, yellow primroses, and nasturtiums. Roses and stephanotis cloak a sort of helmet of white straw cloth with a square crown that tips back. Daché loves twin prints on fine straw cloth and mousseline, which gang up to form rollers and deep, narrow cloches. In both cases, the mousseline veils the hat and goes down the back in streamers. Daché puts flowers both over and under brims, but absent-mindedly, for a soft, irregular feeling. Further softness is managed by her many gathered souf-



"I'm afraid this is goodbye. They've cut you out of my budget."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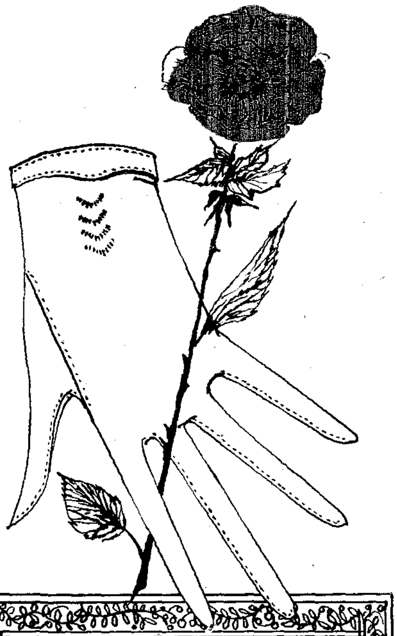

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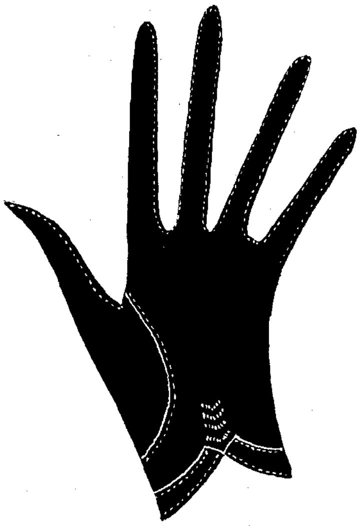

flé double brims; one is entirely layers of dotted veiling in a rose-beige face-powder hue. As a vast contrast to all this femininity, there's a deep, narrow cloche of a black-anthracite crystal straw cloth. (And what other color could anthracite be, anyway?)

UP at John Frederics, the well-ordered collapsibility of the concertina (ah, there—travel again!) is the idea behind (or above) any number of crowns that can be pulled up to tower on the head or can smash flat in the suitcase. The crown of a hat of red Milan tumbles a bit to one side; a roller has the same crown. Among the other tailored efforts is a smashing sombrero with a red Milan crown and facing, and navy Milan on the brim. The crown is conical and the brim curls up. This should be worn at a rakish tilt. Another shape with a great deal of bravado goes back to a certain President of the United States, from Oyster Bay, not Campobello—a Roughrider of beige bali, curled up at one side and slightly rippled on the down side. (If you want to leave the Roosevelts out of this, it's also a throwback to the Anzac hat of the First World War.) Bits of nonsense that took my fancy: a dark-brown Milan with a big, arched brim and brown coq feathers to match going over the low crown and out on the sides, and a peanut-straw sailor with a leopard band. For real eccentricity, Mr. Fred shows his Haystack hats, bristling with strips of Milan braid. One, a deep, scraggly wig, suggests Harpo Marx in need of a permanent. As for flowers, this is the only place I know of that is showing plump white tulip buds as trimming. They look fine and clean-cut indeed.

THE French hats that Odna Brandeis brought back from Paris for Bergdorf Goodman are quite indifferent to many notions that have swept American milliners off their feet. The French never deviate in their admiration for berets, for instance. Frenchwomen wear them better than almost anybody, just as they beat the rest of the world in tying scarves. From Claude Saint-Cyr comes a medium, tilted beret made of accordion-pleated polka-dotted surah, with a lovely swirl of accordion pleating to boot. This same accordion pleating makes a coolie hat of white surah; in this case, the pleating comes from the top to a tiny brim over the brows. Svend, another Parisian, has done a fascinating basic shape whose stiffened front curls back from a headband, in Breton fash-

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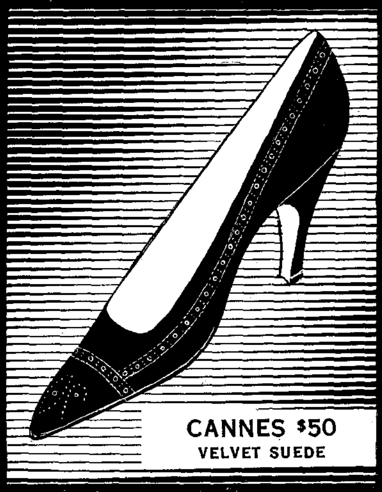

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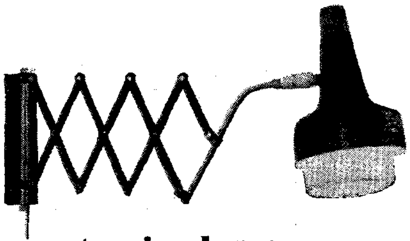

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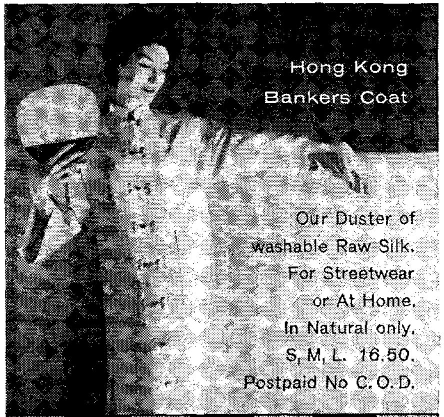

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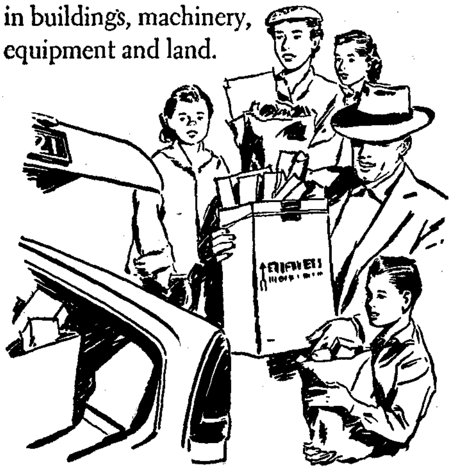

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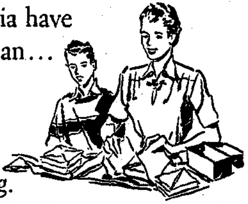

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ion; to the rear, this brim disappears into a beret, which droops down the head. One version is all pale-blue stitched shantung; white straw goes across the front of a navy velvet; violet petals are the sole substance of a third. Dior still makes tiny pillboxes to perch on the back of the head. The latest is of white organdie, with a rose and a bow astern. Great big picture hats, often very sheer, live here, too. Stiffened black veiling is used for a large cloche by Le Groux with transparent puffiness above the brim (*here* we certainly have hands across the sea). Lanvin-Castillo greatly enlarges the scope of a little flat black straw sailor by putting rampant veiling at the sides and down the back. Balenciaga has done a huge black organdie hat that has a flat crown and one pink rose on the brim (oh, those Gainsborough portraits!), as well as an oversized mushroom of black net, with a bouffant Charlotte Corday crown. The Dior picture hats lean to fluffy facings. A black leghorn is faced with white flower petals; a white straw is faced with white ostrich feathers.

THINGS have been happening among the hairdressers, too. No longer do you dare mention curls, because the stylists shudder at the word, as if they were seeing worms. All of them agree that the hair should be shorter than that lion's mane that women have been so fond of. But they *don't* want a mannish look or a shingle at the back of the neck; two inches there is the length now. A new development is the colony set up by the two Carita sisters in Bendel's beauty salon. (One of the sisters is usually here; the other is usually minding the store in Paris.) The rollers on which hair is set are getting bigger and bigger, to avoid any suggestion of a formal curl, and the ones the Caritas use are sometimes nearly two inches in diameter. The exaggerated coiffure that results gives the wearer a swelled head (it also makes the chin look more pointed), with great softness and a sweeping-across *dégagé* air. The Caritas occasionally put bands around the head that tie in front at the hairline, and the hair is bouffant above; occasionally, bangs come down over the bands. These are for ballroom entrances; I can't imagine jamming a cloche over them. The salon involves big white Japanese lanterns, a bamboo pagoda for privacy during pedicures, and a very perky mademoiselle named Yvette for body massage and an exceptional facial. She uses French machinery and the magic brews and potions of Dr. Payot, a

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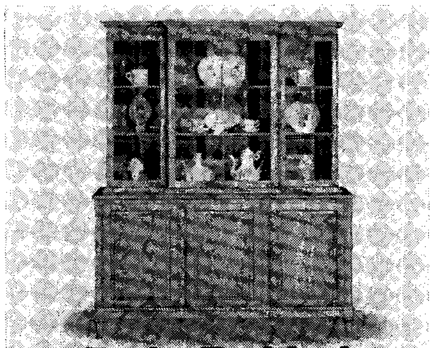

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Hairdressers seem to think that short hair is the ticket for the youthful look that the new clothes need, but they are also mumbling about a rounded coiffure that would crush (except the very front) under the enveloping cloches and turbans that are now so prevalent. So the philosophy of John Bernard, of 22 East 65th Street, makes more sense than most for hat wearers. He cares not for curls; in his opinion, the tousled look is finished, and upsweeps have been put in his Disposall. Instead, he likes deep, soft waves, and breadth across the top of the head. He cuts the hair so that it can be combed *downward* and then out on the cheeks, in a wave or in little flat, neat tendrils, as in the early nineteenth century. These wisps should look very pretty as they emerge from under a cloche brim, or from under turbans, for that matter. Note: Mr. Bernard's new Swiss vaporizer, which takes only a quarter of the time usually needed for hair coloring to take effect. It also keeps the hair and scalp moist, instead of drying them out.

NOW that hats are making the whole giant swing between understatement and outright yelling, it is necessary for costume jewelry to follow a wayward course. If the hat is patterned, strings of pearls are still the standby (*never* throw them away); if the costume is monotone, there is a great urge, in both Paris and New York, to toss beads around the neck, really pouring them on like a gypsy fortune-teller. The saving grace is that they come in subtle and odd color combinations. Lord & Taylor has prevailed upon Vogue Jewelry to make up some dazzlers that no one else in town has—two- and three-strand bibs that combine beads in several sizes, many cuts (faceted, round, oval, and so forth), and lots of surfaces (from crystal-clear through opalescent to matte). There are some in what are called "apricot" tones, though there is nothing pastel in the effect accomplished by combining pinks and mauves with topazes and hot oranges; there are also green-to-blue combinations, with crystals and pearls here and there to tone things down. Extra strands of this are supposed to be scattered over the bibs in quantity, and the variety at L. & T. allows scope for the most vivid imagination. Three-

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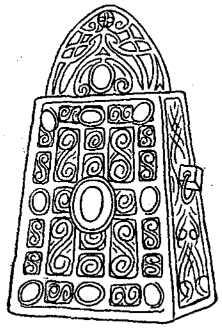
Ah, But The Bell Was St. Patrick's!



Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, National Museum, Dublin.

WHO BUT THE IRISH would take a bell of iron and put it in a case of gold? But there's a reason (there always is, with the Irish!): The bell was St. Patrick's, and it was King Donall Ua Laichlann who decreed that his craftsmen should encase it in a beautiful shrine of gold. The Irish have always treasured fine things—in the very earliest days, even before Irish gold was smelted, royal craftsmen were hammering out masterpieces of brooches and clasps in bronze.

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strand bibs are around $15, plus federal tax. Some beads that Vogue found in Austria—flat, faceted wafers that are highly iridescent and that involve those blue-and-green mixtures, as well as hot-orange-and-mauve and other lovely and unlikely marriages—are made into three-strand necklaces, for around $17, plus tax.

As for the face that peers out between the imposing new hats and hairdos and the regal or prankish necklaces, the world is full of cosmetic products that, for the very first time (the very *first* time, mind you), contain essence of werewolf, etaoin shrdlu, and other miracle ingredients. Apparently, no chemical laboratory has time for anything more important than womankind's complexion. Not being a dermatologist (and I doubt if many dermatologists know what the beauticians are talking about now), I won't bother you with the details. It is also apparent that the Queen Bee is on a stringent diet, for her Royal Jelly is being injected into just about every cosmetic there is. As far as I am concerned (dry skin here), the results are practically as conspicuous as the people who make the stuff say they will be. Among the most recent entries in the jelly contest is Monteil's Super-Royal (how royal can you get?) lipstick, in a beautiful case of gold metal engraved with tiny stars. The lipstick itself is exceptionally glossy, smooth, and lasting. It comes in nine colors; $3.50 for the lipstick and $2 a copy for pop-in refills. . . . Jacqueline Cochran's Flowing Velvet, which is admired by many besides me, has now been given the jelly treatment. In this case, the jelly is in what they call a super-rich cream, which has the consistency of a vanishing cream and isn't at all sticky a few minutes after it's been applied. . . . Not new but still notable is one of Lilly Daché's children, Marie Earle's Vitae Queen Bee Moisture Emulsion, which seems to serve equally well as a powder base and for overnight. (I hate greasy creams on my face; this emulsion leaves only a thin but highly effective film.) Another treat is the Earle Hand and Body Lotion, a clear liquid for chapped or roughened hands or elbows or whatever. It does wonders, which, at $15 for a four-ounce bottle, is no more than it should. The jelly has lately been added to the Earle pancake, which was already one of the best I've ever tried.

There's a great deal of gabble nowadays about putting goo on the face and letting it sink inward, its marvels to perform, but there is much more to be said

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for skin stimulants that start the non-tired blood circulating to drive inside impurities outward. Which brings us to the house of Scandia, just completely rejuvenated and now aiming to do the same for you. I'm thinking not only of Scandia's old favorites, such as its Crème Rose, smelling faintly of strawberries, and the skin lotions, which have been encased in handsome new gold-fired bottles, but of something more recent, called Ovaline (helps to make your face oval again, is the idea). After cleaning the face and using skin lotion, you dab this on, and it really stings—for thirty seconds. It doesn't dry the skin, so it *could* be used every day, for perhaps a week. When the stinging stops, you apply the new Scandia foundation, which merits the word "fabulous" in my book, and then powder. I'm not a new woman after trying this out for a while, but I'm sure beginning to look like one. Saks Fifth Avenue heads the Scandia fan club. . . . Helena Rubinstein's Tree of Life series includes a powder foundation, Illumination, that seems to tone down worry lines and fatigue shadows. And for those who still insist on washing their faces, she has an English complexion soap that is mildly out of this world. It lathers magnificently and is less drying than most.

WELL, here we go again, kids, full circle. First, for the face, the skin, the hands, everything was in scrunchy lead tubes. Then came the ornate glass bottles and china jars. Next, everyone went plastic—"so light and unbreakable, for travelling." Now, one by one, the makers of magic potions are discovering tubes again, even such an elegant house as Lancôme, which puts its beautiful hand cream, Albâtre, and its Nutrix cream and other things in them.

The more things change, the more they are the same, is it not so? *Hein?*

—LOIS LONG

•

LONDON—A Soviet research ship has discovered an undersea mountain estimated to be 12,000 feet tall towering from the bed of the Pacific off Vladivostok, Moscow radio said Friday.

The broadcast said that the research ship Vityaz had reported that the mountain appeared to be of volcanic origin.

It was being named after Admiral Makarov, a famous Russian naval leader, the broadcast said.

"I stay away from women, whisky and steady jobs," he said.—*Osaka (Japan) Mainichi.*

And look what happens. You find a mountain, and it's under water.

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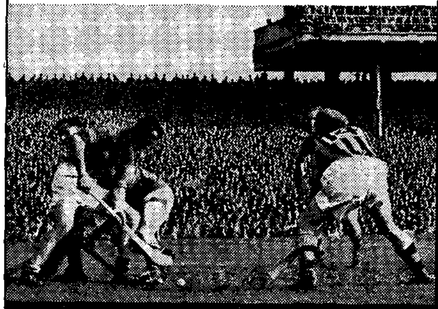

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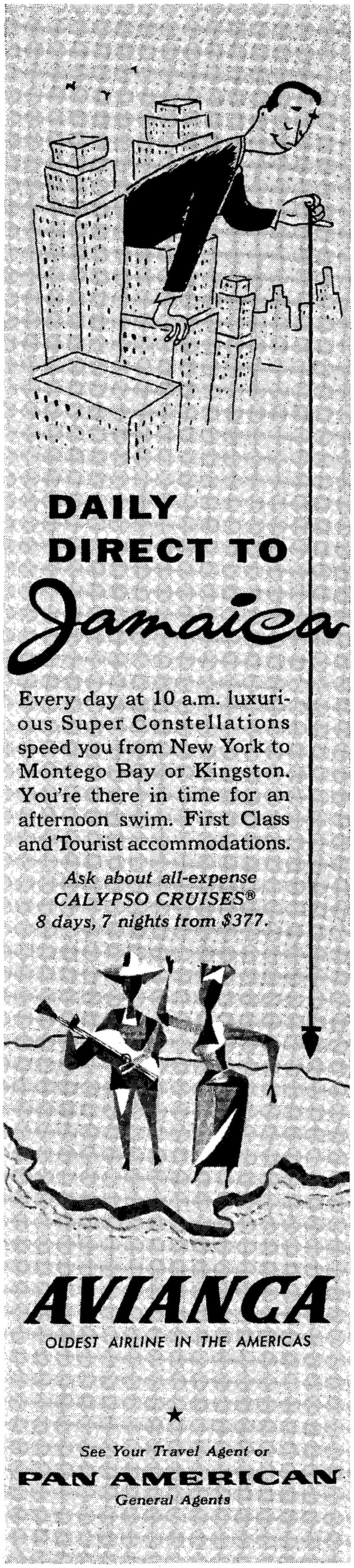
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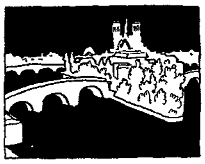
LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 4

A FORTNIGHT ago, the customary billboards placed outside the Opéra to announce the next night's performance—it was to be a Saturday-evening popular offering of Gounod's "Faust"—carried an extra announcement, which was a big shock, if not a great surprise. Pasted cater-corner over the program was the latest Opéra news in large letters: "*Les Spectacles Sont Suspendus Jusqu'à Nouvel Avis.*" In like manner, the suspension of performances until further notice was also made public at the Opéra-Comique. By order of the Minister of National Education, who has charge of the state theatres, the Opéra's entire corps de ballet—a group essential for that Faustian village waltz scene—had just been fired, though not the premières danseuses or the star ballerinas; fired also were the sceneshifters and the stagehands generally. At the Comique, the electricians and the backstage crew had been bounced, but not the corps de ballet or the ballet stars—who, in any case, are no great shakes as drawing cards. In other words, France's two famed Paris opera houses had nothing left intact except singers, and so had to shut up shop temporarily. It may be recalled that the trouble started five months ago, with the sceneshifters' demand for higher pay. When the ballet dancers and the electricians joined up with the sceneshifting crew, as in a chorus of discontent, they all took turns in calling lightning strikes just before curtain time, with such a consequent falling off of incensed French audiences that both theatres have looked half bald with empty seats.



The state takes the blunt attitude that its financial loss in closing the two houses will be largely compensated for by what it will save in salaries, now that almost a fourth of the Opéra and Comique employees and artists who had been involved in the strikes have been fired "for abusive rupture of contract." To this the strikers have retorted that, according to the labor code in France, strikes do not break contracts. And to this, on second thought, the state has officially answered that, strikes to one side, the people fired were fired for their "ill will and refusal to give required services." Already the Opéra is recruiting a new corps de ballet from the ballet pupils in training in its traditional classes, which are intended to provide eventual ballerinas for both opera houses. But there is a question whether the Opéra will be able to ready a new corps de ballet in time to send it to the Brussels Exposition—this summer's outstanding European center for tourists and for international cultural rivalries and propaganda—where, if the Opéra company fails to give its scheduled July première of a much touted new ballet, France's battered prestige will suffer a fresh blow. Even worse, the Bolshoi Ballet, from Moscow, is due to dance here at the Opéra the last of May. The Opéra has just announced solemnly that to make sure the Russian show goes on, either it will have assembled a new crew of reliable French sceneshifters in the intervening two months or Soviet stagehands will be invited to kindly come down from Moscow and do the job. In the meantime, though both opera houses are dark, the establishments' ticket sellers, determined to show their official good will and point up the fact that they were not among the strikers, continue to sit through their requisite number of working hours at the box-office windows, where no tickets are being sold.

IN this miserable state-theatre saga, there is, however, one gilded gleam of pleasure. For the first time in history, the little-known opera house in the Palais de Versailles is today open for ordinary people to go in and look at, though few seem to know this, since there are neither descriptive catalogues nor even postcards of it at the Palace stationer's counter to publicize the new privilege, and since only a scant announcement has ever been made in the Paris press about the reopening of this hitherto dilapidated architectural treasure. In the time of the aging Louis XV, when it was finally finished, it was loyally and royally called the most beautiful theatre in Europe. It is still unsurpassed, no other old theatre being comparable in allure, extravagance, and elegance, except perhaps those two classics—the Fenice, in Venice, and the Margraves' private rococo theatre in Bayreuth, both of which benefit in delicacy of effect from the refined fading of their original décors. The Versailles Opéra, which has just cost the Fourth Republic nine hundred million francs and five years to restore, is now as brilliant and as magnificent as it was in the King's day, so that we see it fresh, as if with his protuberant, carnal royal eyes. Its opening performance, in 1770, of Lully's opera "Persée," was in celebration of the marriage of his fatally unfortunate grandson, who was to become Louis XVI, to the unlucky, unpopular Austrian bride, Marie Antoinette.

Apparently, the court architect Jacques Ange Gabriel (he who designed those great pillared Place de la Concorde façades) had a hard time of it after his first plans for the theatre were submitted in 1748, with work and funds typically interrupted by the Seven Years' War and the King's continuing shortage of money for the next twenty years. However, from Gabriel's long, often discouraged concentration came a novelty of technique, and even of orderly ornate beauty. Theretofore, theatres had customarily been rectangular. He conceived and built the Versailles Opéra as an oval of fine wood, with the accurate acoustics of a violin for the ears and, for the eyes, an opulent mélange of green-painted false-marble panels, white fluted pillars, intervening golden statues of goddesses, small golden zodiac signs, and golden balustrades around the lower balconies, topped with bull's-eye windows covered with golden grilles, like elegant prison windows. Rows of benches (now in place again with their blue cut-velvet cushions) served as orchestra seats. The Royal Family sat in state on front-row chairs in the raised dress circle to the theatre's rear, and over their heads was a series of loges, with square golden grilles, behind which they could retire to look at the performance without being stared at themselves. In the King's time, the floor was covered with Canadian bearskins against the cold—replaced today by a modest animal-brown wool carpet. It seems that during the wedding celebration to honor Marie Antoinette, the Opéra was used on three successive evenings to serve three different social pleasures, which became the ritual for all later marriage fêtes given there, often enough for the royal bastards. On the first night, by the use of remarkable machinery operated by ropes, the orchestra floor was raised to the level of the enormous stage and a gala dinner was served; on the second night, with the floor lowered, the Lully opera was performed; and on the third night, the floor having been hoisted up again, the theatre functioned as a ballroom for minuets. Closed after the Revolution and left to molder, the theatre was

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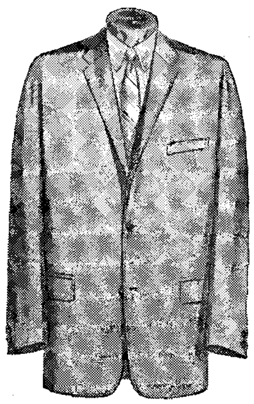

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opened a few times by Louis Philippe in the nineteenth century to fête visiting minor royalty, and once by Napoleon III, for a dinner for Queen Victoria. After its recent renovation, it was reopened with the great Rameau divertissement "Les Indes Galantes," which was offered to Queen Elizabeth of England on her visit to Paris last spring. It seems worth noting that the troubles from which the Paris operas are now suffering to extinction began at the Versailles opera house last October, when the state sceneshifters sent from Paris first struck, causing to be cancelled the fashionable première of a new Cocteau ballet, "La Dame à la Licorne," since which no performance has even been attempted. In 1875, the Constitution of the Third Republic was proclaimed in the theatre, and no visitor to France's Fourth Republic should miss it, now that it has finally been made democratically visible.

ONCE again an intellectual, independent Left Wing—though anti-Communist—periodical has been suppressed by the police, on order of the French government, because it put into print certain seemingly incontestable unpleasant reports on exceptional phases of the conduct of the Algerian war. This week's *France-Observateur*, edited by Claude Bourdet, has just been seized, in the fifth suppression in twenty months, for its publication of, and horrified comments on, the tortures, mostly by electricity, that were inflicted by French parachutist officers in Algiers on Henri Alleg, the French former editor of the *Alger Républicain*, which was politically against the Algerian war. The next day, Bourdet brought out an edition with the offending Alleg passages perforce omitted but containing Bourdet's protest at the seizure and also at the loss of revenue—around twenty million francs—that the various seizures had caused. The Alleg torture case has become so notorious, so widely discussed, and so troubling an issue in France that Les Editions de Minuit, the famous little Resistance publishing group of the Nazi Occupation, recently published the whole book of Alleg's horrifying experiences, written in secret by him in prison and called "La Question"—the question being: Should the French torture political prisoners? From this book, which is, after all, still freely circulating, Bourdet's *Observateur* reprinted what it claims is nothing like the worst part of Alleg's gruesome story. An earlier issue of Jean-Jacques

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Servan-Schreiber's weekly *L'Express* was suppressed for giving similar information on the parachutists, who, as Alleg discovered, are the French Army's specially privileged, tough combat units. François Mauriac, the Catholic Academician, in his back-page *Express* column called "Bloc-Notes," has also written with Christian horror of the tortures. Nor has this French government action against the freedom of the press—a freedom basic in civilizing French concepts since the time of Voltaire—been confined to independent French papers only. Two January, 1958, numbers of our conformist *Saturday Evening Post* were temporarily impounded by the French police because they contained articles written for the *Post* by a former New York *Times* man who had easily gone behind the Algerian battle line to visit with the Front de Libération Nationale troops. He merely described their highly organized setup for supplies, weapons, food, and so on, but the French government apparently did not wish to have this presented to American or bilingual French readers here as having any reality, since Robert Lacoste, the French government's Minister in Algeria, has for months been saying that the war is "in its last quarter of an hour." International journalists here have also been scandalized that Miss Nora Beloff, Paris correspondent of the respected old British weekly *Observer*, was recently given, in private, a spirited, well-informed governmental calling down for her critical articles on the conduct of the Algerian war, the complaint against her having passed from the French Embassy in London to the British Embassy in Paris—all very polite and formal and menacing to the freedom of the responsible international press.

An understandable exception to this government censorship was made in the case of *Le Monde's* courageous publication in December of the extremely important report on French—and also Algerian—excesses in Algeria, as compiled on a tour of investigation by a distinguished French civilian Commission for the Safeguarding of Individual

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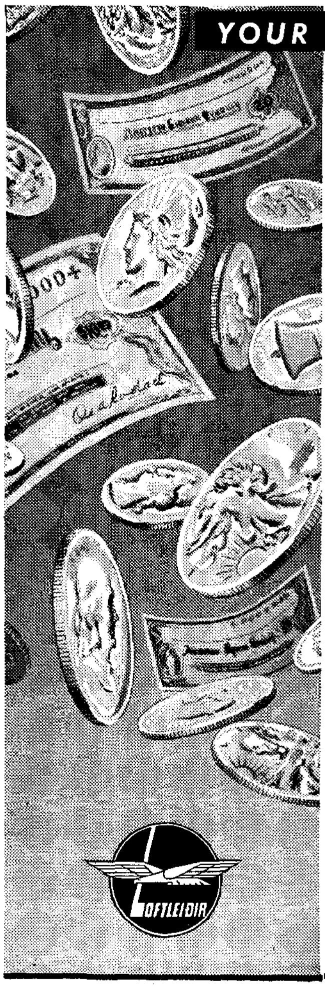

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Rights and Liberties. This was indeed a public-spirited *Monde* service, since the paper printed this report, already much rumored about, without government authorization three months after it had been presented to the government, which had promised to publish it and then had done nothing. Nor did the government risk doing anything to the sternly reputable, influential *Monde*. Especially impressive in the text was a December, 1955, quotation—made long before the safeguarding commission had seemed necessary—by the then director of the French Sûreté Nationale, reporting on Algeria to his superior in Paris. He said he found it intolerable and embittering to human relations between the French and the natives that "French policemen can recall by their behavior the methods of the Gestapo," adding, "As a reserve officer, I cannot bear to see any French soldiers compared to the sinister S.S. of the Wehrmacht."

France-Observateur, in both issues of this week, reports that for the third consecutive time delegations from the British Labour Party have demonstrated on Saturday morning in front of the office of the French military attaché in London, to denounce "the parody of French justice" at the recent trial of the well-educated Algerian woman Mlle. Djamila Bouhired. Accused of complicity in terrorist bombings, she was legally condemned to death by a French court in Algiers, where—most illegally, it is claimed—her counsel was not permitted to plead for her. The British Labourites have been demanding that President Coty reprieve her from her approaching execution, and in Oslo the president of the Norwegian High Court of Justice, along with many judges, two prefects, one Army general, and a pleiades of professors, writers, poets, and so on, has demanded a revision of the Bouhired trial, if only for the sake of France.

Since the French Army's deplorable bombing of Sakiet, which was a real and great shock to most French—except the majority of the French deputies, to judge from their lack of bold, angered comment in Parliament—the war in Algeria has significantly increased in activity, on both the rebel and the French sides. Typical is one of this week's front-page communiqués in *Le Figaro*, announcing "very violent fighting and ambushes in Algérois and the Constantinois," with a hundred and sixteen rebels laid low, and forty-five French military men killed and eleven missing, which, *Figaro* adds, is "the worst fate of

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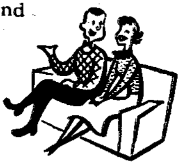

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all, perhaps, considering the more savage natives' mutilating form of revenge against the Western white man who still defends the remnant of France's North African empire." Never in modern times, fortunately, have so few men on both sides been killed in a war, but this war has been costing the French the gigantic outlay of a billion francs per diem, thus practically bankrupting the state without the war's being won. The present so-called "good offices" of our Mr. Robert Murphy in trying to settle the differences between the French government and President Bourguiba of Tunisia seemed to be progressing usefully until the French Foreign Affairs Ministry announced that good offices from foreigners could not include stopping this forty-month-old persistent, envenomed, and perhaps final white and Arab war. —GENÊT

•

BACK TO NATURE

According to a new theory of evolution, man evolved from brown seaweed.—*The Times.*

I trace my line through famous men,
Like Henry Clay and William Penn
And Francis Drake and John of Gaunt
And all the bluebloods one could want.

But when I trace it far enough
I find the going rather rough;
I leave behind the men of fame
And get to those I cannot name.

I come to hairy anthropoids
With sloping brows and adenoids,
And then to beasts that hang from trees,
Like prehistoric chimpanzees,

And then to reptiles, polliwogs,
And piscine things that thrive in bogs,
And then, by microcosmic chance,
To mosses, ferns, and other plants,

And then to weeds that dwell in water
With weedy wife and son and daughter,
And, lastly, down through weeds to *the* weed,
A slimy piece of brownish seaweed.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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Fire prevention week was observed at the Hendersonville Elementary school this past week.

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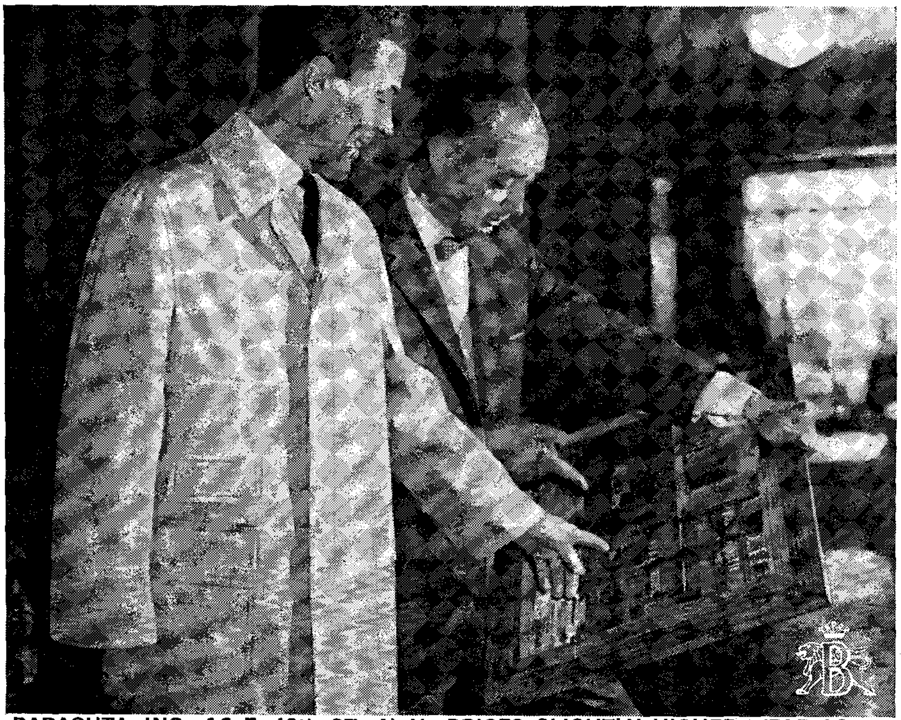

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Elektra Comes to Life

AMONG composers who use the perennial themes of ancient Greek drama and mythology as a basis for their work, it has lately become fashionable to depict these subjects behind a veil of exoticism that emphasizes their archaic quality, making the personages of the drama seem to inhabit an ideal world, as different as possible from the one we live in. Countless modern settings of Greek material by French composers (not to mention Stravinsky, whose "Oedipus Rex" may be taken as typical) present this curiously detached, remote, and, so to speak, archeological view of Greek life, in which the Greeks appear to be a race of marble figures performing strange formal rituals in an ancient frieze. Such an approach, however fashionable it may be, is a highly mannered and artificial one, and most of the works that derive from it have a bloodless, arty atmosphere that prevents the kindling of any human sympathy for what is taking place on the stage.

Richard Strauss's "Elektra," it seems to me, stands out among all other recent works based on classical Greek sources precisely because it avoids this approach. Offhand, one would say that nothing could be more un-Greek than the highly charged, emotional, post-Wagnerian, and very unexotic music Strauss wrote for this Sophoclean drama. And yet I cannot help thinking that Strauss, with his hair-raising climaxes and unabashed melodrama, got closer to the spirit of Greek tragedy than any composer now living is likely to get. The work is by far the nobler of his two popular unpleasant operas—the other one, of course, being "Salome." It is nobler because, for one thing, the score has greater dignity, but also because Sophocles' heroine is an eminently human and heart-rending figure, driven to terrible revenge by fatal, and quite understandable, motives; she is not, like Oscar Wilde's Salome, a perversely neurotic child but a normal woman deranged by irresistible forces surrounding her, and though one follows her actions with horror, one is simultaneously moved by pity for the throbbing, vital female personality that is entangled,

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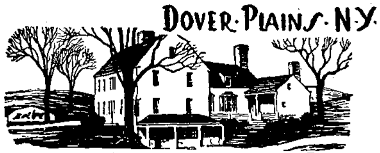

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through no fault of its own, in the most terrible of crimes.

I have, in my time, heard many loud, thrashing, and superficially imposing Elektras. I have heard very few, however, who conveyed the pitiable womanly side of Elektra's character as subtly as Inge Borkh did in Carnegie Hall last week, when Dimitri Mitropoulos revived the opera in concert form with the New York Philharmonic. All the steaming intensity that Strauss demands from his heroine was there, but Miss Borkh managed to add a very unusual degree of depth to the portrait, sensing and projecting the potentially gentle aspects of Elektra's nature, and thus making her mania for vengeance truly tragic. While, as a job of singing, her performance of the exceedingly taxing music was impressive enough, what made her interpretation memorable was the extraordinary insight she brought to the dramatic side of her portrayal—the way she depicted the love that lay behind Elektra's hatred, the kernel of tenderness within the shell of brutality. At moments when this inner element of femininity is allowed full play—as in the magnificent music of the "recognition" scene, with Orestes—she really tore at the hearts of her audience, and, indeed, throughout the evening she sustained a note of humanity that gave the opera its full stature as a great work of art.

"Elektra" is pretty much a one-woman show, with a number of lesser characters intended to serve mainly as foils for the protagonist, but the other night these lesser roles were done with almost uniform dedication and artistry. Frances Yeend, as the soft, conventional, and well-intentioned Chrysothemis, sang as beautifully as I have ever heard her sing; Blanche Thebom, in a slinky black evening gown, was convincing as the degenerate, guilt-ridden Klytemnestra; Giorgio Tozzi, always a singing actor of presence and intelligence, provided an admirable Orestes; and even the walk-ons of such minor figures as Aegisthus and the female slaves were handled well. Mr. Mitropoulos, who, whatever his virtues and faults in other types of music, is second to none as a Strauss conductor, gave the score a rousing reading, and the result was one of the most stirring events of the current season.

I DROPPED in on the Carnegie Hall concert of the Cleveland Orchestra last week mainly to hear a new work—a Concerto for Piano and Orchestra by Peter Mennin. Some of the

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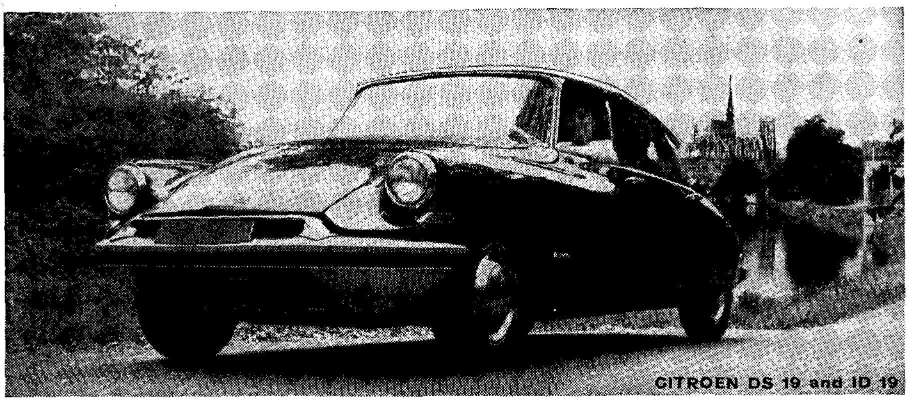

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other things I heard were rewarding—notably a crisp and elegant performance of Mozart's Symphony in C Major (K. 338), in which George Szell and his fine ensemble again demonstrated their claim to a place among our foremost symphonic organizations—but Mr. Mennin's concerto turned out to be rather disappointing. Although it is technically a very capable composition—well orchestrated, rhythmically vigorous, and with a solo part nicely suited to the piano—I could find nothing in it beyond a display of Mr. Mennin's unquestionable competence in putting a lot of notes together. He has, in common with many contemporary composers, an individual style—perhaps it would be more accurate to refer to it as a recipe—that seems to involve various ingredients of polytonality and eccentric scale structure, and this makes the concerto, like other works of his that I have heard, as homogeneous as pea soup. One trouble with styles of this sort is that they are unrelated to any accepted frame of musical meaning and are apt to stand as a barrier between the composer and whatever, if anything, he is bent on communicating to his audience. Another trouble is that they tend to become monotonous, since one's curiosity about their technical ingredients is soon satisfied and there isn't much else of interest in them. The soloist, Miss Eunice Podis, performed her task brilliantly and, I am sure, got everything out of the concerto that is in it. But I am afraid that, after an initial absorption in figuring out Mr. Mennin's recipe, my reaction to the work was one of boredom.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Monk

THE vinegary, dissonant, Gothic music that Thelonious Monk has been producing since his arrival, fifteen years ago, as a pianist and composer appears to be far more eccentric and difficult than the work of other stubborn innovators, such as Jimmy Giuffre, Charlie Parker, and Charlie Mingus. Yet Monk, like these men, has been steadily reshaping, rather than rejecting, the traditions that preceded him. His playing, though camouflaged by the occasional use of an elbow and by jerky, halting rhythms, still reveals a stride pianist not at all dissimilar to two other former stride men, Duke Ellington and Count Basie. His compositions—with their bristling discords, unexpected notes, and impenetrable titles ("Crepescule with Nellie,"

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"Epistrophy")—are often no more than old blues, harmonically remodelled and infused with the loose, shouting qualities of gospel music, a combination that conceals, beneath an armadillo exterior, a melodic sense easily as original and lyric as Ellington's. A diffident, evasive performer, whose feet sometimes flap about like fish while he plays, Monk invariably manages either to thoroughly imbue his co-workers with his rambunctious iconoclasm or, once in a while, to make them as awkward as wallflowers at their first dance.

Monk, who is now thirty-seven, came into prominence when, along with Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Christian, and Kenny Clarke, he helped found bebop. His playing has not changed appreciably since then. His runs are apt to sound stringy and higgledy-piggledy, his chords as if they were compounded of wrong notes. His touch always seems startled; scurrying, barely struck notes alternate with sudden, heavy chords that surprise the listener as sharply as a thump on the back. But this apparent disarray is held together by its unfailing consistency, which, in turn, is dictated by an extraordinary rhythmic sense. If Monk plays a raggedy run, it is usually because he is trying either to retard the rhythm (sometimes this antic is simply an unabashed breathing space), or, if a banging discord comes next, to lift the rhythm, to force his colleagues to get up and go. The result is a superb unpredictability that has been shared by very few jazz improvisers. Monk's composing is less disordered. Although his songs ripple with dissonances and rhythms that often give one the sensation of missing the bottom step in the dark, they are generally written in simple riff figures that rarely stray from the accepted chorus structures. The best of them display minor, brooding melodies that stick fast in the mind and that, in their most intense moments, are peculiarly and delightfully reminiscent of pure, unsentimental lullabies.

Monk is in matchless form in four recent recordings—"Monk's Music: Thelonious Monk Septet" (Riverside RLP-12-242), "Sonny Rollins" (Blue Note 1558), "Mulligan Meets Monk" (Riverside RLP-12-247), and "Thelonious Himself" (Riverside RLP-12-235). In the first of these, Monk is joined by Ray Copeland on trumpet, Gigi Gryce on alto saxophone, Coleman Hawkins and John Coltrane on tenor saxophone, Wilbur Ware on bass, and Art Blakey on drums. The six

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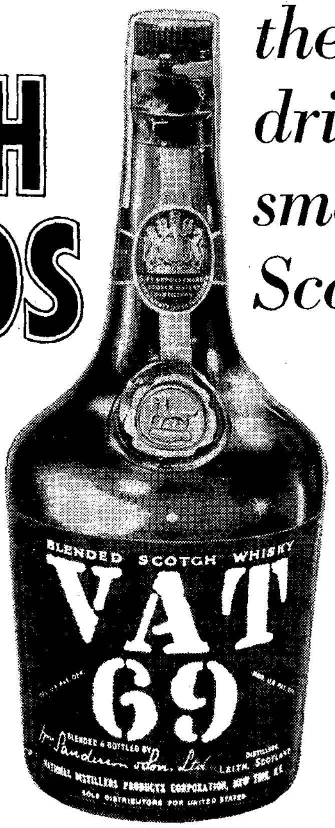

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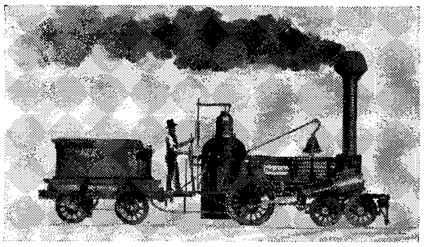

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numbers—five by Monk, and one a nineteenth-century hymn—reflect the familiar prickly-pear Monk, as well as a remarkable, and heretofore largely undemonstrated, talent as an arranger. His scores for seven instruments have the depth and swagger that might be expected of a seventeen-piece group. The saxophones may work in unison for a few bars in the ensemble and then suddenly dissolve into counterpoint, while Monk plays a separate melodic line in company with the trumpet. This is abruptly broken by a series of harsh piano chords rhythmically and harmonically counter to everything else that is going on. The total effect, perfectly exemplified by "Well, You Needn't," is of a booming, controlled unsteadiness (the horns now and then sound like recruits attempting to fall in) that gives the impression—in contrast to the mannered ensemble writing in so much modern jazz—of being composed as it is played.

The first number, the hymn "Abide with Me," is played by the four horns in a pleasant, rasping, barbershop-quartet style. They deliver just a single chorus and—when one is prepared for the entrance of the rhythm section and the first solo—simply stop. It is unbearably tantalizing. "Well, You Needn't," "Off Minor," and "Epistrophy" are long, fervent, medium-tempo jumping exercises set in the conventional ensemble-solo-ensemble framework, and include satisfactory solos from everyone, despite the occasional scuffling brought about in "Epistrophy" by two players trying to start their solos at once. "Ruby, My Dear," one of Monk's casual but indelible ballads, is divided up between his piano and Hawkins, who, as is his custom these days, manages, in both his fairly straightforward statements of the melody and his improvisations, to convert his materials into an impassioned music that seems almost visible. The final number, "Crepescule with Nellie," is a slow, blues-like piece. The first half is played by Monk, with and without rhythm accompaniment; then the band enters to underscore the melody in such a way that it achieves an irresistible lullaby quality.

This mood occurs again on the record called "Sonny Rollins," during the performance of "Misterioso," a Monk tune and one of the two numbers in which he appears. (There are six altogether.) This, played by, among others, Rollins as tenor saxophone, J. J. Johnson as trombone, and Art Blakey on drums, is a slow blues with

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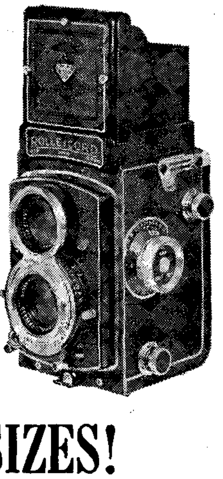

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a gentle, seesawing melody not unlike the traditional boogie-woogie walking bass. It results in a cradlelike motion that is stunningly offset by Rollins, who intones the most eloquent and majestic solo he has ever recorded.

"Mulligan Meets Monk" is an unsettling example of Monk as steamroller. On hand, in addition to Gerry Mulligan, baritone saxophone, are Ware, bass, and Shadow Wilson, drums. Four of the six numbers are by Monk, one is by Mulligan, and one is a standard. Monk's playing is sprightlier than anything he has recorded in years, but Mulligan, an accomplished saxophonist, sounds as if he had just run a mile. His solos are crabbed and stilted; his ensemble work is uncertain and labored. The difficulty, perhaps, is the hopelessly different rhythmic approaches of the two men; Monk's is staccato, jumpy, sometimes almost arrhythmic, and Mulligan's is legato and flowing, in the manner of such cool practitioners as Miles Davis and Stan Getz. Some of the wreckage is cleared away by Ware, who, both in this case and in "Monk's Music," demonstrates an attack that is as startling as that of the late Jimmy Blanton. Although Ware often unfashionably plays his solos directly on the beat, they are now and then varied by graceful staccato or legato insertions, including meditative pauses and repetitions of a single note. These produce gliding, declarative melodic lines that, combined with a distinct yet soft tone, make a good many of his colleagues (who are apt to handle their instrument as if it were a horn) sound like riveters.

On "Thelonious Himself," Monk plays seven unaccompanied piano solos (he is joined in the eighth by Coltrane and Ware), three of them his own pieces and all of them in slow tempos that would be lackadaisical if it were not for the oblique, needling restlessness that invariably punctures the most aimless-seeming passage.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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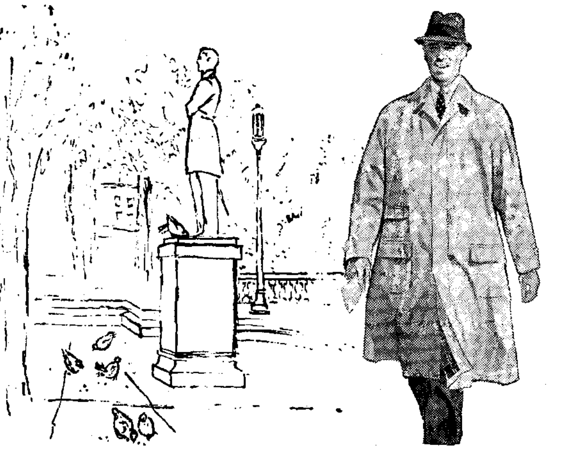

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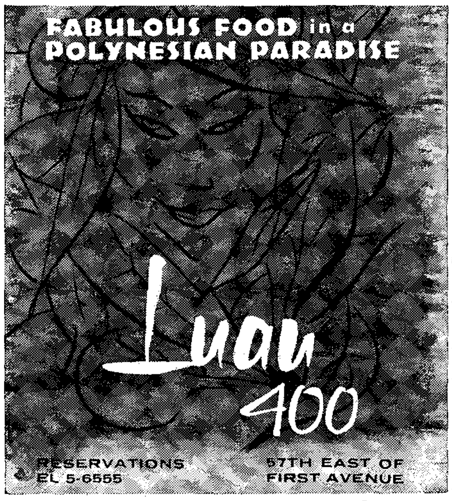

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The "big" picture of the affair is "Passage to Etna," for it's not only the larger of the paintings but obviously the one that is intended to carry more philosophic weight and symbolic meaning; the other, a group of olive pickers at work, called "Hadrian's Villa," is a fairly direct representation of the scene at hand. Though I must grant the greater value of the first of these pictures, I confess that I was torn between the two. Olives, it would appear, are not picked but beaten off the trees; in the painting, the huge, dark, spreading bulk of the tree simply swarms with brightly clad men and women brandishing long staves and reaching perilously out among the branches to complete the harvest, while beneath them, on the ground, another group stands motionless around the tree, holding taut a wide piece of weathered brown canvas, in which the falling olives are caught. The scene, thus, with its contrasts between the furious activity in the tree and the waiting quiet on the ground—especially when set against a suggestion of the ruined villa in the background—has a feeling of tension that I found particularly impressive.

"Passage to Etna," by comparison, seemed a little static. More or less in the manner of Blume's earlier, semi-Surrealist paintings, such as "The Eternal City" (to which it is related both in philosophy and in composition), the scene is a "compiled" one—focussing on

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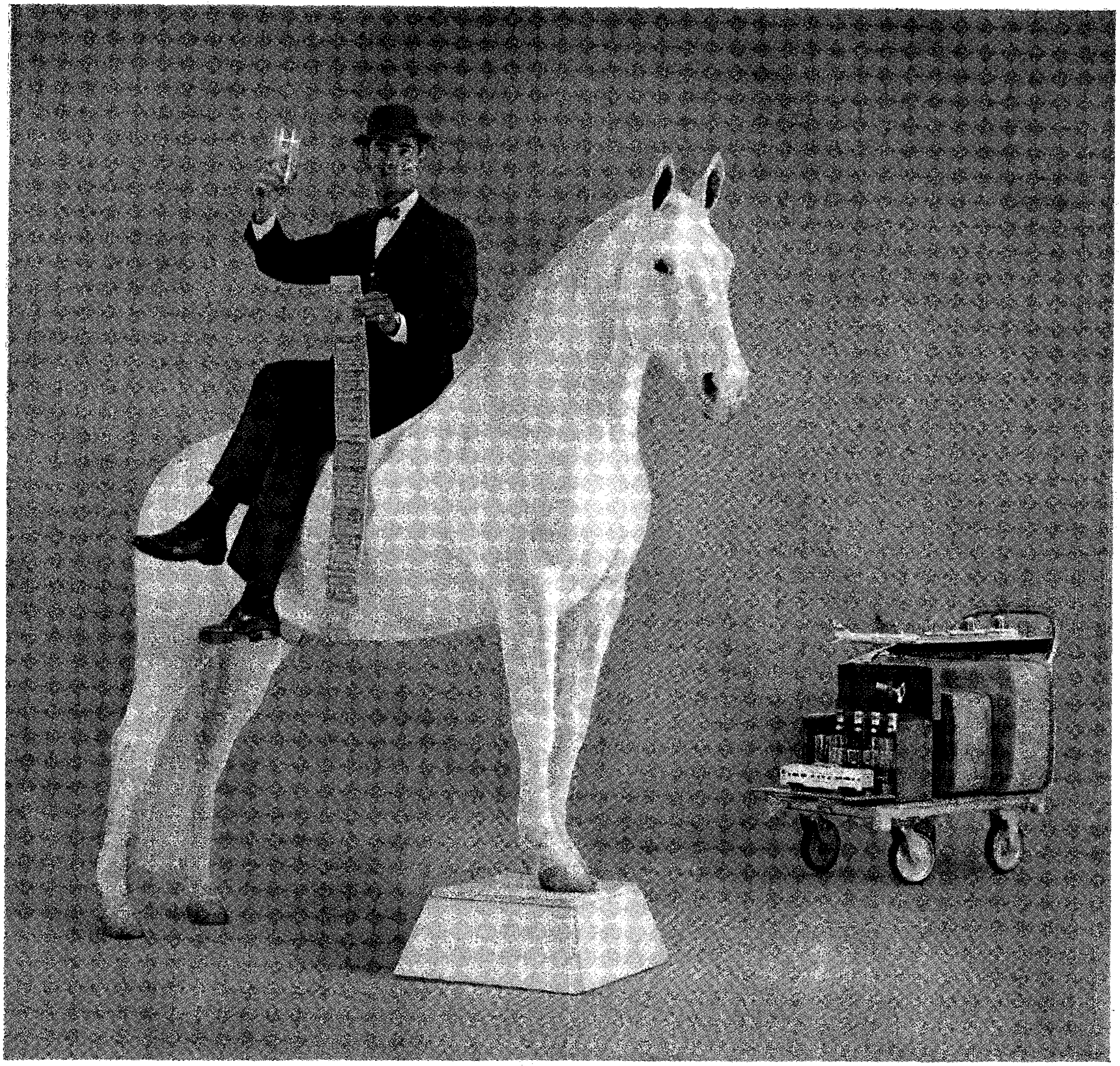

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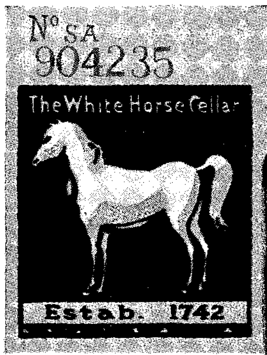
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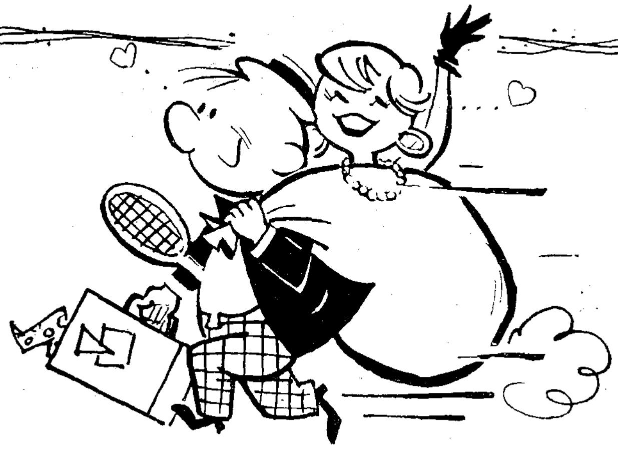
an opening between a jumble of tiered, tile-roofed, steeply ascending houses, with a zigzag of laden clotheslines crisscrossing between and ascending, too, and beneath them an open catacomb, its wall niches filled with skeletons and its center piled high with fragments of marble columns. The break between the above- and belowground sections is further emphasized by a transverse passageway, full of people moving to and fro, and I take it that the intention, as in some others of this artist's paintings, is not only to point up the contrasts between the dead past and the living present but to indicate their inescapable and continuing interrelations—in the sense, for instance, that the ruins of today become the foundations for tomorrow. I can't feel, though, that the present version is one of Blume's most successful expositions of this theme, and I think the fault lies in a certain feeling of arbitrariness. It doesn't seem to have "grown," as some of his others did; instead, it seems "assembled," and it occurs to me that some of this may result from a too great striving on the artist's part to accentuate the basic contrasts—particularly the contrast between the gloom of the catacombs and the tortuous (but still slightly arbitrary) flight of the clotheslines above. But if this seems forced, it nevertheless makes for a strong, immediate dramatic effect, and certainly the painting has that, as well as impeccable technique. In this latter respect, I was struck especially by the unobtrusive skill with which Blume managed to incorporate the "flat" perspective of the medieval artists into a modern scene. Though perhaps not his best, it is still a major performance.

Supplementing the exhibition of classical Korean art at the Metropolitan Museum, the World House Galleries has put on a showing of contemporary Korean work. The selection is helter-skelter, for no less than thirty-five artists, represented by no more than sixty-odd pieces among them, are crowded in, and since the range in styles is wide, the initial effect is more than a trifle confusing, the characteristics of the individuals concerned tending to be lost in the shuffle. For all that, one gets an over-all feeling of vigor and confident inventiveness that is remarkable. Surprisingly, few of the works are in the traditional scroll-painting technique, and most of these show traces of Occidental influence. (See, for instance, Kim Yong-gi's "Moonlight," with its swooping flight of insects, as well as Pak Nae-hyon's "Owl in Moonlight," in



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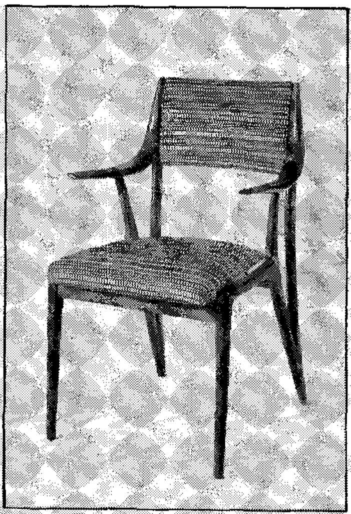

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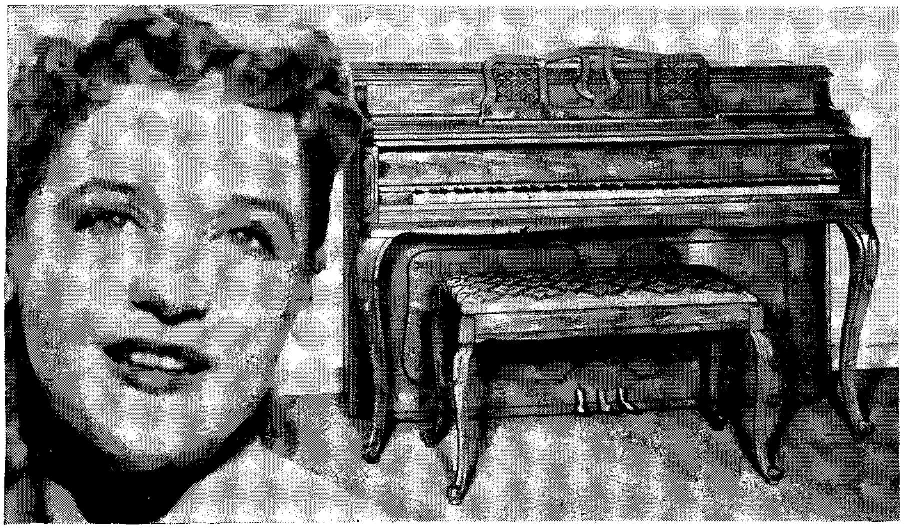
which there are definite semi-abstract distortions.) The styles range from a modified representationalism (in Ahn Yong-il's slightly Modiglianiesque "A Girl," for example) all the way to such more or less non-objective pieces as Kim Hun's lacily patterned "Paradise" and Chong Ch'ang-sop's truly charming "Form." I liked, too, Kim Hwan-gi's blue and delicate "Korean Landscape" (he is one of the few men in the show who have studied in Paris; the majority, growing up under Japanese domination, were Tokyo-trained) and Kim Sang-dae's solidly composed "East Coast." In general, these Eastern artists reveal an astonishing ability to adapt the abstract method to their own uses.

THE Sculpture Center has a cheerful and lively exhibition by three men—Abe Satoru, Henry DiSpirito, and Thomas Young. DiSpirito, the oldest of the group, is also the best known, having exhibited at the Center and elsewhere a number of times. He specializes in animal subjects, working directly in the stone, and though the approach is the least bit stereotyped, his pieces have a warmth and understanding that lifts them out of the ordinary, notably the tiny "Field Mouse" and the delightfully handled "Porcupine." Young, like Satoru, is a newcomer. Most of his works are fashioned from thin sheets of welded brass, and he draws many of his themes from a rococo fairy-tale land of his own invention. I liked best his playfully archaic head called "Princess" and the highly fanciful "Levée de la Princesse." In a sense, Satoru is the most interesting of all. Hawaiian by birth, he, too, seems to possess that ability I mentioned earlier to adapt the simplifications of abstraction to the still more rarefied techniques of the Orient; and this, combined with his apparently innate feeling for sculptural balance and rhythm, makes some of his pieces really memorable. I noted especially the tall, airy "Pyramid No. 3 (Net)" and the technically adroit "The Needle." —ROBERT M. COATES

•

Mrs. Donald Anderson (Barbara Straub) writes that her wedding was "squeezed into a school packed agenda" but she found time to make her own and her three attendants' gowns. The maid of honor was Joan Kaloczi, '56, who was Barb's roommate all four years, and the organist was Julie Bonnett, x'56. They are now living in a trailer—two blocks from her school—which is roomy enough for her grand piano.—*Oberlin Alumni Magazine.*

How about Donald?



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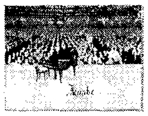

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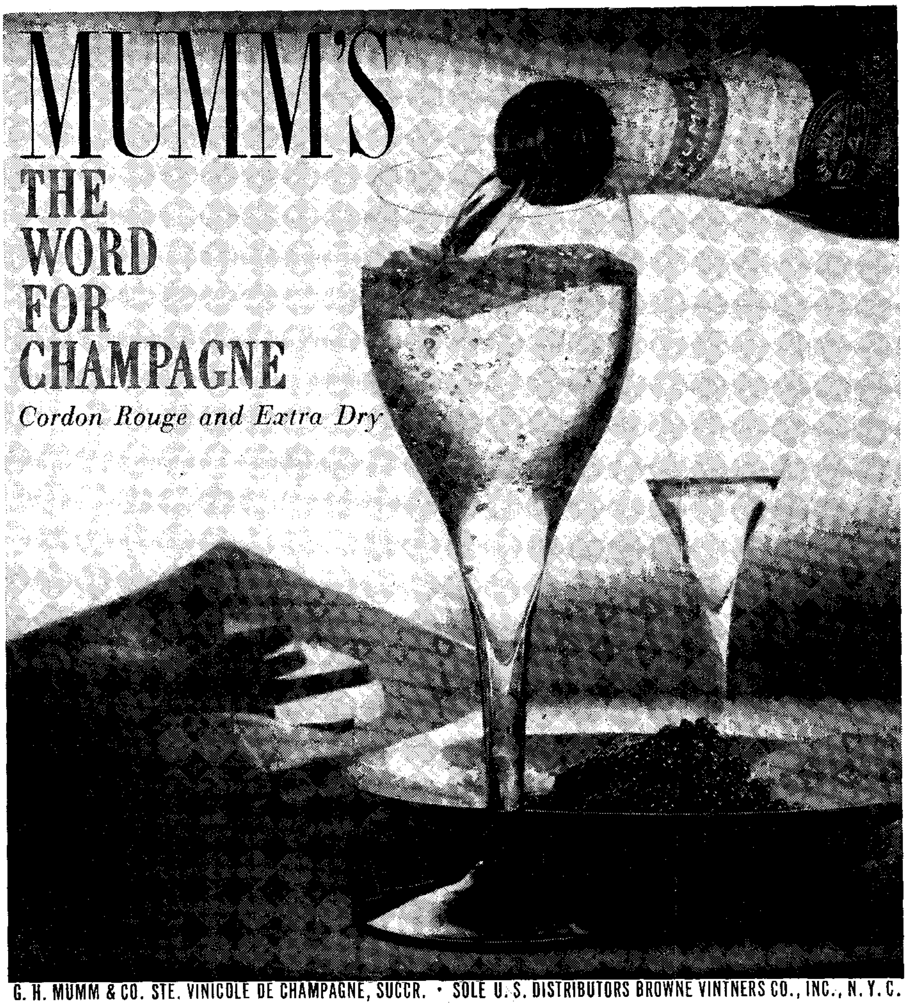

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BOOKS

The Lost Art

THE one new and important art form that has been developed in our time is the cinema. Radio has never amounted to much. When it's good, TV is either a dwarf movie or a newspaper, as during the McCarthy and Kefauver hearings, when the camera simply focussed on the most dramatic landscape in the world, the human face in action, or (in the case of Frank Costello) the hands. Still photography is a craft rather than an art because the photographer hasn't enough control and so can only approximate the effects he wants; a mediocre exhibition of paintings is more alive than a good photography show; a few photographers have almost pushed the craft into an art—Cartier-Bresson and Walker Evans, for example—but the lack of motion impoverishes the medium even in their case. The movies alone have the possibility of achieving art.

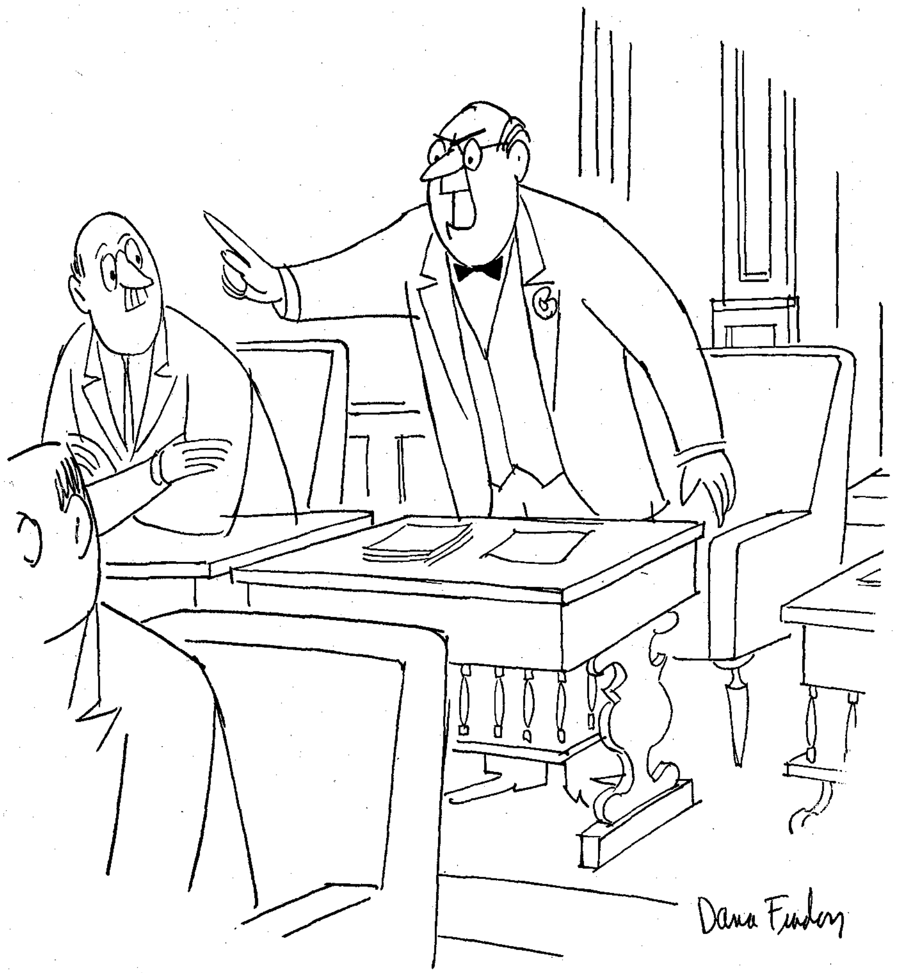
This possibility was realized less often in the second quarter of our century than in the first. The cinema's natural development has been interrupted, and it has decayed before it could ripen, hardened into Alexandrian emptiness before it could fully work out its vocabulary. While the movies have become more sophisticated, they have also become less interesting aesthetically. They are in better taste, are even—on the whole—more entertaining, but since the coming of sound they are no longer an art form. There are still all sorts of cinematic "effects," but these are mere decorations on the basic structure, which is not cinematic but literary and theatrical.

However, movies are still fascinating (sometimes) and so are books about them (sometimes). Seven that have been recently published or republished throw some light, or shadow, on our century's unique art form.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, an important little book called "Film," translated from the German of a young *cinéaste* named Rudolf Arnheim, was published in London. It was an exercise in theory, dry and drastic, which systematically presented an extreme view that seemed to many of us at the time to sum up our "position." Since then, Mr. Arnheim has settled in the United States, has shifted his main interest from the film to psychology (today he teaches the subject at Sarah Lawrence), and has written a large, scholarly book called "Art and Visual Perception: A Psychology of the Creative Eye," which appeared three or four years ago. Now the University of California Press has published a paperback, "Film as Art," which includes the parts of "Film" the author thinks still of interest, as well as four more recent essays, the latest dated 1938. It makes another important little book. Of the added material, I liked especially the admirably concise essay on "Motion" and also "A Forecast of Television":

> We must not forget that in the past the inability to transport immediate experience and to convey it to others made the use of language necessary and thus compelled the human mind to develop concepts.... When communication can be achieved by pointing with the finger, however, the mouth grows silent, the writing hand stops, and the mind shrinks.

Mr. Arnheim believes that each step forward technically—sound, color, wide screen, stereoscopic depth—has been a step backward aesthetically, especially the first and greatest, the addition of the sound track. "For me," he writes, "film is a unique experiment in the visual arts which took place in the first three decades of this century" and which has degenerated into "a comfortable technique for popular storytelling. . . . Correspondingly, the author of this book has changed from a monomaniac . . . to a stray customer who gratefully enjoys—a few times a year—the screen performances of intelligent artists." Since this is roughly my own evolution, I think well of Mr. Arnheim's thesis. Its crux is that "the very properties that make photography and film fall short of perfect reproduction can act as the necessary molds of an artistic medium." Many "camera effects" are possible only because a photograph is flat and two-dimensional, while our eyes see the world in three-dimensional



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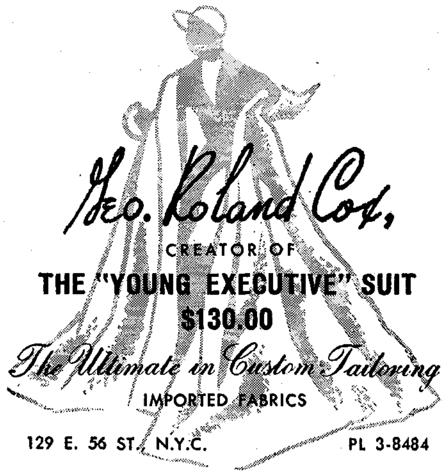

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depth. Again: the intensity of a movie closeup derives from the fact that the screen establishes a definite, circumscribed area of vision, whereas our eyes and heads are mobile; we "take in" a room as a whole by constantly moving our gaze, and there are no sharp lines bounding what we see. Also: "There are no jerks in time or space in real life. They are continuous. Not so in film. . . . One scene may be immediately followed by another that takes place at a totally different time. And the continuity of space may be broken in the same manner. A moment ago I may have been standing a hundred yards away from a house. Suddenly I am close in front of it."

There are a great many other ways in which a director can violate reality (art is born of this rape). He can use camera angles, fadeins, fadeouts, dissolves, double exposures. He can slow motion down, speed it up, or stop it entirely for a frozen instant. Above all, there is montage, or "artistic use of the absence of the space-time continuum." In movies, there are two kinds of motion: movement in front of the camera, as when an actor walks across a room; and the movement of one "frame," or individual shot, succeeding another as the film runs through the projector. Getting effects from this latter kind of movement is called "montage." D. W. Griffith was the first to use it as an artistic device, as at the end of "The Birth of a Nation," when he builds suspense by cutting back and forth between the besieged cabin and the Klansmen galloping to its relief. The Russian silent-film directors made it the keystone of their film aesthetic, using the "frames" of the film strip as the composer of music uses notes. A famous bit of montage is the way Eisenstein, in "Potemkin," magically brings statues to life by showing first a shot of a crouching stone lion, then one of a rising stone lion, finally one of a stone lion with his jaws open to roar.

Mr. Arnheim gives an interesting example of how the technical limitations of the cinema can be used artistically. In Pudovkin's "The End of St. Petersburg," two starving peasants reach the city in search of work. They are photographed entering a wide, empty square; the shot is taken from a long way off, behind the raised arm of a statue of a czar. (Since a photograph lacks depth, nearby objects appear not only disproportionately bigger than distant ones but also seem to be on the same plane as the distant ones; the eye makes an automatic compensation for the apparent disproportion in size, but the camera doesn't,

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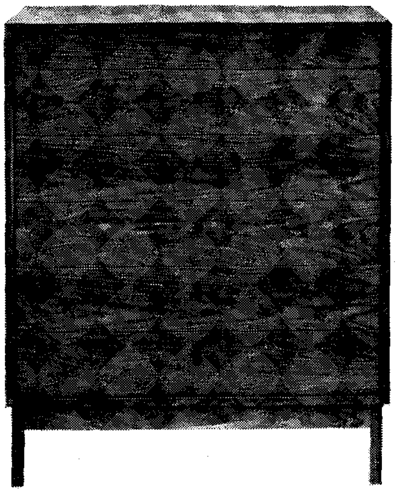

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whence the comic vacation snapshots from ground level of people with huge feet and tiny heads.) The result is that the imperious hand of authority blots out most of the foreground and the peasants appear to be "two ants crawling toward the colossus." Such effects could not be achieved with a stereoscopic camera. "In other words . . . what might be called the 'drawbacks' of film technique (which engineers are doing their best to 'overcome') actually form the tools of the creative artist."

How little the tools are now used! Often these effects are contemptuously dismissed as tricks, but they are in fact the vocabulary of cinema. What one notices about a "talkie," especially if one has recently seen one of the great silent films, is how tongue-tied it is. There's sometimes high entertainment to be had, especially if one can get to European films, which, since sound, have been mostly superior to our own. This superiority, however, is in human interest rather than in cinematic technique. They present believable, complicated, even contradictory people (as against Hollywood's hundred-per-cent beauties and hundred-per-cent beasts) in situations that have some relation to one's own experience (sex in European films is part of life, for example, not a streamlined Platonic ideal of gleaming coiffures and bosoms—but one must avoid Brigitte Bardot and the Loren-Lollobrigida brigade), and against realistically photographed backgrounds (as compared to the marshmallow luminosity of Hollywood's studio lighting—though an honorable exception should be made for the gray newsreel monochrome of our current "Paths of Glory"). Some of these European films are poignant (De Sica's "The Bicycle Thief"), disturbing (Fellini's "La Strada"), charming (Ophuls' "La Ronde"), exciting (Rossellini's "Open City"), moving ("Stella" and "A Girl in Black," by the new Greek director, Cacoyannis), or funny (Alastair Sim, in "The Green Man"—by some Hollywoodian miracle, we have "Operation Mad Ball"). But with a few exceptions—Cocteau's "The Blood of a Poet" and Vigo's "Zéro de Conduite" come to mind—European films, too, are literary-theatrical rather than cinematic in technique.

It is painful to read, as of 1958, Mr. Arnheim's lyrical catalogue of the moviemaker's powers—his *potential* powers, that is:

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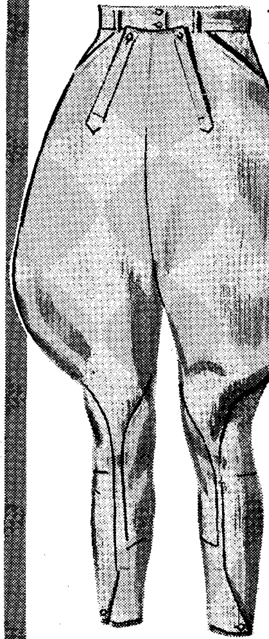

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Next week: Jayne Mansfield in "Kiss Them for Me."

"THE MOVIES," by Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer, is one of those Simon & Schuster extravaganzas—a big, gaudy picture book the size of a Gutenberg Bible that is billed as "the sixty-year story of the world of Hollywood and its effect on America, from pre-nickelodeon days to the present, told in 1,000 wonderful pictures and 150,000 words of brilliant text." Mr. Griffith is curator of films at the Museum of Modern Art; Mr. Mayer is a veteran exhibitor of and writer about movies. Some of the pictures *are* wonderful, but they are sleazily reproduced by an offset process in which the lighter tones evaporate and the dark ones sink into a black smudge; for fifteen dollars, the customer deserves better. The text is hardly brilliant, but it could have been much worse. I don't understand the reference to Hollywood's "effect on America;" except for perfunctory asides ("The movies had made themselves a fast transmission belt for Jazz Age ideas"), no social history is visible. Over half the pages and almost three-fourths of the text are devoted to the silent film, a discrimination I think justified, because the whole idea is a half-kidding, half-nostalgic family album, and the farther back you go the quainter the scenery. Also, the authors seem more interested in the pre-sound cinema, possibly because it really is more interesting. They write thoughtfully about Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, and William S. Hart, and give some solid information about their work, but as they approach the present, their presentation becomes careless and superficial, as if they found it increasingly hard to give a damn.

Which makes their inspirational two-page epilogue all the more grotesque. Its argument is expressed in the urbanely sentimental prose that is now de rigueur for copywriters, *Life* editorialists, and TV philosophers whose assignment it is to celebrate the American Dream and the American Way (as vs. the American Nightmare and the American Impasse). It is that Holly-

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wood "has brought joy to millions who had little interest in its . . . aesthetic achievements"—it would be undemocratic to suggest that it was precisely this lack of interest that nipped the Griffith-Stroheim-Chaplin flowering—and that it's all been great fun and very stimulating and will continue to be so because you can't change human nature and what's so terrible about Hollywood anyway?

> But though man's faith has become man's fear, and his naïveté has been replaced by what he regards as sophistication, he is not greatly changed. . . . What makes him laugh or cry, what he finds endearing, exciting, or exalting remains substantially unaltered. . . . If we cannot share the current teen-age passion for Elvis Presley, let us recall that our parents could not see what we saw about Frank Sinatra that was so wonderful. And also there will be the men who will make fans of the future laugh, the successors to Keaton, Langdon, Lloyd, and Lewis. And if God is very, very kind, there may come another Chaplin to make them cry as they laugh. . . .
>
> One thing is certain: more Americans will see pictures. . . . Will they be better, will they be worse than the movies of yesterday and today? It is a foolish question. To those of us who have lived through the wonders of the past sixty years there can be no misgivings about the glories of the future. The authors of this book are jealous of the men who will write its sequel in 2017!

Whistling in the dark? Or is it that the authors, at least in this Essandess Special, aren't much concerned with the movies as art? This would explain their brushing aside as "foolish" any speculations about the future quality of the movies. Also, their dismissing of Stroheim with four pages, mostly devoted to his trivial man-you-love-to-hate, Prussian-officer phase, and including only one small shot from his masterpiece, "Greed." Also, their slighting or actually omitting practically everything I recall most admiringly from the post-1930 Hollywood cinema: John Ford's "The Informer" isn't even mentioned, and the two most interesting post-1930 directors, John Huston and Orson Welles, are both snubbed. Huston's "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" get single shots, no text, nor is their director given any space. ("The Maltese Falcon" is my candidate, and not only mine, for the all-time best crime film. I can quarrel with the authors for omitting "The Gunfighter"—the Gregory Peck, not the William S. Hart, version—because I think it the all-time best Western, but I cannot blame them, since this opinion is not widespread.) Welles does get a double-page spread, like Joan Crawford, but

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his brilliant experiments, "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons," are dismissed as tricky, boy-wonder stuff, and Welles is brushed off as a "genius" (sarcasm) who "has been canonized by the intellectuals as a victim of American materialism."

To conclude on a brighter note: the book is an enormous advance, in both pictures and text, on a similar folio published in 1953—Daniel Blum's "A Pictorial History of the Silent Screen."

IN "The Liveliest Art" (Macmillan), Arthur Knight attempts to trace "the main lines of the film's artistic growth" in all countries. This is quite an assignment. Although Mr. Knight has plenty of credentials as an expert (film column in the *Saturday Review*, lecturer at City College's Institute of Film Technique, American juror at the Venice International Film Festivals of 1955 and 1957, etc.), the sad fact is that he just isn't up to it. He has produced another of those lukewarm books that are thorough but thin, informed but pedestrian, serious but undiscriminating. He writes too little about too much, dealing in "trends" and compiling laundry lists. "His version of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' *The Lodger* (1926) was one of the few significant British features of the twenties." No reasons given. "New independent outfits are flocking to the U.A. banner to produce films as modest as *Marty* (1955) or as vast as *The Pride and the Passion* (1957), as romantic as *Summertime* (1955) or as grim as *Attack* (1956)." A film is lucky to get one adjective in this once-over-lightly treatment. Instead of deciding which films and directors are worth talking about, Mr. Knight flattens everything out to a dead level and democratically says something nice (and brief) about them all.

He never seems to have space enough to cover any topic adequately. Eisenstein's frustrated career after 1930, surely the most significant of many similar tragedies in cinema history, gets considerably less than a page, in which the only generalization is: "Perhaps he would have clashed with authority under any system of government, such was his temperament, such was his genius." But this doesn't explain why Eisenstein didn't so clash between 1924 and 1929, when he produced four films in six years, as against the two he made in the last eighteen years of his life.

I think Mr. Knight's problem is that he likes almost everything. Chaplin's mawkish "Limelight" is "brilliant. . . . In many ways Chaplin's most profound work" (ways not specified); Carl

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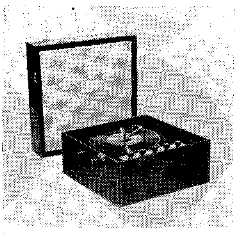

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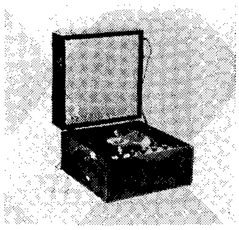

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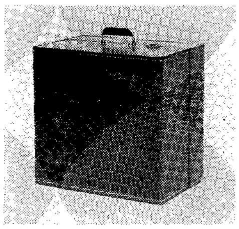

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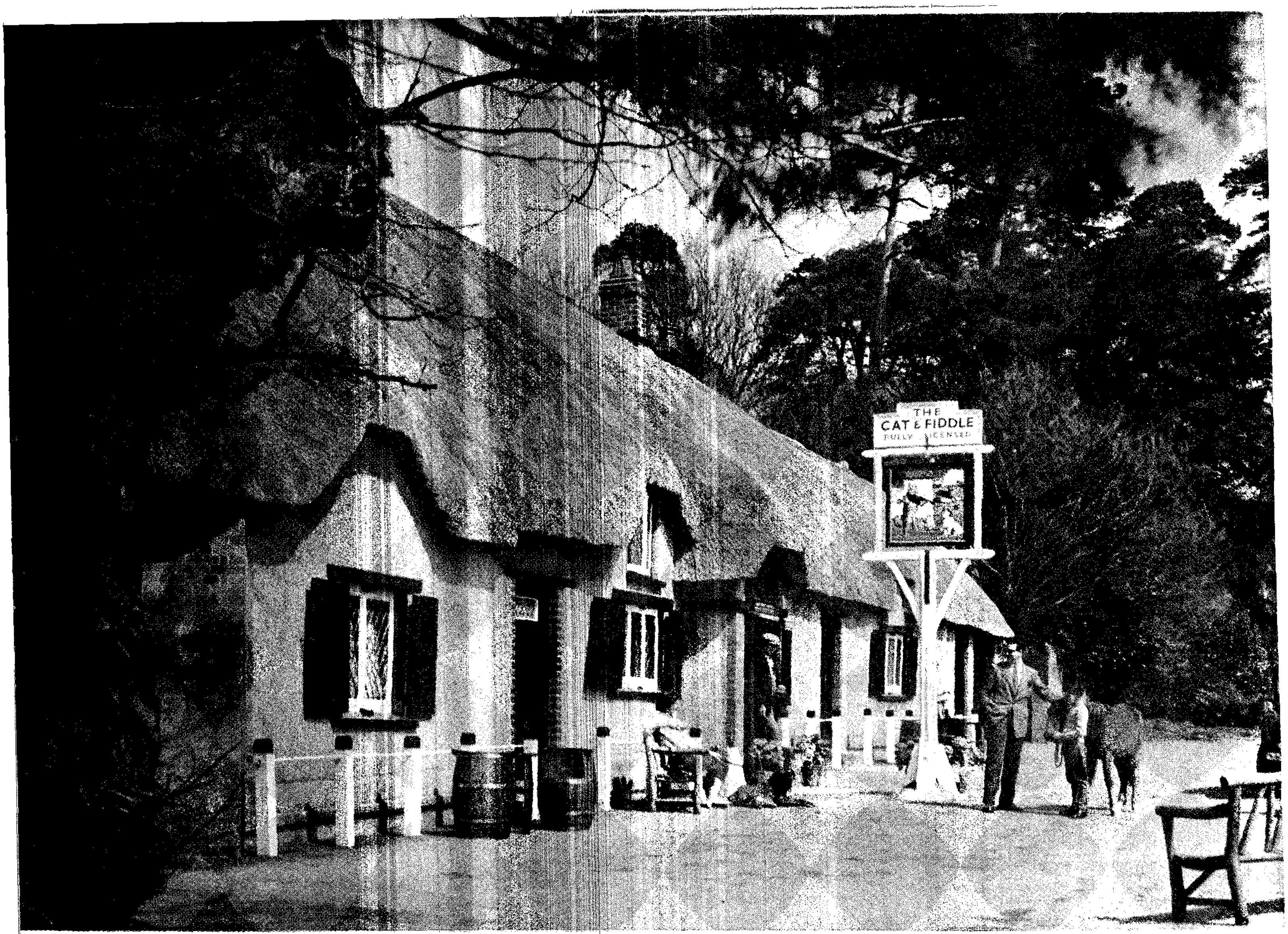

Invitation to 60,000 British pubs

THIS IS the *Cat and Fiddle* at Hinton Admiral, Hampshire. It's pretty typical of pubs around these parts. We admit that the thatch has a charm of its own. But, like all pubs, the real character of the place comes from *inside.*

Essentially, a pub is two things at once. A club for the locals. A haven for the traveler. Somehow the beer, the darts, and the shove-ha'penny manage to blend both purposes admirably.

Britain has roughly 60,000 pubs and the oldest is said to be the *Fighting Cocks* at St. Albans (A.D. 795). All have their pet claims. Some say the *Cat and Fiddle* is a corrupted testimonial to the purity of Catherine of Aragon (i.e. *Catherine la Fidèle*). Heigh-diddle-diddle, the beer is always good. So are the sandwiches.

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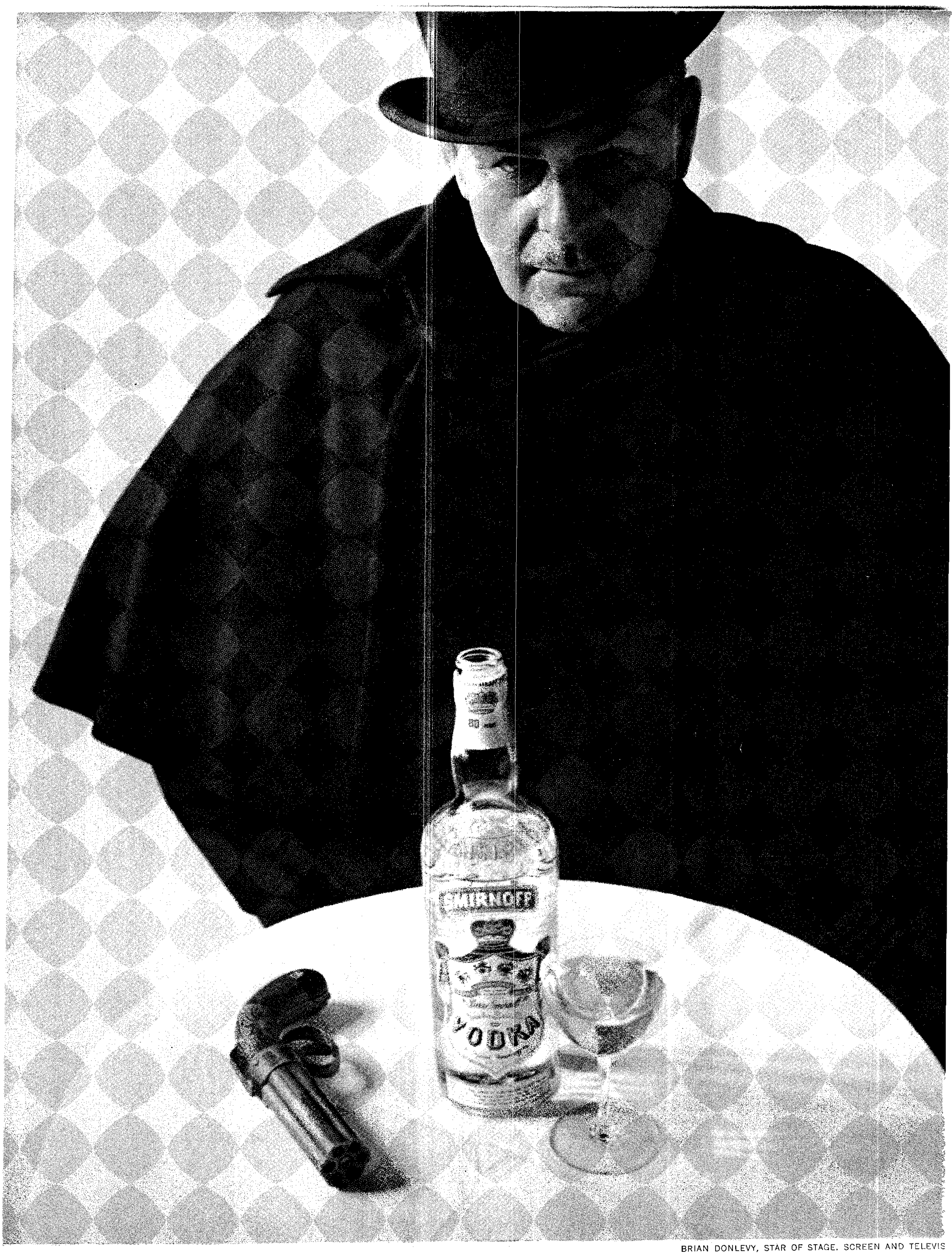
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Dreyer's tediously manneristic "The Passion of Joan of Arc" is "the last great work of the French silent film;" Maya Deren's arty, heavy-handed experimental films are treated with solemn respect, as is Ian Hugo's pretentious "Bells of Atlantis," "set to the cool, bell-like poetry of Anais Nin" (I found Miss Nin's verse embarrassingly corny, in a 1920 Imagist-*cum*-Sandburg way); there are three pages on the mercifully forgotten movies of Rouben Mamoulian; King Vidor's "Hallelujah," which I recall as sentimental and melodramatic, is "a tremendous feat;" Henri-Georges Clouzot's crude shocker, "Les Diaboliques," is "a film of breath-taking virtuosity."

As the Dodo insisted after the Caucus race, "*Everybody* has won, and *all* must have prizes." But Everybody Wins means Nobody Wins. The few good things are lost in the ruck of mediocrity. Such routine Hitchcock pictures as "Lifeboat," "Rope," and "Rear Window" get the same appreciative phrases as his superbly romantic "Rebecca," which seems to me, because of its humor, its virtuoso twists and turns of plot, its cinematic inventiveness, and its use of the camera to establish mood, one of the most entertaining films ever made.

Mr. Knight's generalizations are as democratic as his evaluations. There's something for everybody. On page 190 he acclaims the "growing maturity" and "technical mastery" of the sound film after its first fumbling decade—that is, at the end of the thirties. But ten pages later he is running down the fire escape:

> Sheer technique does not produce inspired films. . . . The departmentalization of creativity now dominating studios all over the world [may] dissipate the single-minded vigor that once produced a *Birth of a Nation* or *Greed*, an *Open City* or *Citizen Kane*. . . . And there lurks the even greater danger that as film-making grows more departmentalized—and more expensive—the purely pragmatic interests of box office will take precedence.

On this last delicate point, Mr. Knight has a superdemocratic balanced judgment: "Certainly, in motion pictures, the *vox populi* can not be safely ignored; but neither can the industry devote itself single-mindedly to the repetition of proven box-office hits." Uh-huh.

In the last chapter, this on-the-one-hand-but-still-and-all-on-the-other hand device produces an especially weird effect. After a detailed account of the artistic havoc caused in the movies by the advent of the wide screen—in general, it has deprived movies of their

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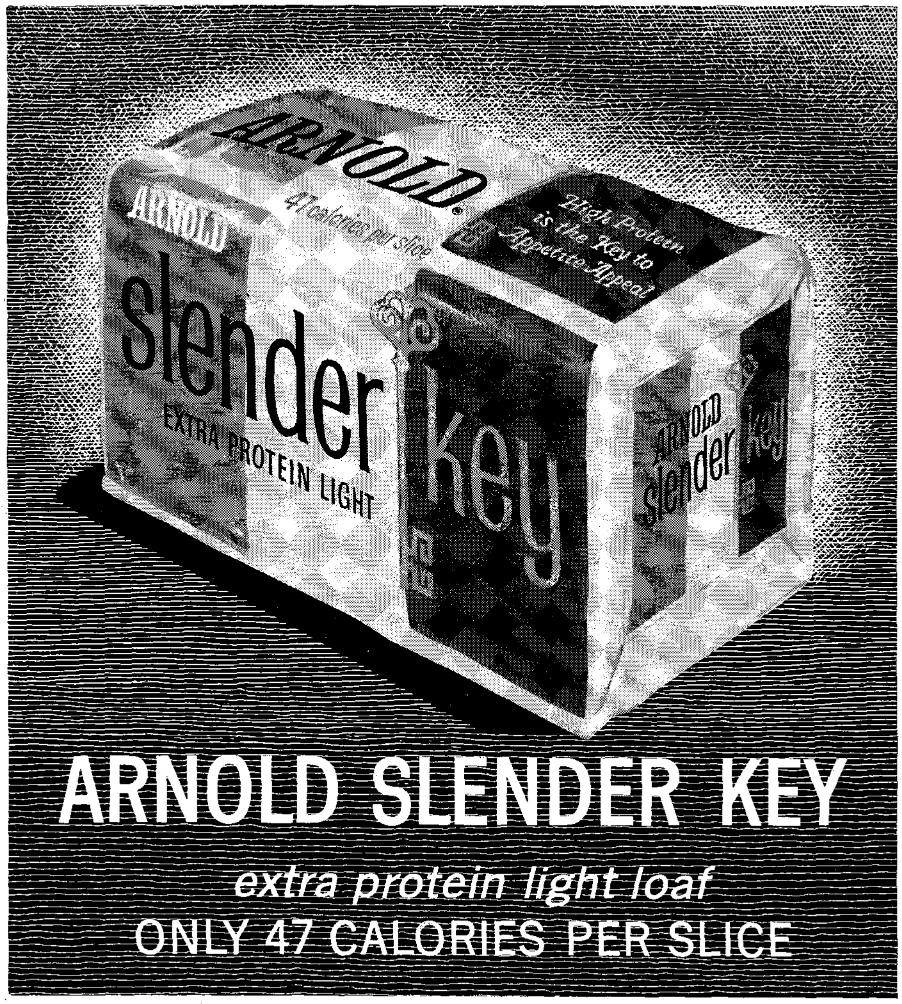
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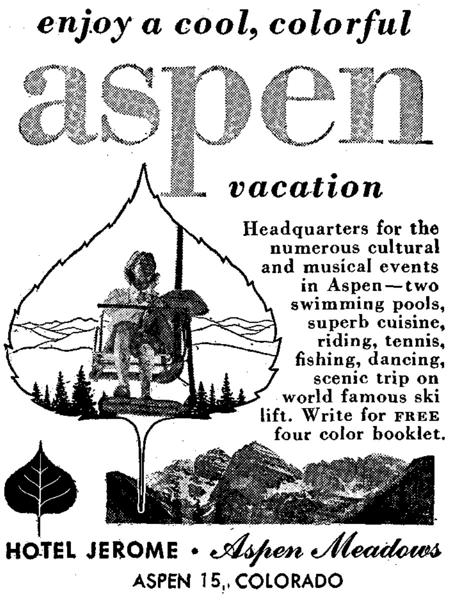
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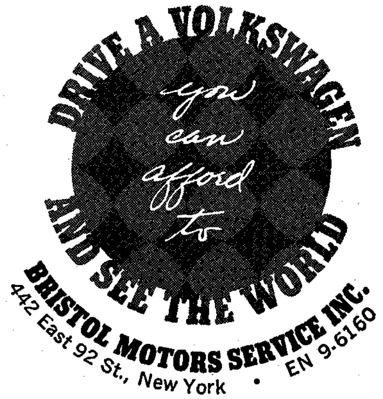
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chief resource, motion, by making quick shifts of the camera difficult and montage effects practically impossible—Mr. Knight winds up:

> For it is these three elements—the inventor, the artist, and the audience—that ultimately determine what course the film will take. Interacting one upon the other, they have propelled the medium past the boundaries of silence, through sound and color and space. [Is this trip necessary?] . . . From a crude peepshow novelty [it has become] an art form capable of touching the heart and the imagination of people throughout the world. The incredible thing is that all of this has been accomplished in only sixty years!
>
> Today the moving picture is again in an era of transition. Once more the inventors have provided the film makers with a new dimension of reality to work with, and audiences everywhere have indicated their interest and enthusiasm. . . . It is a challenge that the directors have met resourcefully in the past—and will meet again, inevitably, in the long years that lie ahead. For the capacity to change, to grow is the very essence of every living art—and especially of the movies, the liveliest of all the arts.

Technological advance is confused with artistic advance; audiences have *not* "everywhere indicated their enthusiasm," but, on the contrary, movie attendance has dropped from a weekly seventy-five million ten years ago to forty-three million today; "an era of transition" is the last refuge of an optimist—it always means things are bad and getting worse; directors have *not* met "resourcefully" the "challenge" of sound, color, and wide screen, and there's no reason to believe they will, and in any case "inevitably" is a word that cannot be used of human affairs; in his last sentence, Mr. Knight assumes that the movies today *are* "the liveliest of the arts" and deduces from this their "capacity to change," a fine specimen of circular reasoning. In short, this is cant, which Webster defines as "a mode of talking used merely out of convention." The convention, respected by Mr. Knight, as by the Messrs. Griffith and Mayer, is that books on the movies, like the movies themselves, must have a happy ending.

I wonder if the trouble is that all three authors are institutionally connected with the study and appreciation of films. They have become habituated to the low level of post-1930 cinema, and, furthermore, their occupation would be gone were they to recognize that what now appears on the screen is artistically one vast blank.

BOSLEY CROWTHER's "The Lion's Share" (Dutton) is a shoddily written and badly organized history of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that throws

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at the reader a vast quantity of undigested trivia. Its heroes are not M-G-M's directors, or even its stars, but those business types who got in on the ground floor and firmly kept Hollywood right down there: Adolph Zukor, Marcus Loew, Carl Laemmle, William Fox, the Schenck boys (Joe and Nick), and the great Prince of Pandemonium himself, Louis B. Mayer. The rare executives who had modest pretensions to ideas, like Irving Thalberg, or just to simple humanity, like Samuel Goldwyn, are giants in this pygmy world. The vulgarity of business-type Hollywooders is made a virtue: "It is a significant feature of the American motion picture industry that it was grappled and guided into being by men from what we call the common herd—men from the moving masses of the people whose tastes they discovered and served." This seems to me a libel on the masses, moving or stationary. Mr. Crowther skips lightly over the significant part of his story, the struggle of a few talented people against Louis B. Mayerdom, and concentrates on commercial maneuvers. He treats the big shots with the respect their cash demands, but his epitaph on the exit from M-G-M of Stroheim and Sternberg is scatological: "The temperamental types were being flushed."

Did one not know that Mr. Crowther is chief movie reviewer for the *Times*, one would think he was a press agent. "Saga," "epic," and "destiny" abound. The Lunt-Fontanne "Guardsman" is "one of their most arch and adult romps," the Marx Brothers go in for "madcap japes," and Lon Chaney *père*, who the author feels has been unjustly slighted by "the cinema esthetes," is "an artist of real imagination . . . a full-fledged phenomenon in a period when the movies were truly finding wings." M-G-M has no reason to complain: "Thus the small company, torn from turbulence, tripped toward its destiny. . . . A glowing future was envisioned for Metro-Goldwyn and its parent, Loew's Inc. How important was to be that future to the development of the American film industry was a matter that even the most sanguine prophet [fellow by the name of Crowther?] could not at that time foresee." Kindly Mr. Knight claims that "The Lion's Share" is one of the all-time "100 Best Books on Film."

"The Story of Walt Disney" (Holt) is unpromising on the face of it—a frankly admiring biography by his daughter, Diane Disney Miller, "as told to Pete Martin,"

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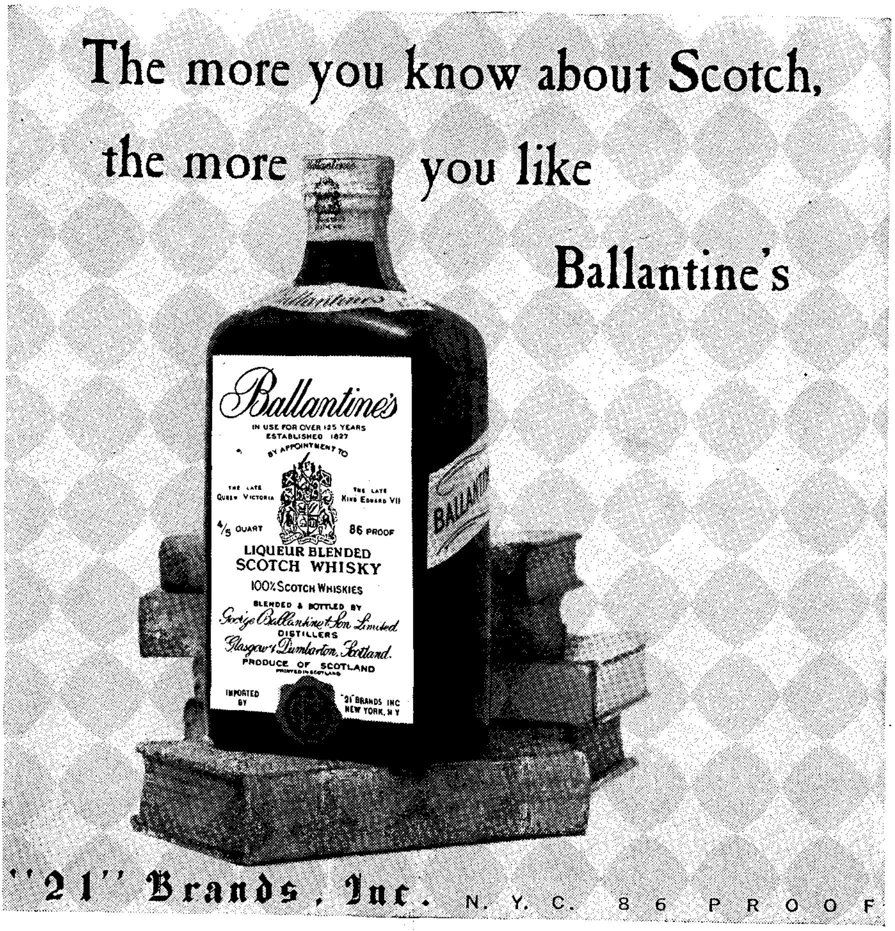

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which first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.* Yet it sounds authentic. Mrs. Miller's tale is a simple, unassuming one. "Gradually I have pieced together a story which I consider to be enormously moving and inspiring. I hope you will find it so too. Here it is," she begins.

It is a real old-fashioned American success story compounded of poverty and hard work (Walt delivered newspapers in the cold Kansas City dawn), ingenuity (he was an avid tinkerer, like Edison; an inspired mechanic, like Ford), salesmanship (he is always "talking" somebody "into" something), and Pikes-Peak-or-Bust optimism ("Father once told me there are two kinds of people. The first kind are licked if they can't get a job. The second kind are sure that even if jobs are scarce, they can always do *something*"). He was also, typically, a great borrower of money, but dynamically rather than parasitically; that is, he borrowed in order to finance expansion. The Bank was always an important part of his world. In 1938, after "Snow White," he and his brother Roy, who handles the business side, paid off their debts and for the first time in their lives were the owners of "a couple of million dollars." A year later they owed The Bank four and a half million dollars; they had built a new studio.

Walt Disney's career began in 1920, at nineteen, when the Kansas City Film Ad Company hired him to draw animated advertising cartoons. His ideas were ingenious, naïve, droll, and punchy: "If I wanted to emphasize a telephone number, I'd have that number march on the screen on little legs, one numeral at a time. Then one number would land in the wrong place and it would have to scurry around until it found its rightful position in relation to the other numbers." Presently he was drawing what he called Laugh-O-Grams for a local movie-theatre owner—"local jokes, special announcements, anything Father could think of. The streets were in bad repair, so Father drew little people whose teeth were being jarred out of them like popcorn as they bumped over potholed surfaces." Violence, even a touch of sadism, had been added. The Mixture was now all there, and it was repeated As Before, a few years later, in the first of the Mickey Mouse films. (Disney was going to call him Mortimer Mouse, but it sounded "sissy" to Mrs. Disney. "'All right,' Father said. 'How about Mickey? Mickey Mouse?'" Mrs. Disney thought that was much better.) The rest is history: the Silly Sympho-

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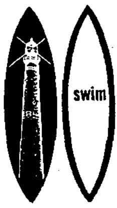

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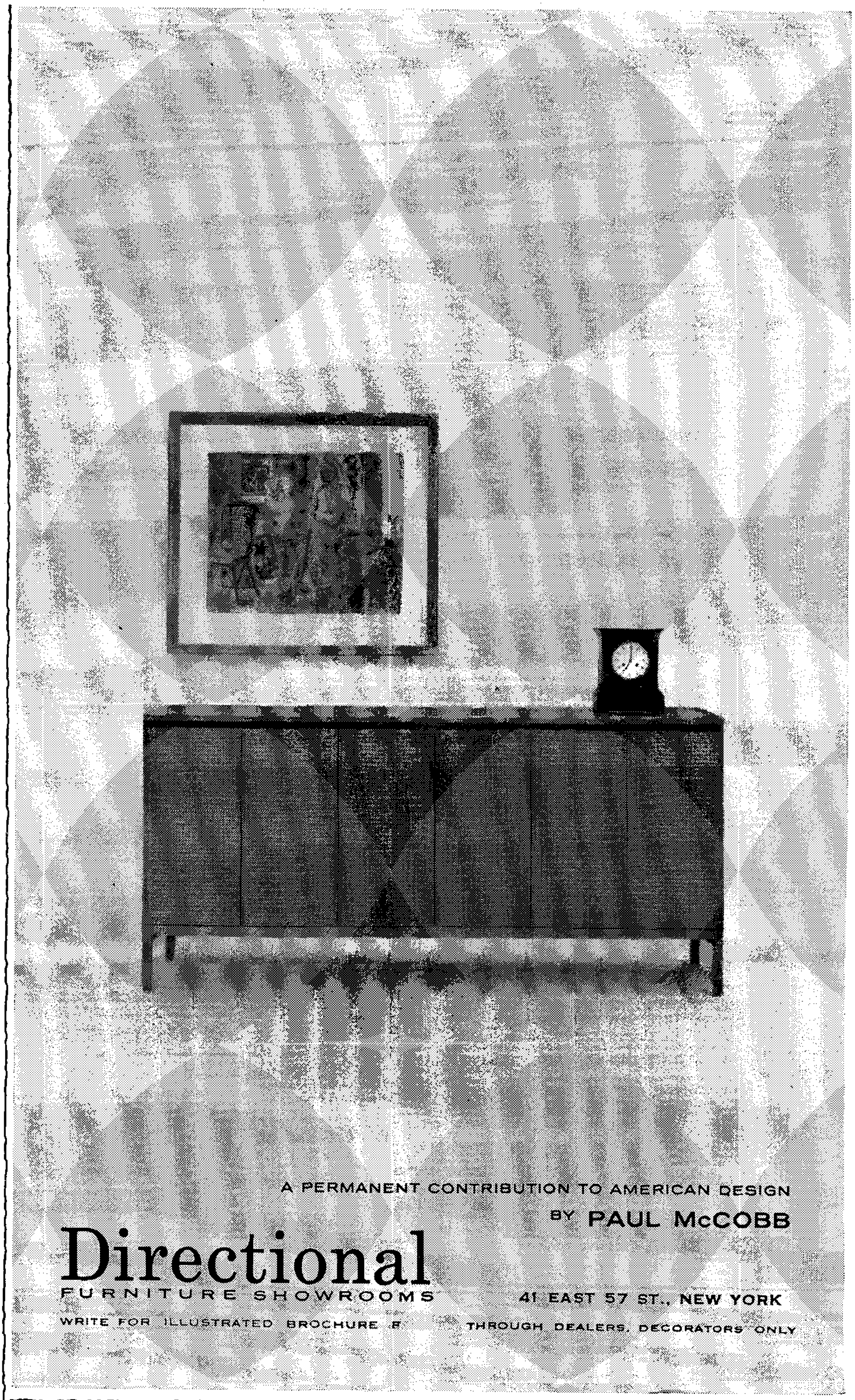
nies, the Three Little Pigs, Donald Duck, Goofy, Pluto.

Then, in 1938, the Late, or Decorated, Disney Period began with "Snow White," a feature-length cartoon that discarded everything that had charmed one in the shorts. Disney abandoned the flat, pastel colors and the spare, nervous line with which he had created a non-realistic world suited to his medium, and went in for florid, picturesque effects in the worst fairy-tale, Christmas-card tradition. His castles leaked moss at every crevice, his gnomes were *echt*-gnomic, his only means of illumination was a guttering candle swathed in drippings. What had been unpretentious fooling around now swelled and sogged into Drama; everything went on too long, everything was overplayed. Such humor as there was was elephantine (the sneeze sequence is an example); gone was the brisk, inventive wit of the shorts. Above all, Disney turned to three-dimensional realism for the first, but not (alas!) the last, time. "He wanted it to be more realistic than any cartoon ever made," writes Mrs. Miller, in happy innocence of Mr. Arnheim's theories. "To accomplish this he needed an illusion of depth. He was afraid eighty minutes of flat, one-dimensional animation would prove too hard for the public to take." In a triumph of misplaced ingenuity, Disney and his animators now reproduced camera effects—dollying the machine in for close shots, swinging it on a boom, panning, all just like the movies. Later Disney features have repeated the "Snow White" formula, with variations: the pretentious vulgarity of "Fantasia," the overcuteness of "Bambi," the banality of "The Lady and the Tramp" (they're a couple of dogs; get it?). And now we are threatened with "The Sleeping Beauty."

What happened? I think the trouble was that Disney was a real primitive, a folk artist, excellent in a small way, but limited; the Laugh-O-Grams were about his speed. He could make the formula brighter, more inventive, more sophisticated, but he couldn't transcend it; once he got beyond his limitations, he was at sea, and at sea without much ballast. In making "Snow White" and its feature-length successors, he could not depend on his native talent, which was adequate for the shorts; he had to take his cue, for the first time, directly from that standardized mass taste that is our substitute for a cultural tradition. "The sophisticates try to write off Father's work as 'Disney's picture-postcard art.' If they do, Father is unconcerned. 'If picture-postcard art moves



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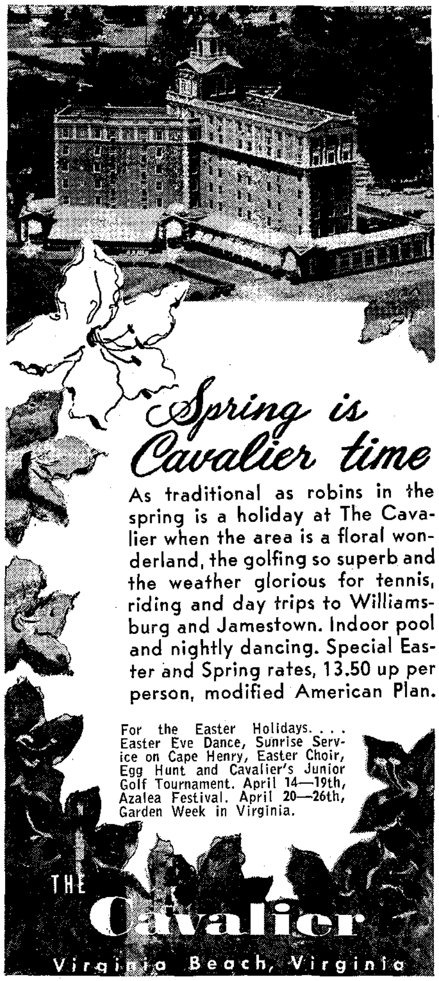

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people,' he says, 'I like picture-postcard art. If I'm corny emotionally, then millions of people in this country are corny, too.' " This is the old American spirit, pragmatic and Philistine—it works, doesn't it? Good for building railroads, but not so good for building art.

After "The Three Little Pigs," one of Disney's business associates began to worry. He was afraid "that people would probably barge in on Father and give him unasked-for advice and perhaps try to make him believe that he ought to ignore the public's likes and dislikes and seek the acclaim of the sophisticates and the 'arty.' When he got to know Father better he realized that he needn't have worried about that." He needn't have worried, indeed. For one thing, "Snow White" was enormously popular; it grossed eight million on its first time around. Its successors did very well, too, and the worst of them, "The Lady and the Tramp," made the most money. More important, Disney's level doesn't differ much from that of his mass audience. The wonder is not that the creator of Mickey Mouse also gave us "Snow White." It is that the creator of "Snow White" was once able to give us Mickey Mouse.

THE question George Bluestone deals with in "Novels into Film" (Johns Hopkins Press) is: What happens, artistically, when a novel is made into a movie? His answer is that the aesthetic differences between the two media are so great that it is nonsense to talk of a "faithful adaptation" and that the only criterion of success is whether the movie is a good movie. "The film and the novel remain separate institutions, each achieving its best results by exploring unique and specific properties."

This not very sensational conclusion is buttressed by a quantity of research that may be either impressive or appalling, depending on the viewpoint. No one can accuse Mr. Bluestone of laziness; his range of authorities is as wide as the world. Eric Auerbach and Erwin Panofsky, Lillian Ross and Agnes Repplier, Parker Tyler, Percy Lubbock, and Paul Goodman, Harry Levin and Jerry Wald and Dore Schary, Sartre and Shaw are all present and accounted for. He also worked hard on the six novels whose metamorphosis into cinema he follows in detail: "The Informer," "Wuthering Heights," "Pride and Prejudice," "The Grapes of Wrath," "The Ox-Bow Incident," and "Madame Bovary." He got the shooting scripts, arranged for screen-

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ings, interviewed a number of the people involved. Then he wrote a tremendously detailed chapter on each that should be very useful to anyone planning to make a movie from a novel. A quarter of the book is a study entitled "The Limits of the Novel and the Limits of the Film," which is of more general interest, but so academic as to be almost unreadable. "Because novel and film are both organic—in the sense that esthetic judgments are based on total ensembles which include both formal and thematic conventions—we may expect to find that differences in form and theme are inseparable from differences in media." And so we do indeed find, and at length. Mr. Bluestone never gets around to telling us about *in*organic art forms in which aesthetic judgments are *not* based on "total ensembles." That would have been interesting. His own total ensemble is a wall of quotations from The Authorities stuccoed together with Ph.D. talk. If one works one's way through his tropes and epistemologies and aesthetic genera and cognitive processes, one discovers that the author is saying something, but often it turns out to be hardly worth the trip: "Where [he means "whereas"] the moving picture comes to us directly through perception, language must be filtered through the screen of conceptual apprehension. And the conceptual process, though allied to and often taking its point of departure from the percept, represents a different mode of experience, a different way of apprehending the universe." This I take to mean that movies use pictures, novels use words, and that this makes a difference. It is a pity that Mr. Bluestone's serious approach should be frustrated by the barbarous language he learned in graduate school and by the fancied necessity, also taught there, of guarding against criticism by laboring the obvious, thus leaving less energy to deal with really interesting, dangerous new ideas.

SERGEI EISENSTEIN was probably the greatest director we have seen—or will see, as things are going—and he was certainly the most brilliant and suggestive analyst of film technique. Meridian has reissued, in a handsome six-hundred-page paperback, the two books of his that have appeared in English—"Film Form" and "The Film Sense." (Why are the covers of "quality" paperbacks so much more inventive and elegant than the dust jackets of our hard-cover books?) The translator and editor of both volumes was Jay Leyda, formerly assistant film curator of the

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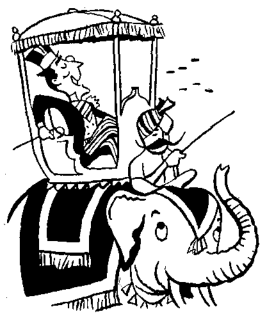

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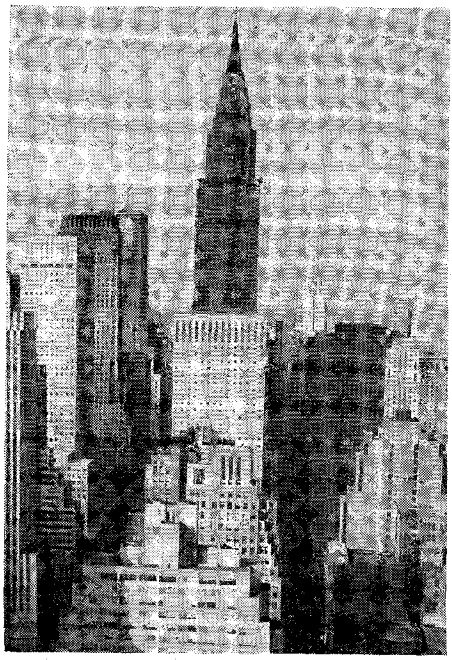

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Museum of Modern Art and more recently editor of "The Melville Log." Mr. Leyda also supplied no less than ten appendixes, mostly film scripts. Two are bibliographies, of Eisenstein's writings in English (sixty-nine items) and of his complete dramatic *œuvre*, including the nine plays he helped produce before he made his first movie, "Strike," in 1924; the six movies he completed; and the twenty-eight he failed to finish.

"Film Form" comprises a dozen articles, ranging in content from "The Cinematographic Principle and the [Japanese] Ideogram" to an extraordinary long essay in comparative aesthetics, "Dickens, Griffith, and the Film Today." They are aggressive, witty, informal, erudite, crackling with mental energy. Eisenstein is, in general, not a very good writer. He puts in too many ideas, or, rather, he drops each idea too soon, impatiently hurrying on to the next one. He is much too fond of phrases like "four-dimensional space-time continuum." And there are far too many passages like:

> For all this, the *basic premise* is:
>
> *The shot is by no means an element of montage.*
>
> *The shot is a montage cell (or molecule).*
>
> In this formulation the dualistic division of
>
> Sub-title and shot
> and
> Shot and montage
>
> leaps forward in analysis to a dialectic consideration as three different phases of one homogeneous task of expression, its homogeneous characteristic determining the homogeneity of their structural laws.

I must confess that this passage remains opaque to me after several rereadings, nor does the context help. But if there are too many ideas, often expressed in too abstract a way, at least they are there. And when Eisenstein is dealing with concrete artistic phenomena, his loose, unliterary, "notebook" style is an advantage, as in his analyses of his own films or his raids into other arts to find parallel effects:

> "The kettle began it..."
>
> Thus Dickens opens his *Cricket on the Hearth*.
>
> What could be further from films! Trains, cowboys, chases.... And the *Cricket on the Hearth*? "The kettle began it!" But strange as it may seem, movies were also boiling in that kettle. From here, from Dickens, from the Victorian novel, stem the first shoots of American film esthetic, forever linked with the name of David Wark Griffith....
>
> Certainly, this kettle is a typical Griffith-esque close-up. A close-up saturated, we now become aware, with typically Dickens-esque "atmosphere."

All but three of the articles in "Film Form" were written before 1936.

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"The Film Sense," which is a book rather than a collection of articles, was written in the late thirties. It seems to me much inferior. Eisenstein was then under continuous attack by the hacks of Socialist Realism, who were supported by the Kremlin. His style has lost its electricity; it is tame and cautious, even at times echoing Stalin's leaden catechisms: "What was the distortion in our attitude at the time to this indisputable phenomenon? The error lay . . ." Instead of pushing into new territory, he gratefully seizes every chance to escape into scholarship. He devotes twenty-seven pages to the historical-cultural-emotional history of the color yellow, bringing in everything from the fact that Roman courtesans preferred to and medieval Jews were forced to wear it, down to the American "yellow-dog" trade-union contract and the significant increase in yellow in Gogol's works, from 3.5 per cent of all references to color in the early writings to 12.8 per cent in the late ones. This is all fascinating but surely excessive, especially since this proliferation of general material relieved the author of the dangerous task of too extended comment on the cinema itself. "The Film Sense" is a tactical retreat under political pressure, a depressing comedown from the lively speculations and brisk polemics of "Film Form."

The innocent reader will not get this impression from Mr. Leyda's editorial notes, which are models of discretion. Nowhere does he hint at the forces that, in the eighteen years left to Eisenstein after 1930, allowed him to produce only two films, "Alexander Nevsky" (1938) and "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" (1944), both of them static, manneristic pageants much inferior to the four films he made between 1924 and 1929. This infertility cannot be explained by a sudden loss of creative power, nor does Mr. Leyda pretend it can. He just doesn't say anything at all. His silence is deafening on the two films Eisenstein brought almost to the point of exhibition before they were suppressed by the authorities as ideologically and aesthetically unsound—"Bezhin Meadow" (1937) and "Ivan, II" (1946).

Of "Bezhin Meadow," Mr. Leyda writes only, "After several delays and revisions, the uncompleted film was shelved." This is, to say the least, misleading. The "delays and revisions" were all due to Eisenstein's attempts to appease the Central Administration of the Cinema Industry. "Uncompleted" hardly suggests the real situation, which was that by the end of 1936 Eisenstein had an uncut print five hours long. And

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the shelving (some say the film's final resting place was the incinerator, not the shelf) was not his choice but that of the Central Administration:

> On March 17, 1937, the production of *Bezhin Meadow* was halted by the Central Administration.... The decision was followed by an article in *Pravda* written by Boris Shumyatsky [then head of the C.A.]. It charged that Eisenstein, who had made a statement rejecting his former esthetic principles and who had expressed his intention to work along lines of social-realism, had misused his creative opportunities and the vast financial resources afforded him. Instead of learning from life [for "life" read "the C.A.;" in fact, read the pandemonic prince himself, Louis B. Mayer's opposite number, Comrade Stalin] Eisenstein had placed too great a faith in his own "scholastic profundities" and produced a film of "harmful formalistic exercises."

This passage is from Marie Seton's richly documented life of Eisenstein, published over here by A. A. Wyn in 1952; Miss Seton shares Mr. Leyda's political prejudices, but, unlike Mr. Leyda, she does give the facts, all of them, including the fact that Comrade Shumyatsky, a year after suppressing "Bezhin Meadow," was himself "removed from office and indicted for sabotaging the film industry." Mr. Leyda knows all this; in fact, Miss Seton prints a long letter to him from Eisenstein just before the suppression ("Quite a few people have seen the rushes and are very highly impressed"). It may extenuate, though it surely does not excuse, Mr. Leyda's unscholarly indulgence of his political bias to note that Eisenstein himself shared it right up to the day of his death. He not only accepted in silence the constant nagging of Stalin's cultural commissars but also, when nagging went over into flat suppression, issued the most abject public apologies for having inadvertently broken discipline.

It is also reasonable to suspect that Mr. Leyda knows what happened to "Ivan, II," but he isn't telling. In the introduction to "Film Form," which was published in 1949, a year after Eisenstein's death, Mr. Leyda refers to "the unfinished *Ivan*." The implication is that Eisenstein died before he could finish it. But if one looks up the bibliographical note on "Ivan, II" in "The Film Sense" (published in 1947), one reads, "Immediately upon the completion of the cutting, Eisenstein suffered an almost fatal heart attack, confining him to a hospital for the remainder of the year. During this time screenings of his work aroused considerable controversy, of which he was unaware until his release from the hos-

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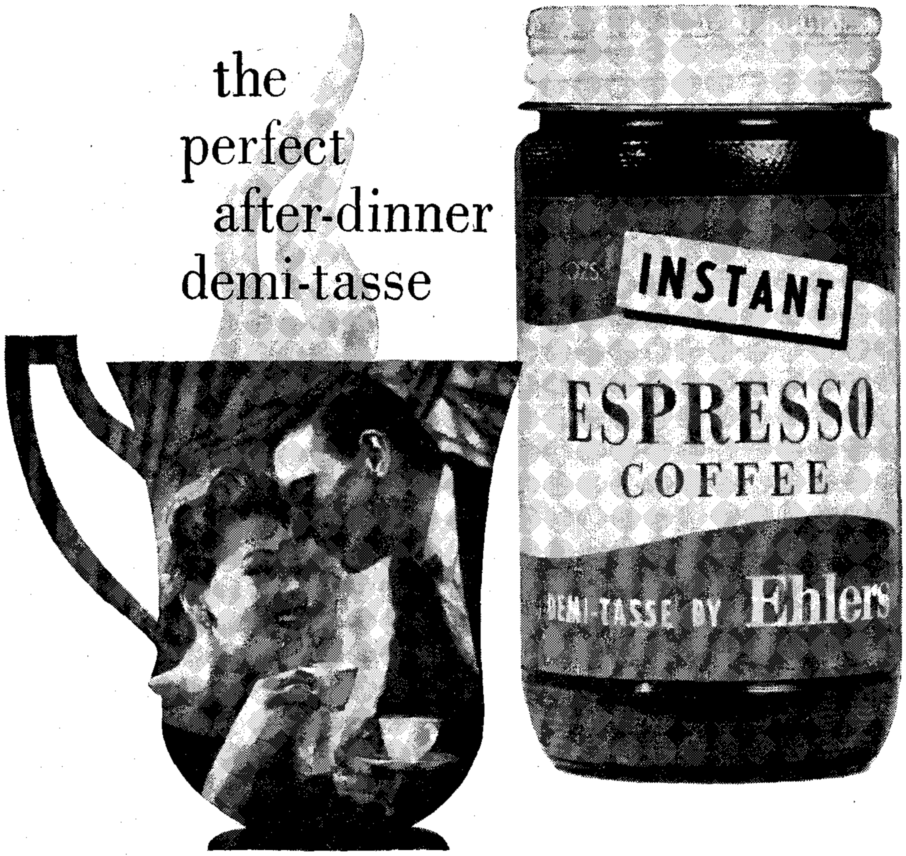
pital." It thus appears that "Ivan, II" was *not* unfinished (what else can a director do to a film after he has cut it?) but that it was recalled after completion, so that Eisenstein could patch it up to please the authorities (the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, which in its pronouncement of September 4, 1946, on the state of the cinema dealt severely with "Ivan, II"). This is what Mr. Leyda means by "considerable controversy," as if one would refer to a papal bull as "a controversial point of view." He ends his bibliographical note, "At present he is completing Part II for release in 1948," apparently forgetting that he has just referred to "the completion of the cutting" at "the beginning of 1946." Students of the cinema will have quite a time with Mr. Leyda's meticulous annotations.

ONE of the saddest documents in movie history is the manifesto published in 1928 on the then-new talking pictures by Eisenstein, Pudovkin, and Alexandrov, Eisenstein's assistant. (It is reprinted as an appendix in "Film Form.") "The dream of a sound-film has come true," they begin, and go on:

> At present, the film, working with visual images, has a powerful effect on a person and has rightfully taken one of the first places among the arts.
>
> It is known that the basic (and only) means that has brought the cinema to such a powerfully effective strength is MONTAGE. . . .
>
> Sound-recording is a two-edged invention, and it is most probable that its use will proceed along the line of least resistance, i.e., along the line of *satisfying simple curiosity* . . . providing a certain "illusion" of talking people, of audible objects, etc.
>
> A first period of sensations does not injure the development of a new art, but it is the second period that is fearful [to be feared?] in this case . . . an epoch of its automatic utilization for "highly cultured dramas" and other photographed performances of a theatrical sort. . . .
>
> THE FIRST EXPERIMENTAL WORK WITH SOUND MUST BE DIRECTED ALONG THE LINE OF ITS DISTINCT NON-SYNCHRONIZATION WITH THE VISUAL IMAGES. And only such an attack will . . . lead to the creation of an ORCHESTRAL COUNTERPOINT of visual and aural images. . . .
>
> Sound, treated as a new montage element (as a factor divorced from the visual image), will inevitably introduce new means of enormous power . . . for the circulation throughout the world of a filmically expressed idea.

Thus sound might have been used to enrich instead of to impoverish the cinema. But already Stalin was taking over and the relatively free N.E.P. period was closing. During the N.E.P. (New Economic Policy), which lasted



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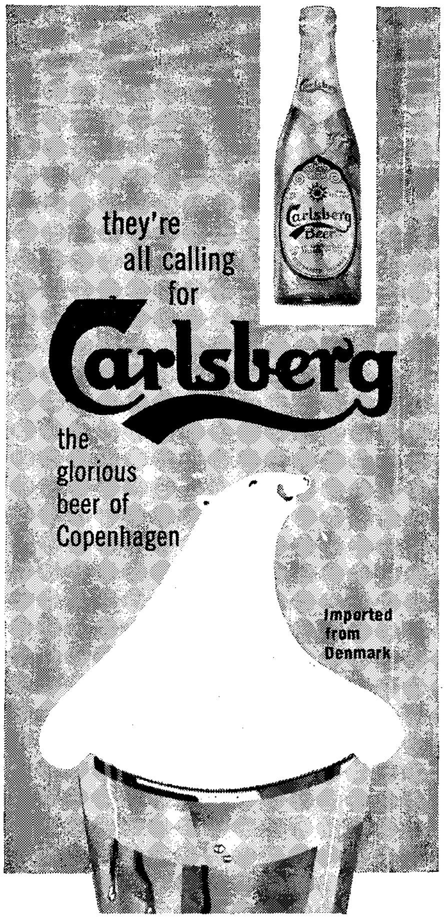
from 1923 to 1929, the Bolsheviks made a tactical retreat and permitted a certain amount of free trade in both commodities and ideas. It was a (relatively) halcyon period between the rigors of the civil-war period and the even greater rigors of Stalin's rule, and, by no coincidence, it was by far the most fertile period to date in Soviet art and letters. All the great Soviet films were made during the N.E.P. Soon after Stalin consolidated his one-man control, in 1929, the "excessive use" of montage was officially banned as "formalism" and the Soviet sound film had become a poor relation of Hollywood.

Outside Russia as well, sound has been used almost entirely for "photographed performances of a theatrical sort." And now the wide screen threatens to turn the movies back to their static infancy. "In 1907," write Griffith and Mayer, "most films were produced as though they were plays. Each scene began with the entrance of the actors and lasted unbroken until their exit. The players were always shown full-size and at a fixed distance from the camera. . . . No one knew how to break its umbilical cord to the older medium." It was Griffith who delivered the infant. "Between 1909 and 1916, David Wark Griffith created the art of screen narrative almost single-handed. After *Intolerance*, there was no significant addition to film syntax until the advent of sound and of the wide screen, both mechanical rather than artistic innovations."

Will there arise a Griffith to break the new umbilical cord? I don't think so, despite the remarkable growth, in recent years, of independent producers, who have shattered the monopoly of the old-line companies. It is true that Louis B. Mayerdom is no longer synonymous with Hollywood, but it is still a question how this affects the movies as art. For one thing, the independents have as yet produced little that is decisively different, aesthetically, from what went on before. For a second, the *ancien régime* still is powerful through its control of distribution; of last year's four hundred and eleven feature films eligible for Oscars this March, three-quarters of them were either made or distributed by the ten leading film companies. And for a third, cinema today is a *collective* art form; that is, one whose technique is such that the artist cannot maintain high standards independently of the general level of the society he lives in. Poets, novelists, composers, painters, sculptors can create with the cheapest and simplest of tools—pencil, paper, paints, brushes,



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clay. But a movie director needs elaborate and expensive equipment—actors, technicians, cameras, film, sets. The costly works of art he produces demand, economically, a mass audience, while the poet and the painter, less technologically advanced, can get along with a small public. The director is therefore peculiarly vulnerable. He is dependent on men of affairs who can provide his expensive tools and can organize his vast audience—in this country on the magnates of Hollywood, old line or "independent," whose tastes are reinforced by the myth of "what the public wants," in Russia on the political bosses, equally Philistine and equally backed by a myth, the myth of Communism. There are no oases, no ivory towers, no avant-garde monasteries to which the film artist can withdraw to create without regard to either box office or front office. Some of the independents that are now shouldering aside the old-style Hollywood barons are artists, but they seek not freer expression but lower taxes. The result, so far, has been a commercial rather than an artistic revolution.

The post-1930 development of the movies in Hollywood into big business and in Russia into big politics explains, I think, their strangely inverted evolution. It is extraordinary how much was discovered in the early days about their artistic possibilities, despite the prevailing primitive techniques. According to Griffith-Mayer, for example, Georges Méliès before 1900 "invented or stumbled upon double exposure, stop motion, fast and slow motion, animation, fades, dissolves, almost the entire repertory of the trick film as it exists now." The point is that this growth all took place before the movies had been fully collectivized, before they had been brought under complete financial (in this country) and political (in Russia) control. The director then had a relatively free hand. He no longer has, nor does it seem likely he ever will again. The cinema is too important to be left to the artists.

In 1933, Mr. Arnheim predicted:

> The technical development of the motion picture will soon carry the mechanical imitation of nature to an extreme. The addition of sound was the first obvious step in this direction.... Now we are likely to be presented with the three-dimensional film and the wide screen.... But if the film image becomes stereoscopic there is no longer a plane surface within the confines of the screen, and therefore there can be no composition of that surface; what remains will be effects that are also possible on the stage. The increased size of the screen will render any two-dimensional or three-dimensional composition less

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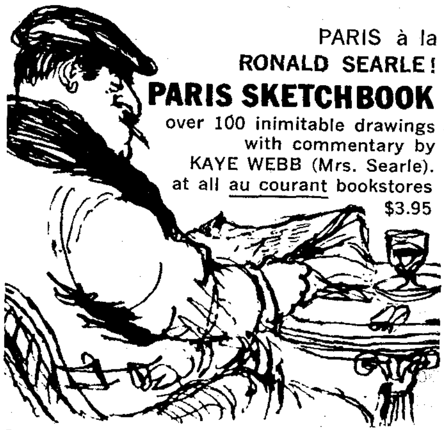

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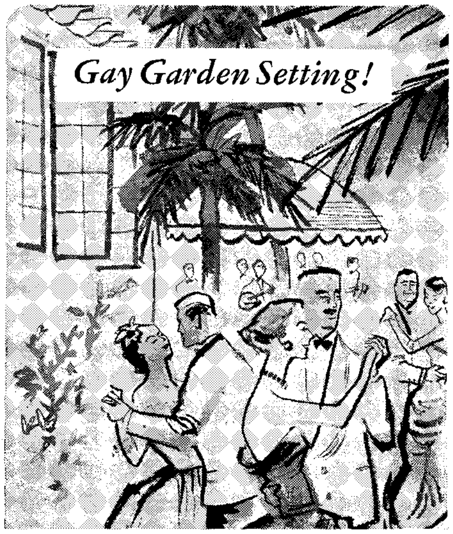
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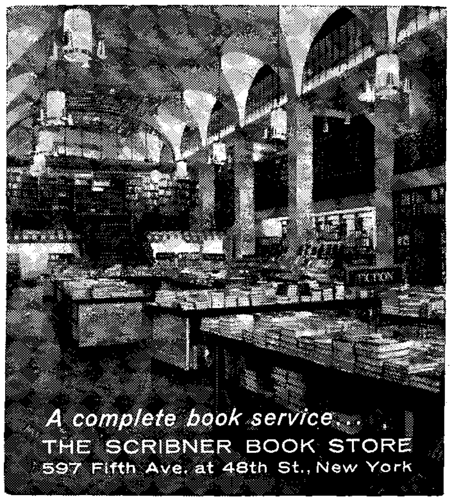
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compelling; and formative devices such as montage and changing camera angles will become unusable if the illusion of reality is so enormously strengthened.... Montage will seem an intolerable accumulation of heterogeneous settings.... A change in the position of the camera will be felt as an actual displacement within the space of the picture. The camera will have to become an immobile recording machine, every cut in the film strip will be mutilation. Scenes will have to be taken in their entire length and with a stationary camera, and they will have to be shown as they are.

The artistic potentialities of this form of film will be exactly those of the stage. Film will no longer be able in any sense to be considered as a separate art. It will be thrown back to before its first beginnings—for it was with a fixed camera and an uncut strip that film started. The only difference will be that instead of having all before it the film will have nothing to look forward to.

Things haven't got to this point yet, but the film is a new art and we are still a young country.

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SAVAGE AFFAIR, by Virgil Scott (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Scott writes bitterly and competently about some of the perils that beset writers. He describes the dilemma of a youngish family man whose first long novel is a financial and critical success but who is unable to enjoy the satisfaction of his triumph because he cannot get started on a new book, and also because he is tired of his faithful and hard-working wife, although she still loves him. The name of this unhappy novelist is Michael Savage, and his troubles are increased by the fact that he is running out of money, having spent too much too fast because it came so suddenly. Of equal importance with Savage is Hyatt Engel, a reporter for a weekly news magazine, who is assigned to interview Savage and, if possible, dissect him. Engel is a disappointed novelist who has sold his artistic chances for a safe job and despises himself. The story is set partly in New York City and party in Savage's Midwestern home.

A LESSER LION, by Lane Kauffmann (Lippincott). A gentle, cheerful account of the final development in a long and happy love affair between a charming, egotistical middle-aged artist and a beautiful, clever young girl. The locale is a Cape Cod village in the tourist season.

THE LIEUTENANT, by Bernard Glemser (Random House). This is a

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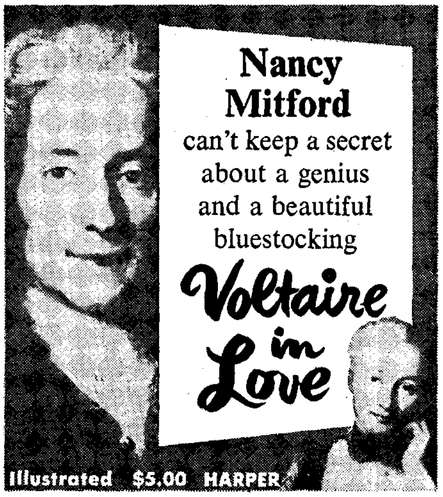
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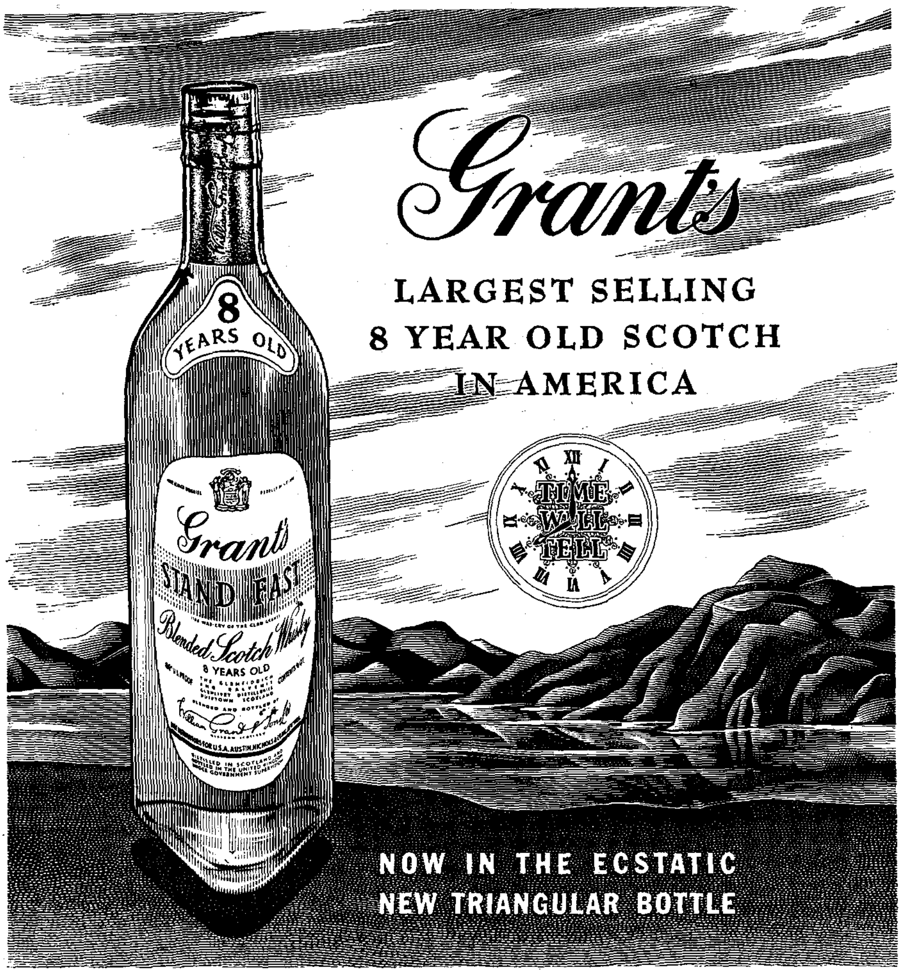
strange, pointless tale about the unmasking of an Englishman who has been posing as a hero of the Second World War. New York is the setting, and Mr. Glemser conveys the breathless atmosphere of the city in the heat of summer with an almost uncomfortable exactness, but his hero, who wears a black jacket, a red carnation, and striped trousers right in the face of the noonday sun, entirely lacks the touch of humanity that would have justified this story by giving it a final pathetic, or even tragic, effect.

GENERAL

The Decision to Intervene, by George F. Kennan (Princeton). Early in this book, which is the second volume of the author's projected three-volume work on the opening years of Soviet-American relations, Mr. Kennan remarks on the "casualness with which Americans contrive, on occasion, to back into confused and delicate political situations." The political situation in Russia in 1918, just after the Treaty of Brest Litovsk had taken our Russian ally out of the war and had seemingly solidified Bolshevik power, could not have been more confused or delicate, and we backed into it with *élan*. Our dispatch of an expeditionary force to Siberia—to do just what, no historian has ever been able to figure out—was in Mr. Kennan's opinion a completely futile move. "The American forces had scarcely arrived in Russia," he writes, "when history invalidated at a single stroke almost every reason Washington had conceived for their being there." What is worse, it soured Soviet-American feelings from that day on. This study, which, like its predecessor, "Russia Leaves the War," is detailed, scholarly, and dramatic, proves at least one thing: that the decision to intervene stemmed from a dim and inchoate realization of what the great issue of the twentieth century would ultimately be—whether social change should be effected by violence or should come about through the rational and prudent application of man's acquired wisdom. In other words, Lenin vs. Wilson.

The Life and Times of Cleopatra, by Carlo Maria Franzero (Philosophical Library). "Of all the great women in History," the author observes in a prefatory note, "the most famous is Cleopatra. Her name is legend; and yet, we know almost nothing about her." This absence of



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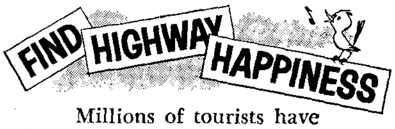

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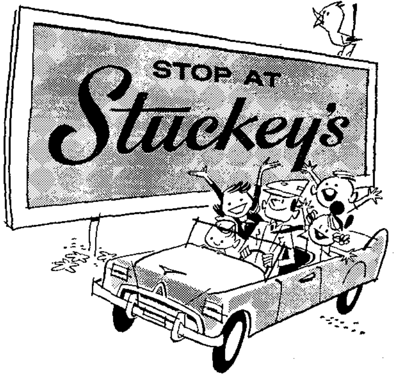

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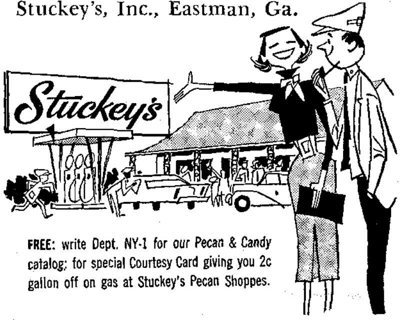

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reliable data has not, however, deterred Mr. Franzero, an Anglicized Italian journalist, from attempting a full-length portrait of Julius Caesar's adorer, Mark Antony's nemesis, and Octavian's victim, and the result, though wildly imaginary ("When she mentioned it to Caesar, the Dictator smiled with his thin lips. He did not say it, but he thought it as he turned his head towards her face"), is generally plausible and very entertaining. Illustrated with presumed busts of Cleopatra and others, and an end-paper map of pre-Christian Alexandria.

Come Dance with Me, by Ninette de Valois (World). Until quite recently, it was hard for anybody in the British Isles to become a ballet dancer, because there were few schools and no opportunities for work more serious than bits in pantomimes or revues. Although Dame Ninette, who was born in Ireland and raised in England, managed to become a good enough dancer to join the Diaghilev ballet, her ambition was to create for other English dancers what she herself had missed: a first-class ballet school and a first-class ballet company. She did. She founded the Vic-Wells company, which became the Sadler's Wells company and is now the Royal Ballet, and she is its director today. In this autobiography she stresses all the work that everybody else did to make her company a success and, in passing, draws vivid sketches of such disparate figures as Yeats, Lord Keynes, and Moira Shearer. Her style is elegant and charming, and she conveys a real sense of the growth of English ballet, but she is so modest that somebody else will have to write a book about her if she is to get all the credit she deserves.

A Week End in the Middle of the Week, by Oliver St. John Gogarty (Doubleday). A posthumous collection of essays—sentimental, robustly comical, or elaborately outrageous—by the late Irish patriot, intimate of Joyce, sometime physician, and Third Avenue raconteur. Ben Lucien Burman, an old friend and admirer, contributes a testimonial introduction.

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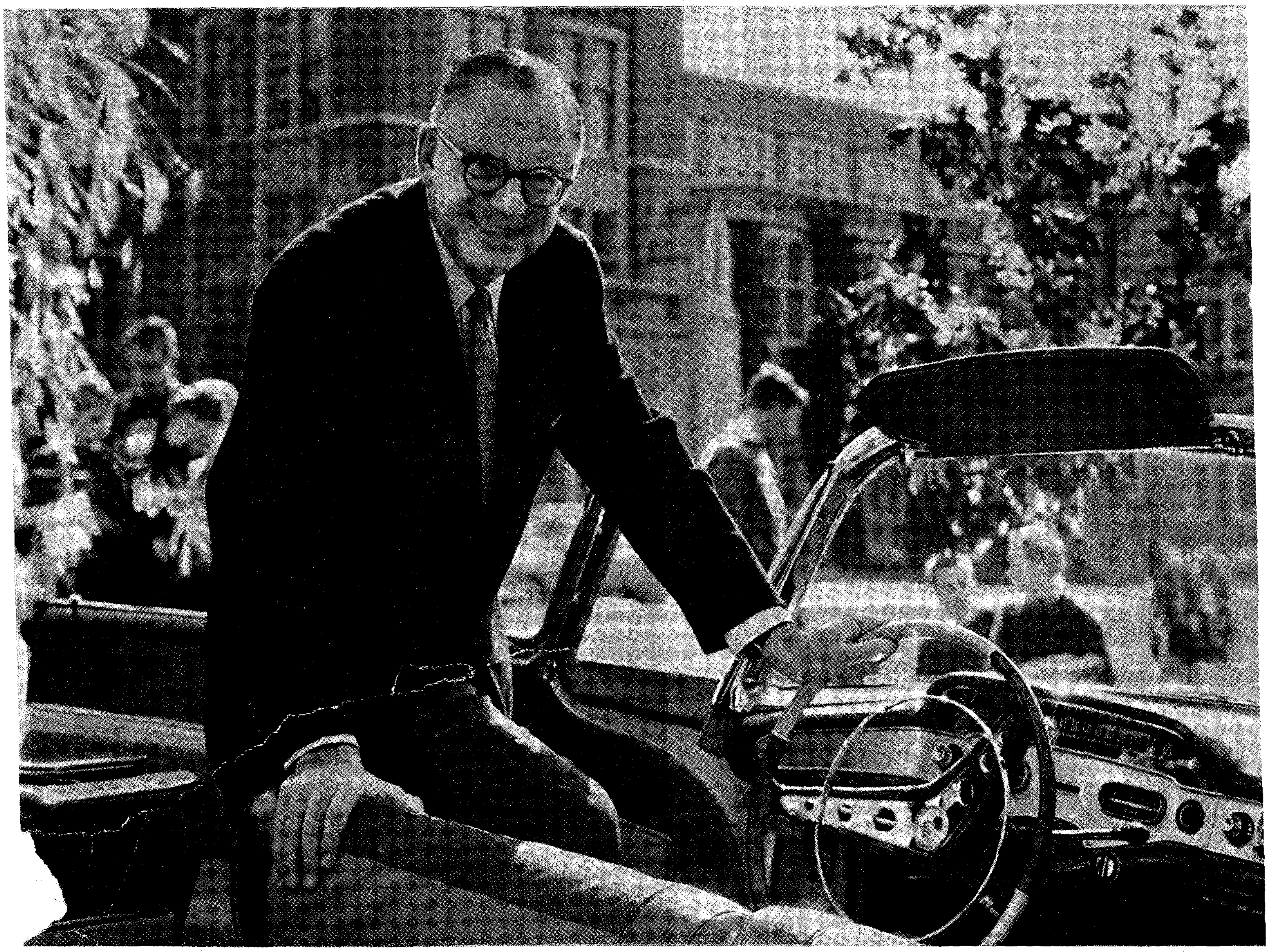

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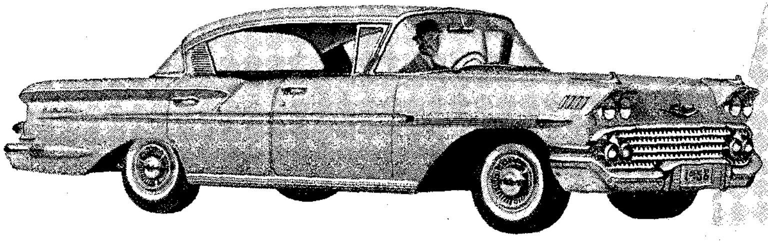

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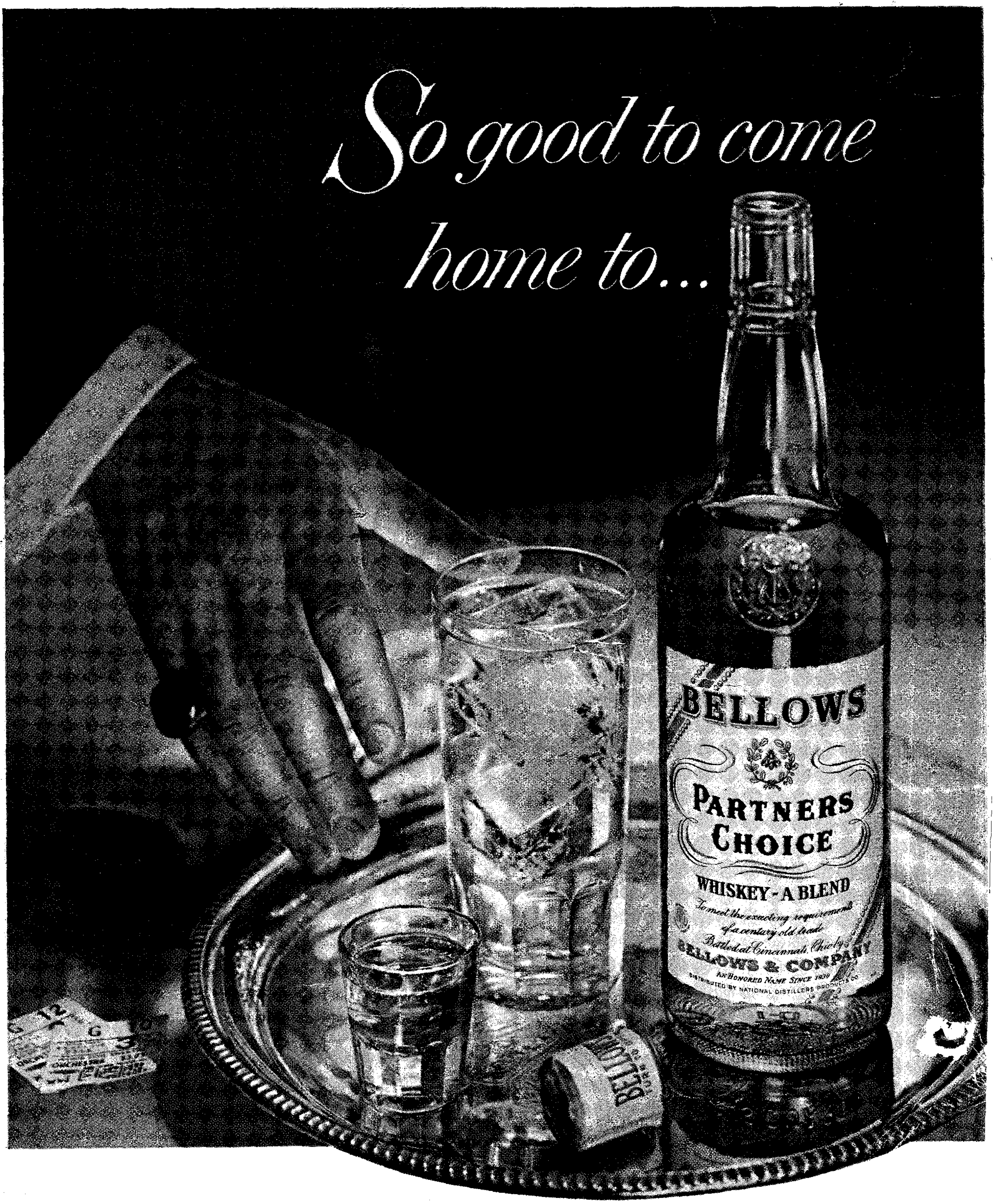
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